

# CRACK COMICS

NOVEMBER  
No. 51

10¢



HAS  
*Captain* **TRIUMPH**  
met his  
EQUAL?





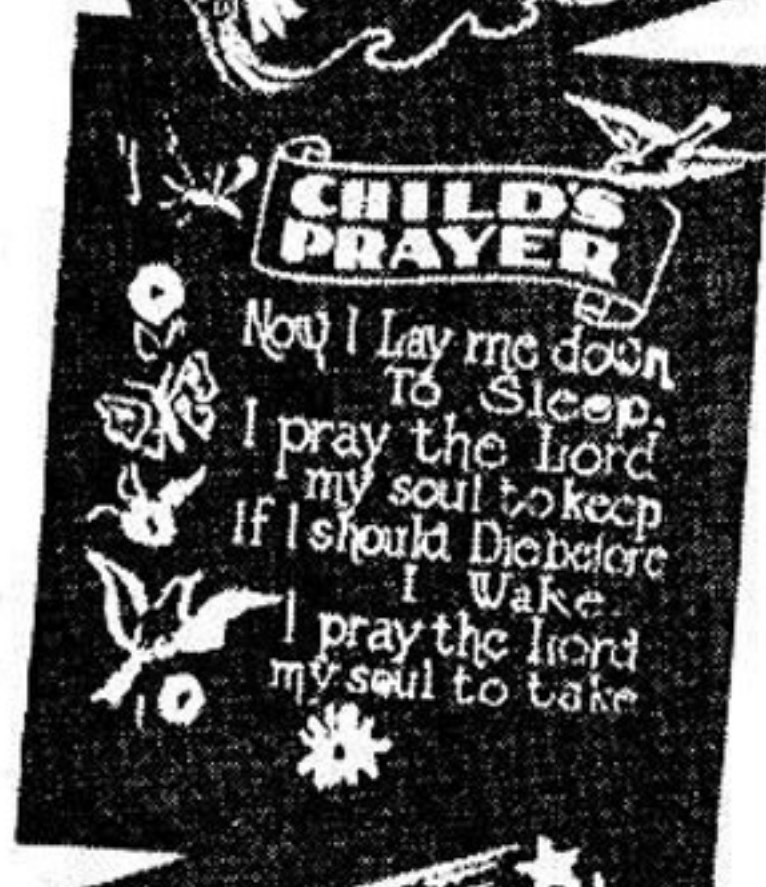
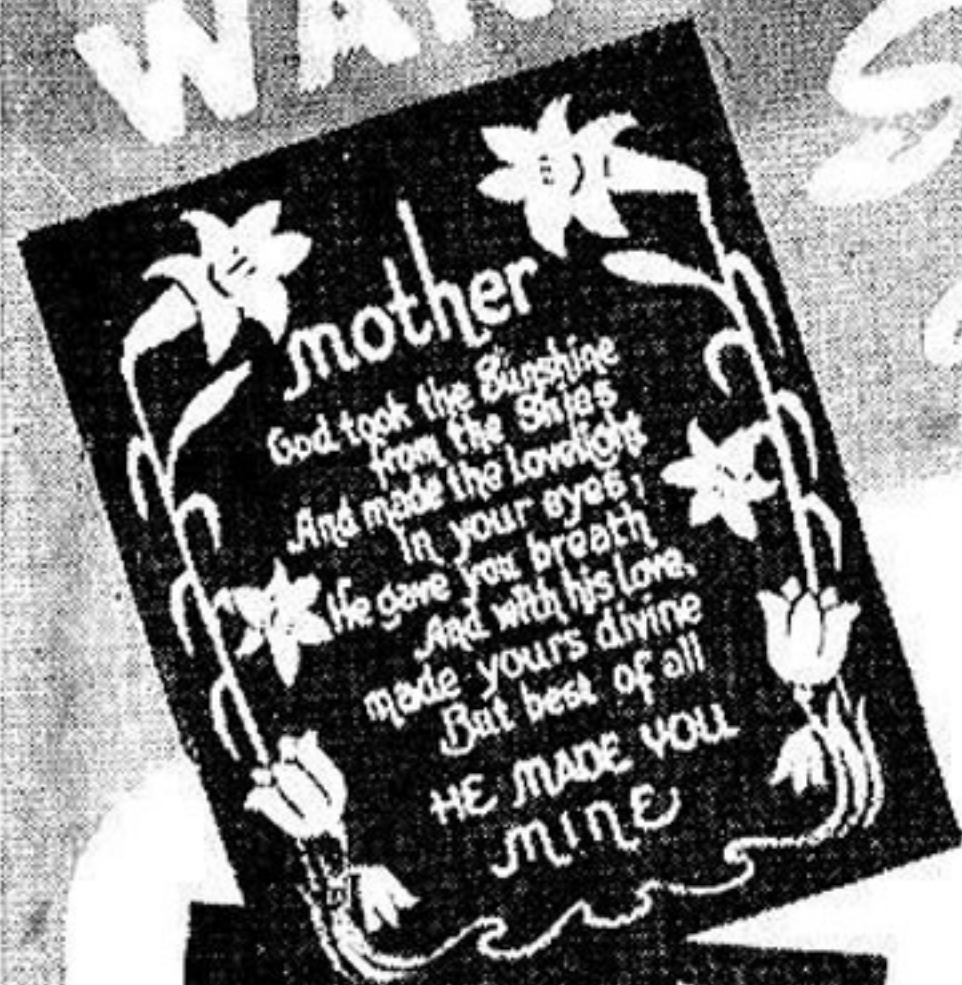


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**REMEMBER:** No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

WRITE  
FOR COMPLETE  
DETAILS  
TO

## CREDIT SALES COMPANY

406 North Main Street P. O. Box 106 Normal, Illinois

Dept. 9-11



# Captain TRIUMPH



So you don't believe  
in werewolves?

Neither did Captain Triumph  
...until he met one in a  
struggle that could not end  
until one fighter was  
**DESTROYED!**

For it was a cursed creature,  
against which normal  
defenses were futile, and  
even the miraculous  
strength and courage of  
Captain Triumph had to  
be rallied to the fullest!



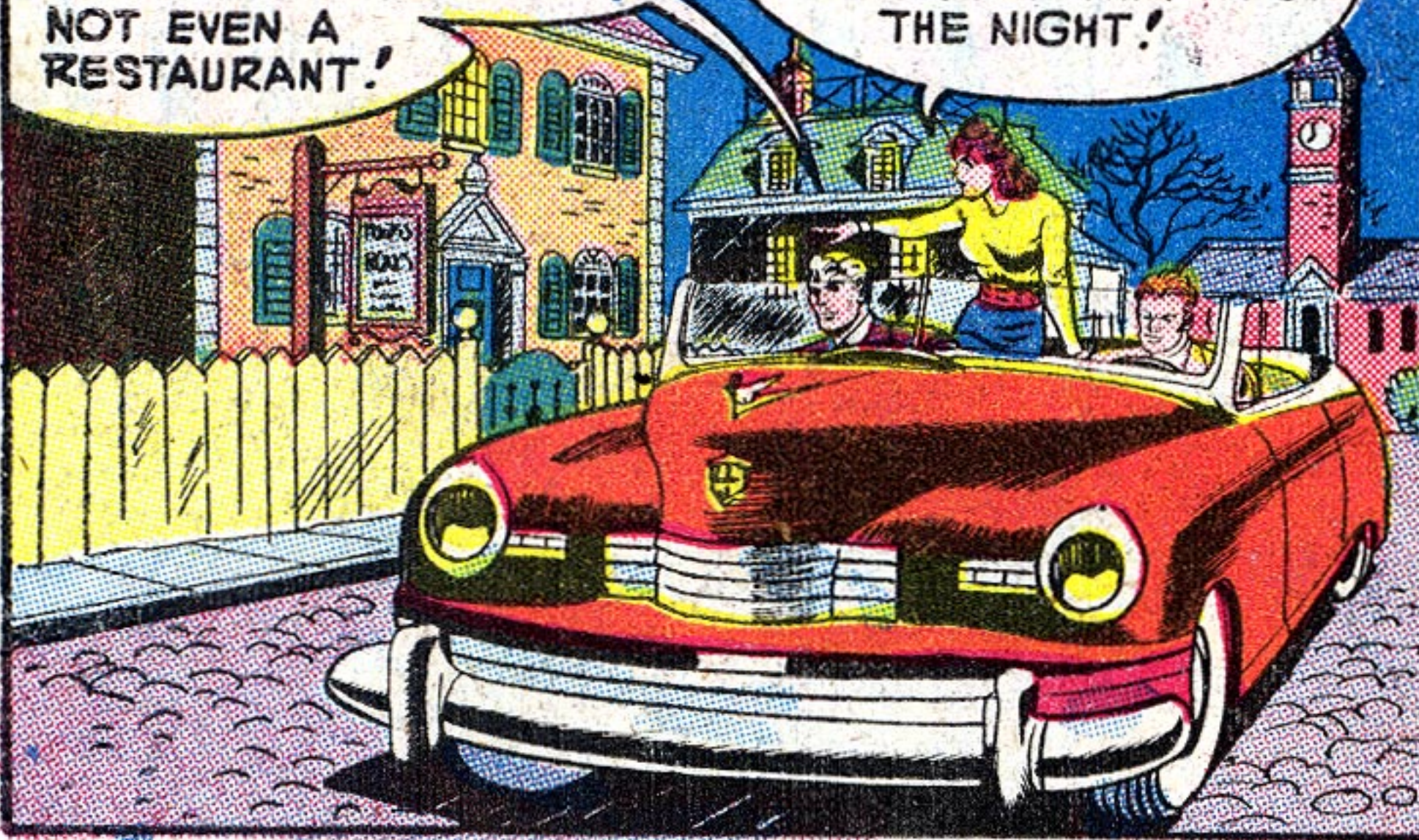
When Lance Gallant touches  
the strange birthmark on  
his wrist, the ghost of his  
valiant brother Michael  
merges with him into the  
indestructible, invincible  
**Captain TRIUMPH!**



Lance Gallant and his pals Kim and Biff have just completed an adventure...they *THINK*!

WE LOST THE ROAD SOMEHOW! THIS DUMP DOESN'T HAVE A HOTEL... NOT EVEN A RESTAURANT!

LOOK! A TOURIST HOUSE! MAYBE WE CAN STOP THERE FOR THE NIGHT!



WHO... WHO'S THERE?

SOME LATE CUSTOMERS! OPEN UP AND LET US IN!



NOBODY IN THIS TOWN OPENS THE DOOR ON *THIS* NIGHT! GET AWAY OR I'LL FIRE THROUGH THE PANEL... AND THIS GUN'S GOT A *SILVER* BULLET!

SAVE YOUR AMMUNITION... IT SOUNDS EXPENSIVE! WE NEVER BARGE IN WHERE WE'RE NOT WELCOME!



DID YOU HEAR THAT, BIFF? A SILVER BULLET... AS IF WE WERE SOME KIND OF EVIL SPIRITS! WHERE IS KIM GOING?

SHE SAW SOMEBODY MOVING DOWN THE STREET! SHE DECIDED TO ASK IF...



**AHHH!**

IT'S KIM! COME ON!



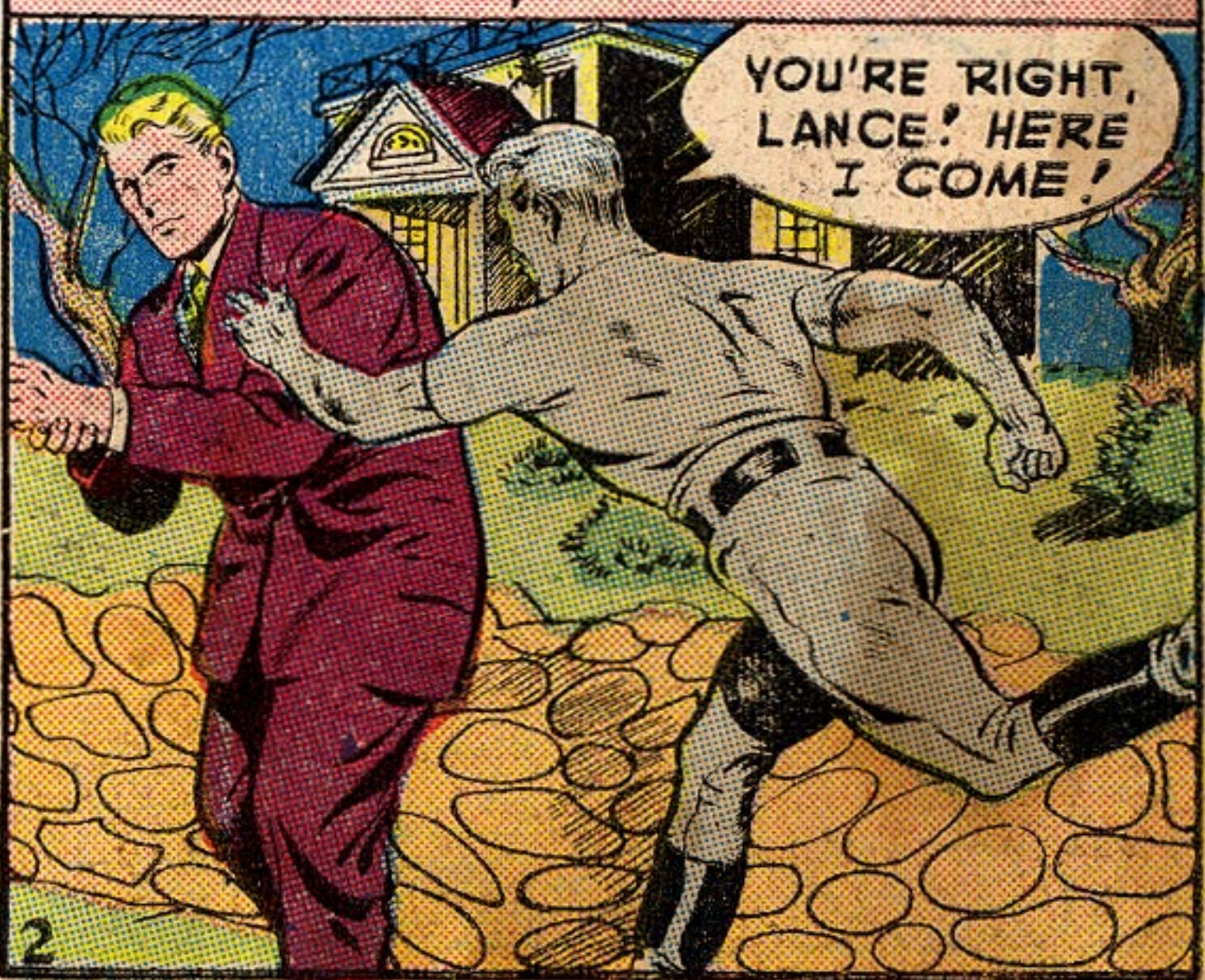
WHAT'S UP? WHO ARE YOU? WHATCHA TRYING TO DO?

ANOTHER FOOL!



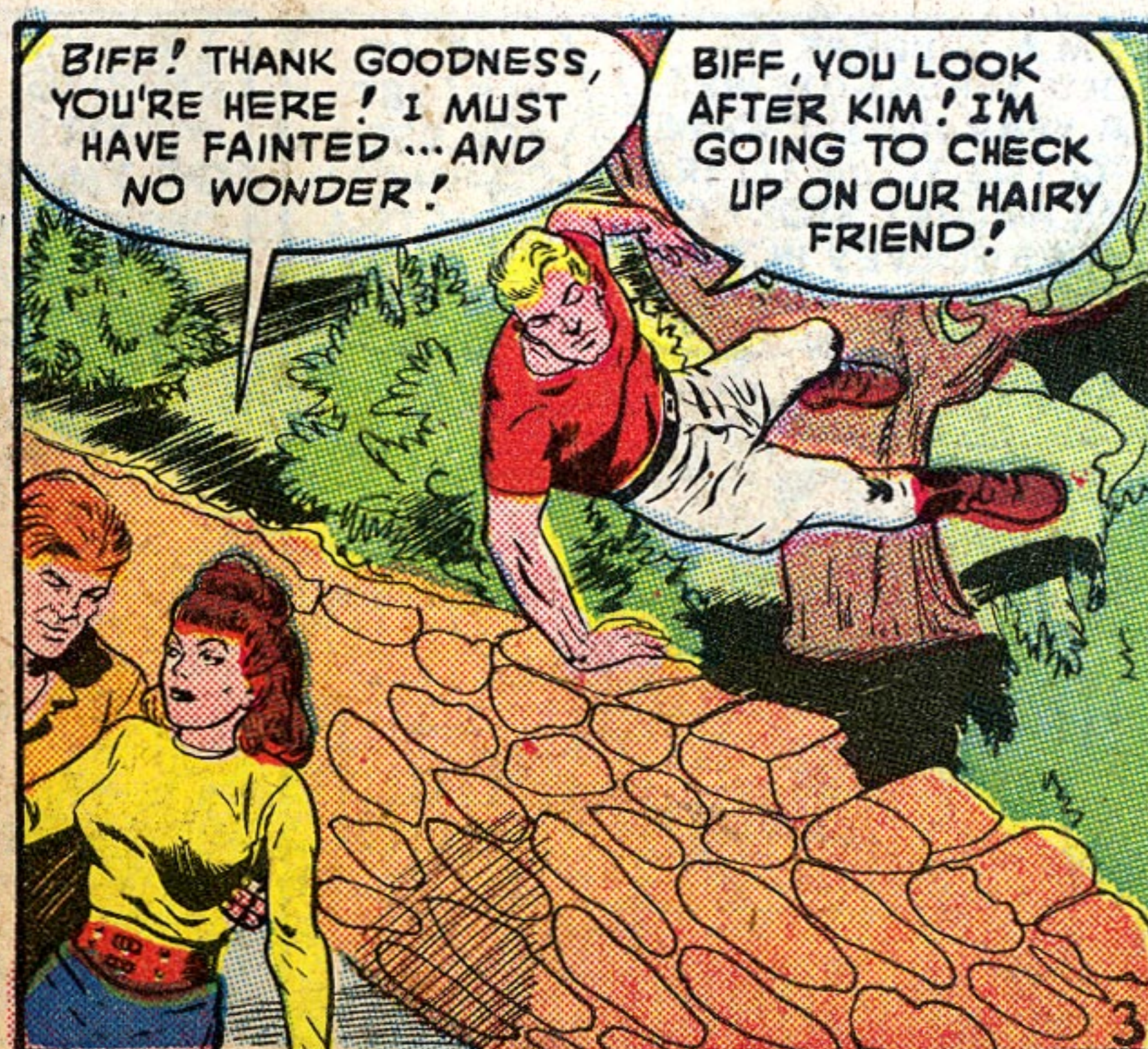
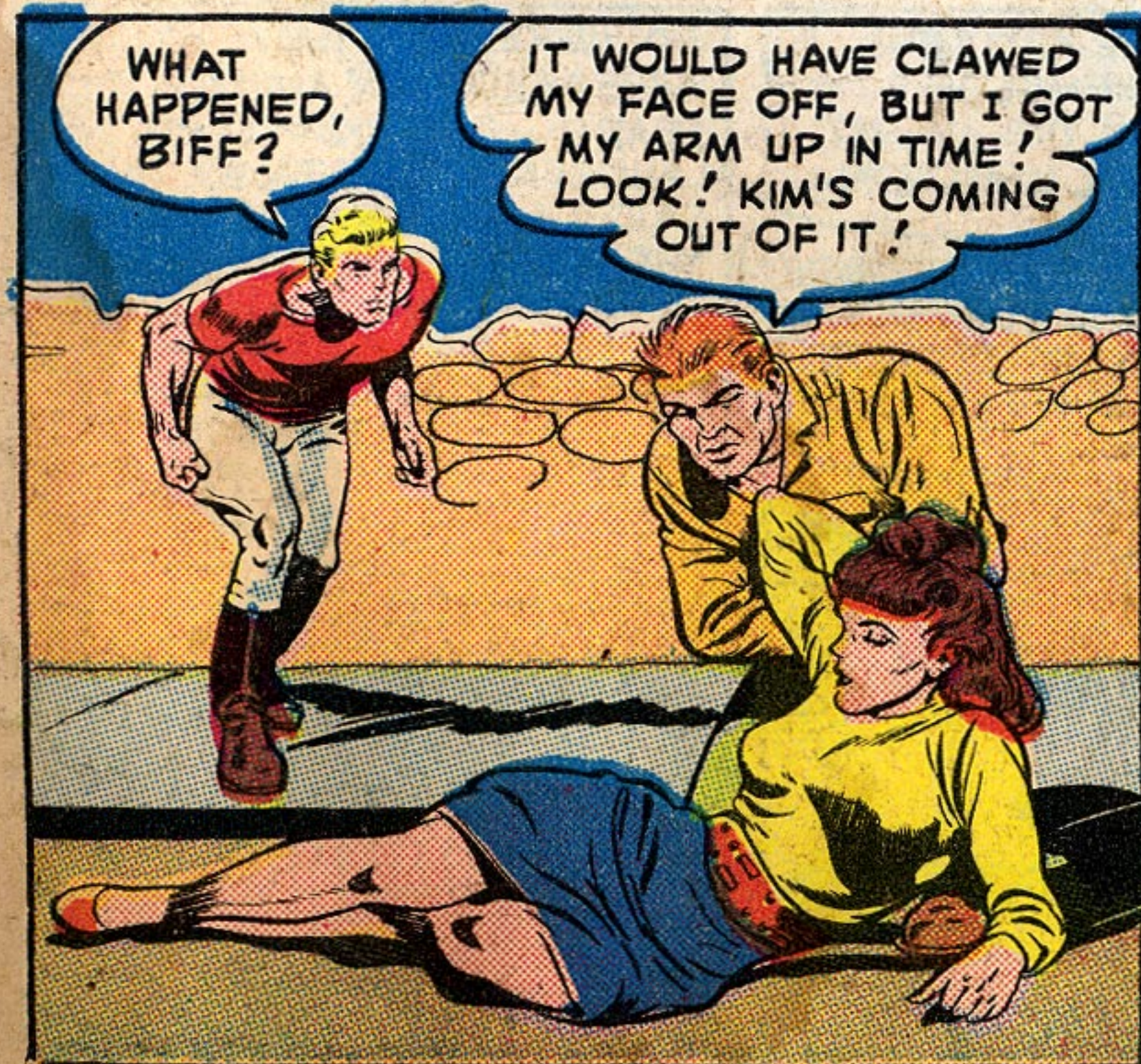
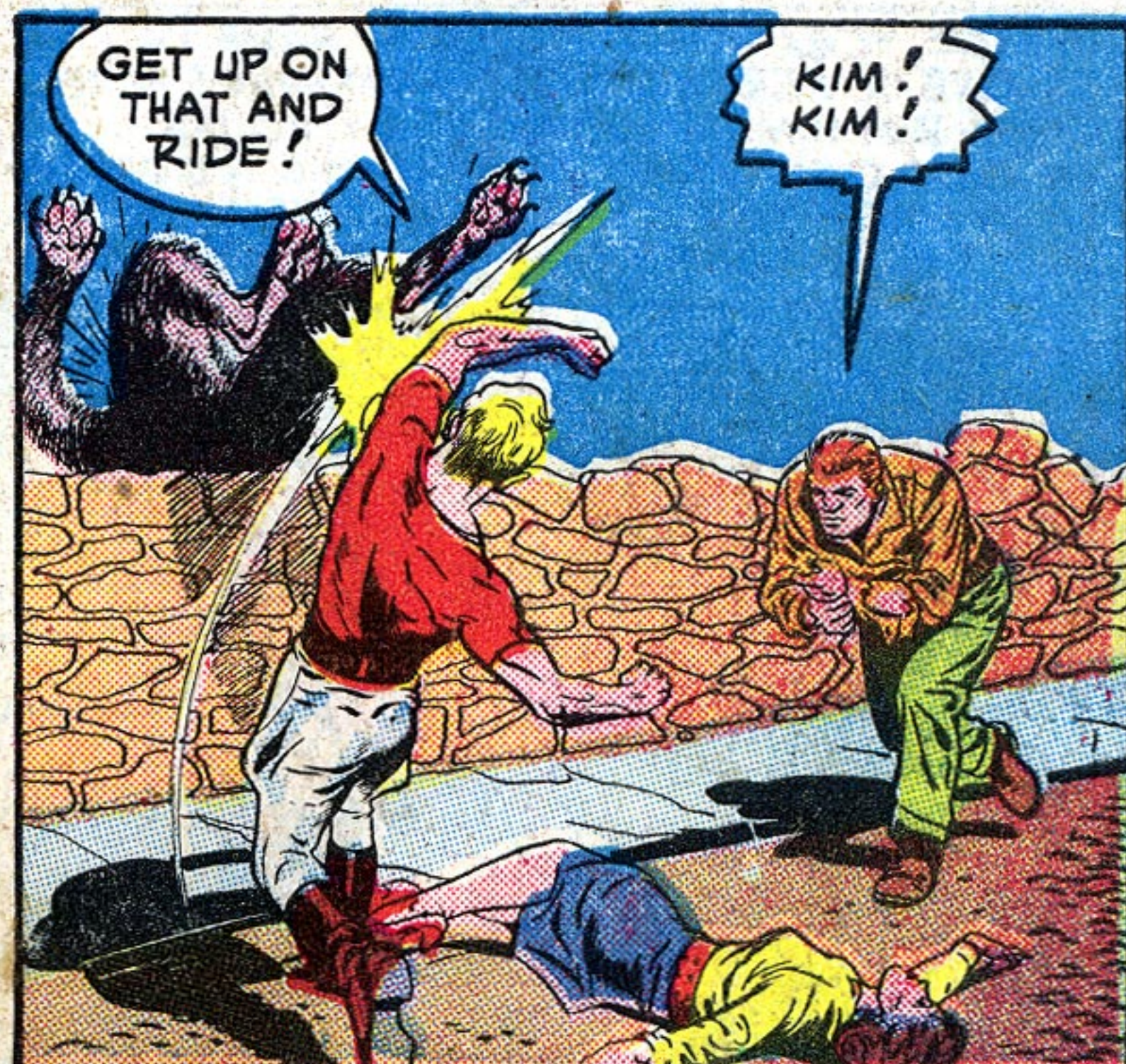
Pausing for a moment, Lance touches the mark on his wrist to call forth the spirit of his dead twin brother, Michael...

YOU'RE RIGHT, LANCE! HERE I COME!

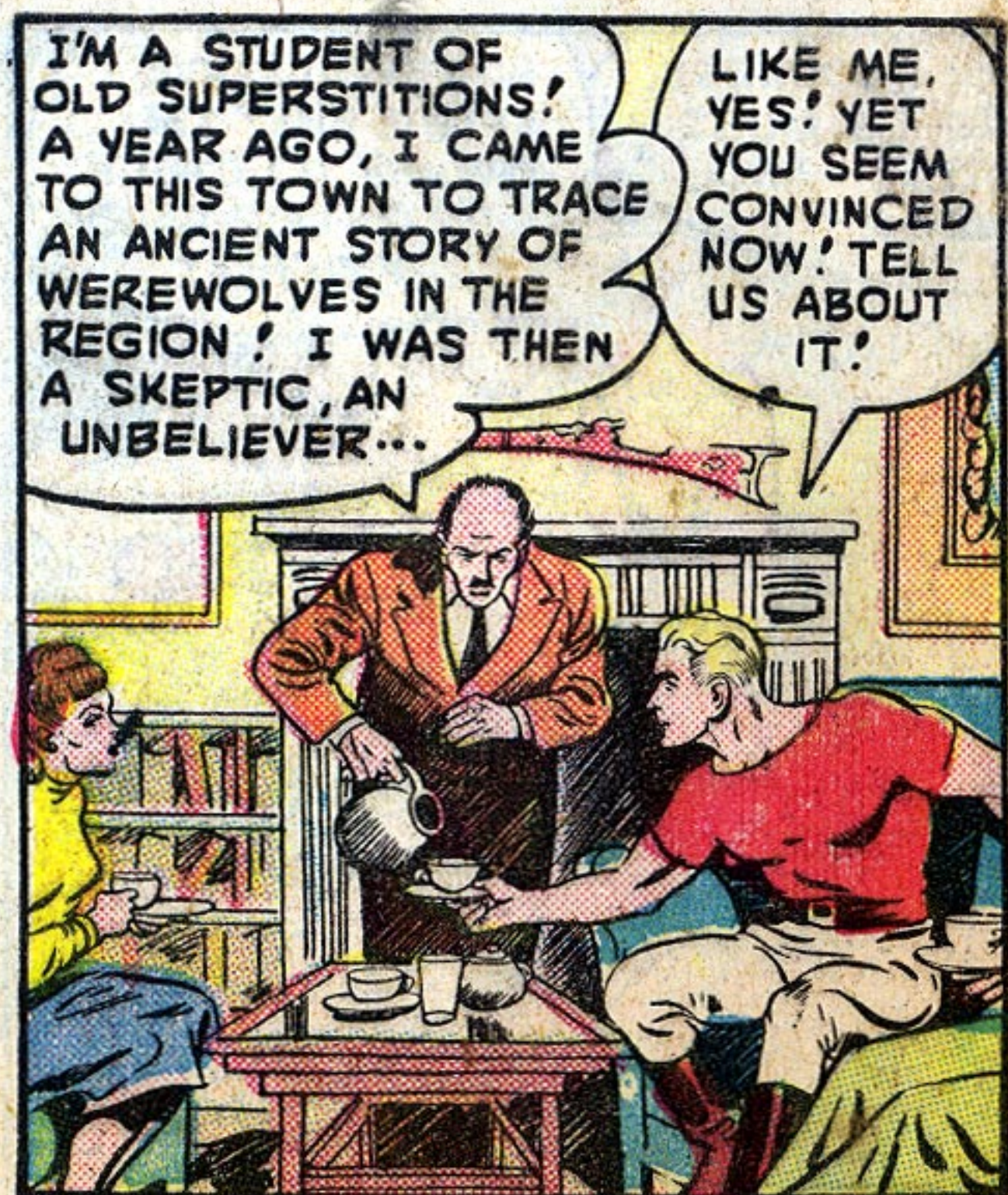
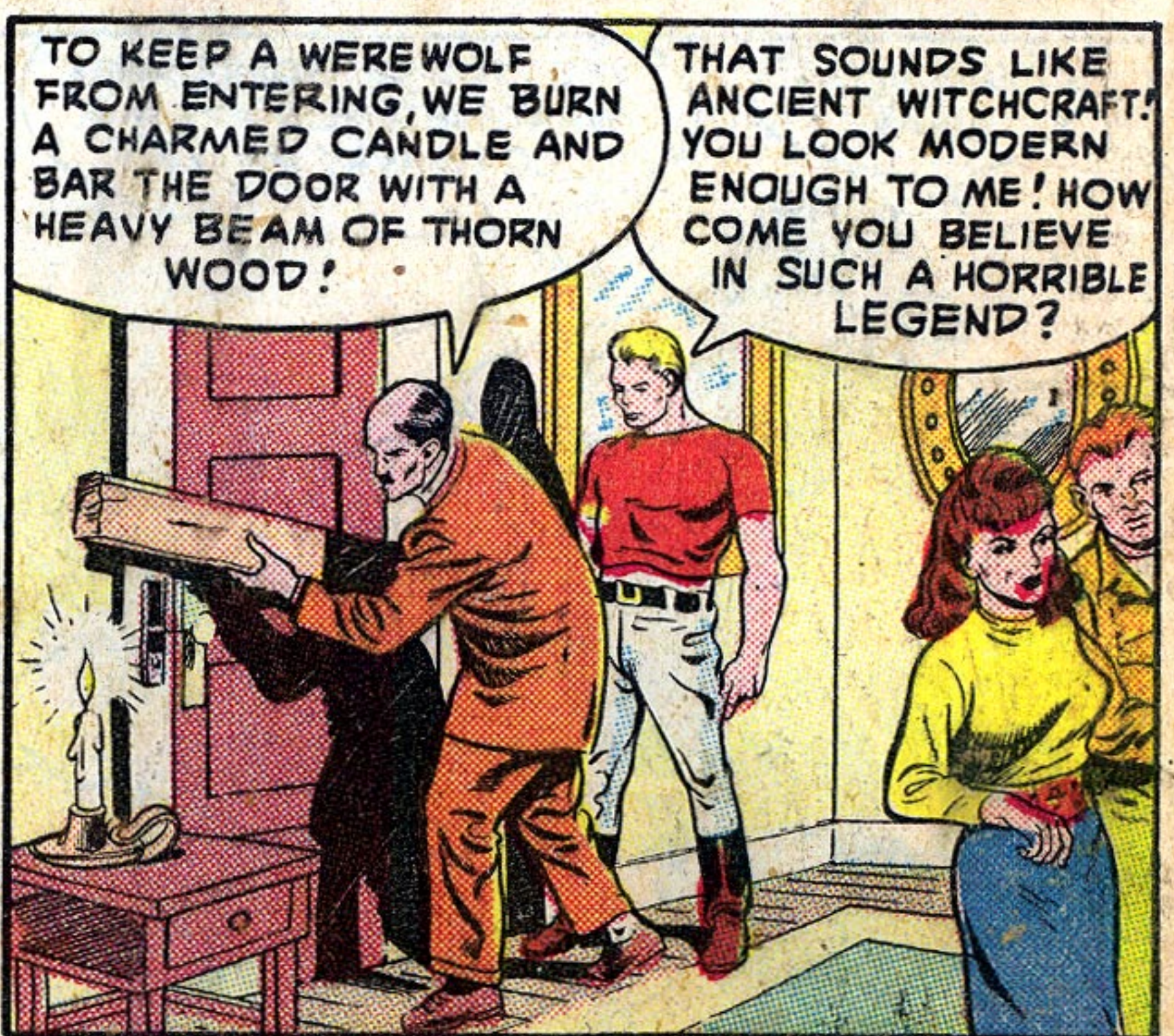
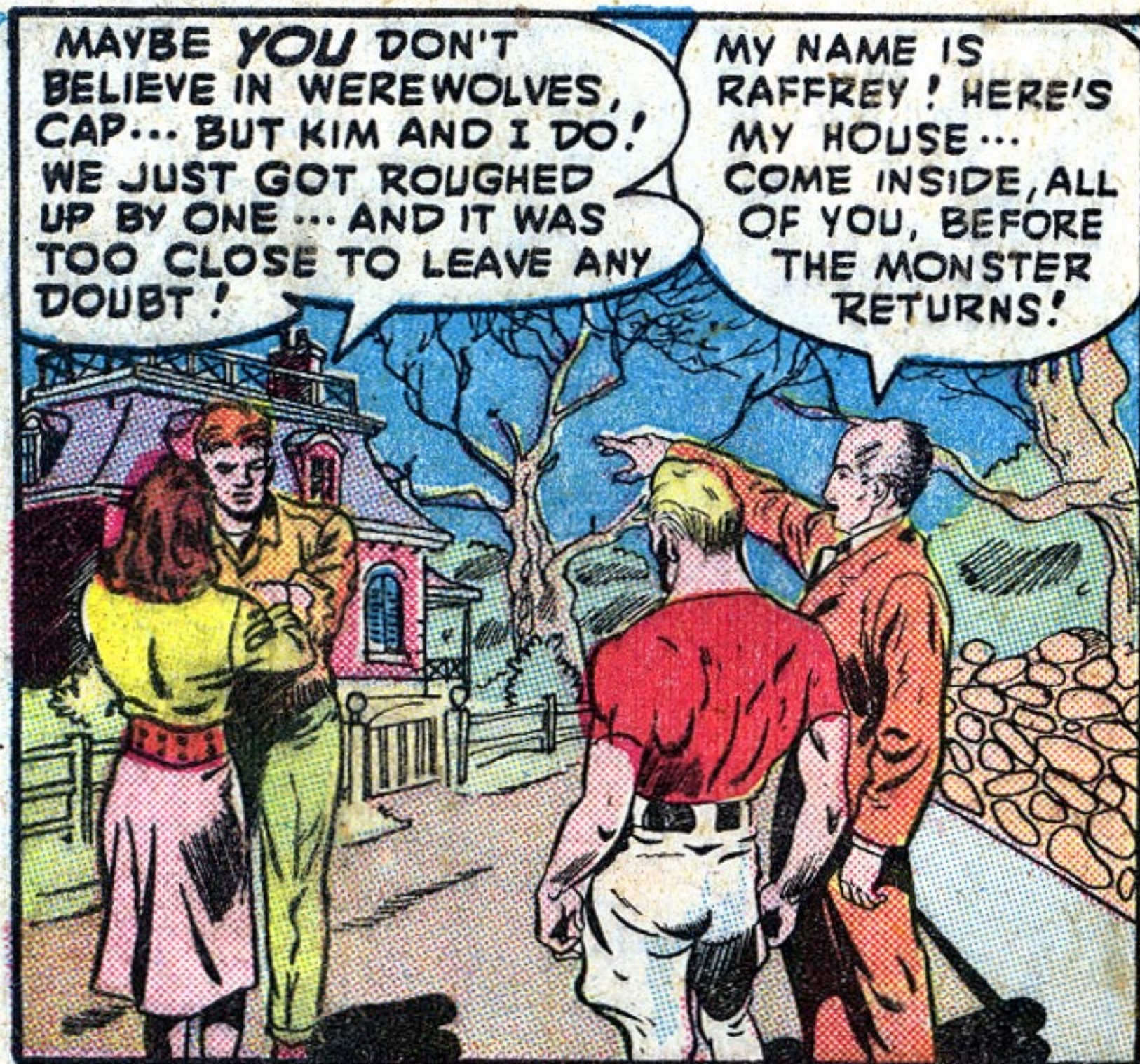
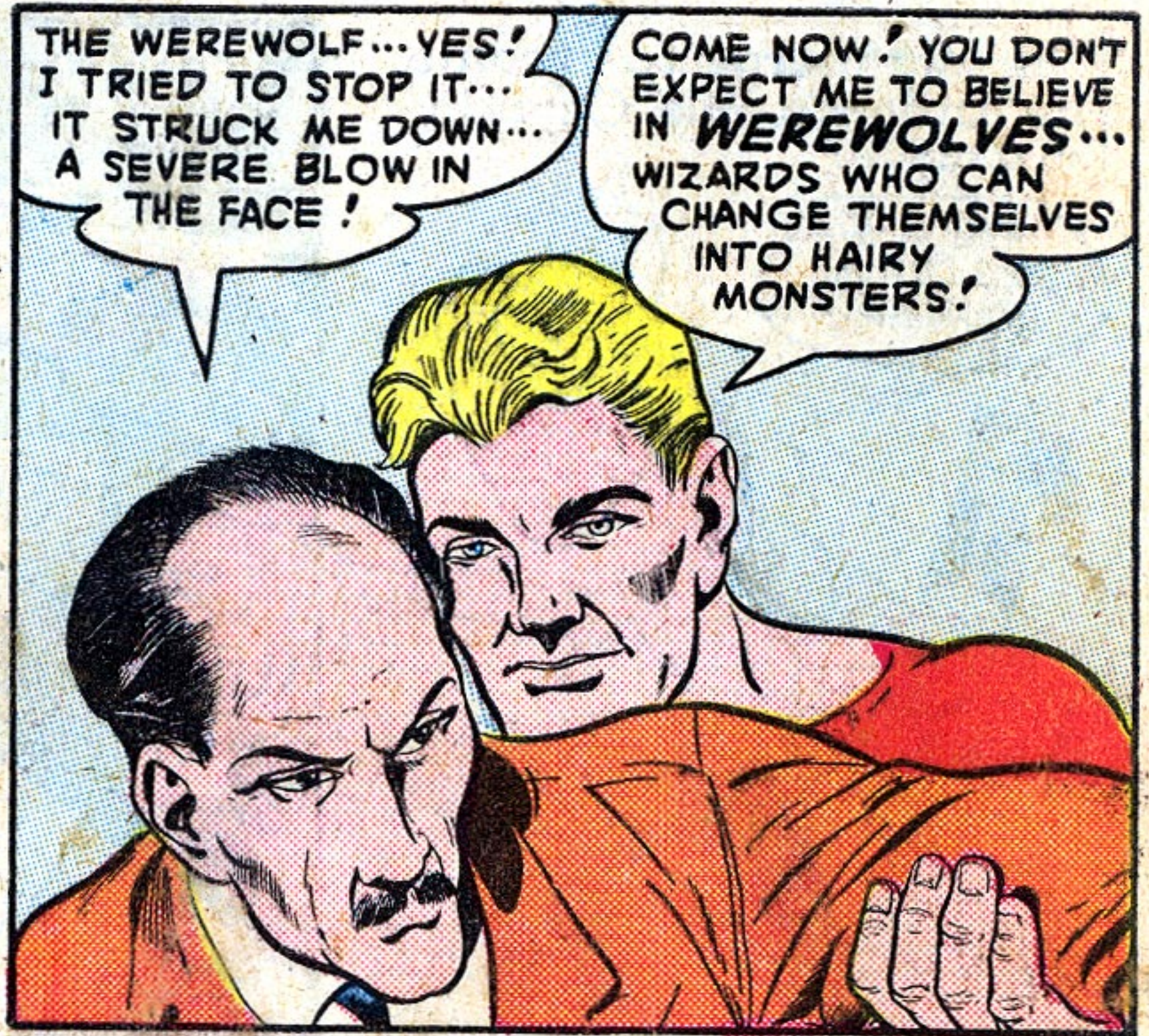




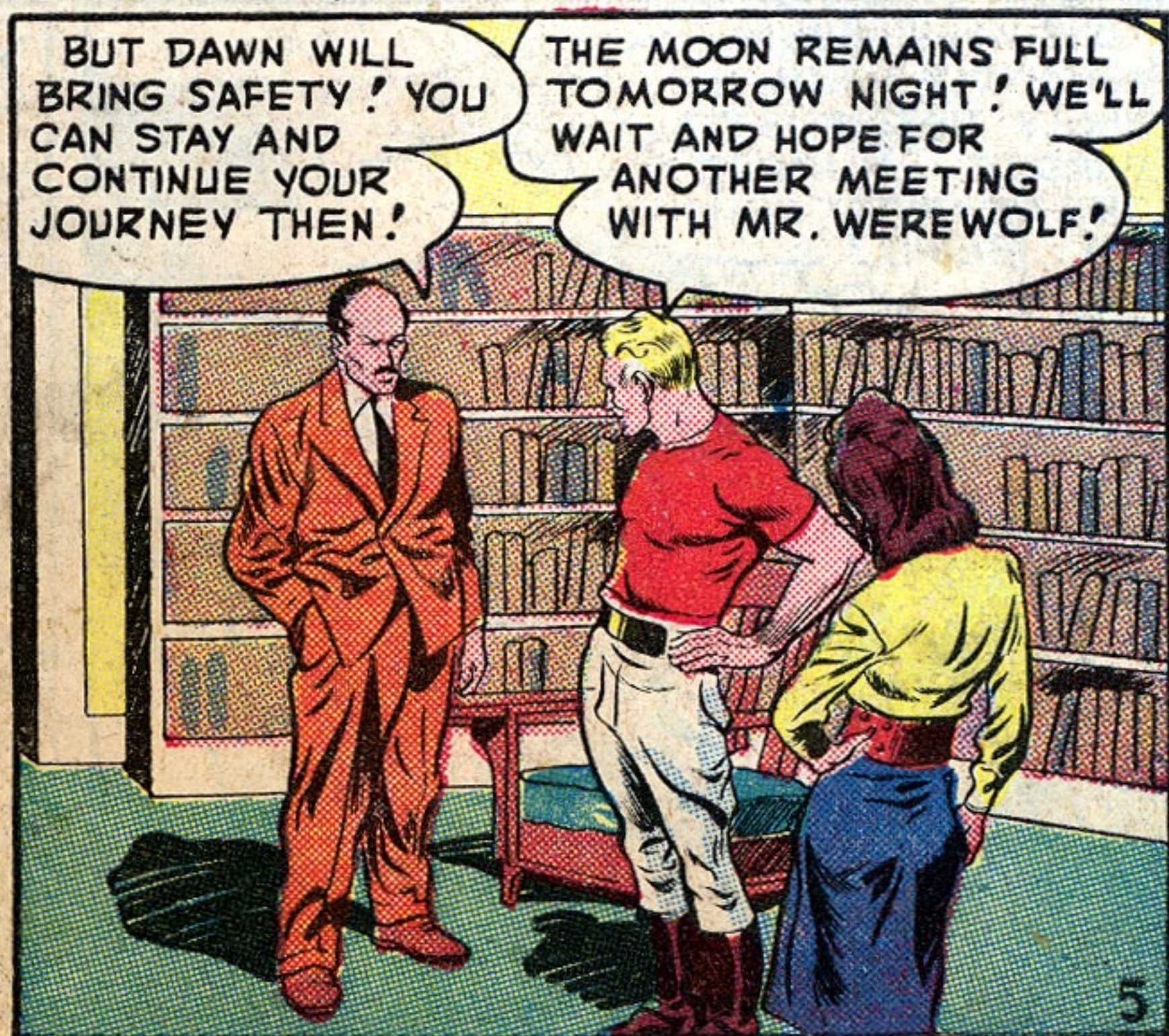
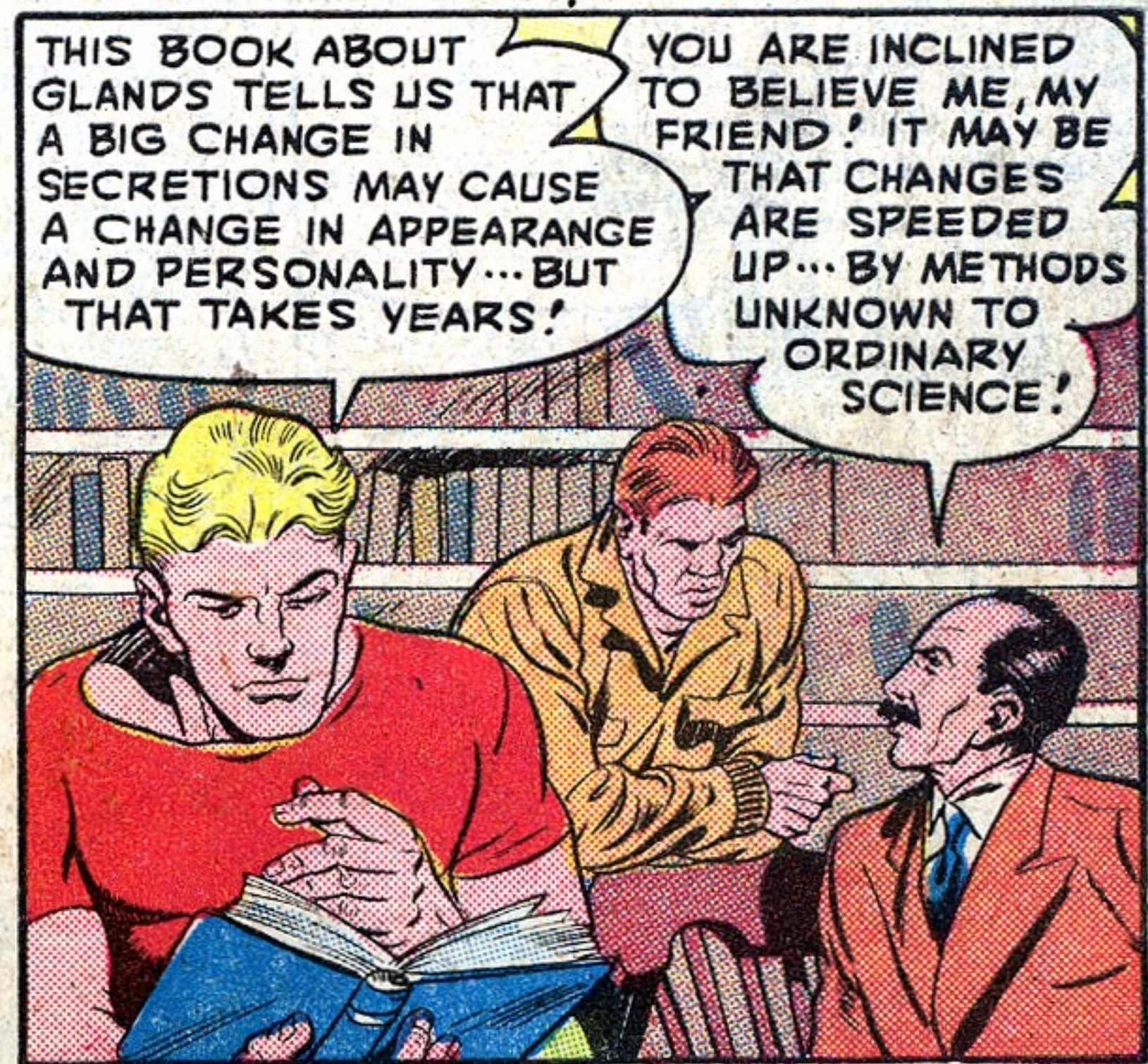
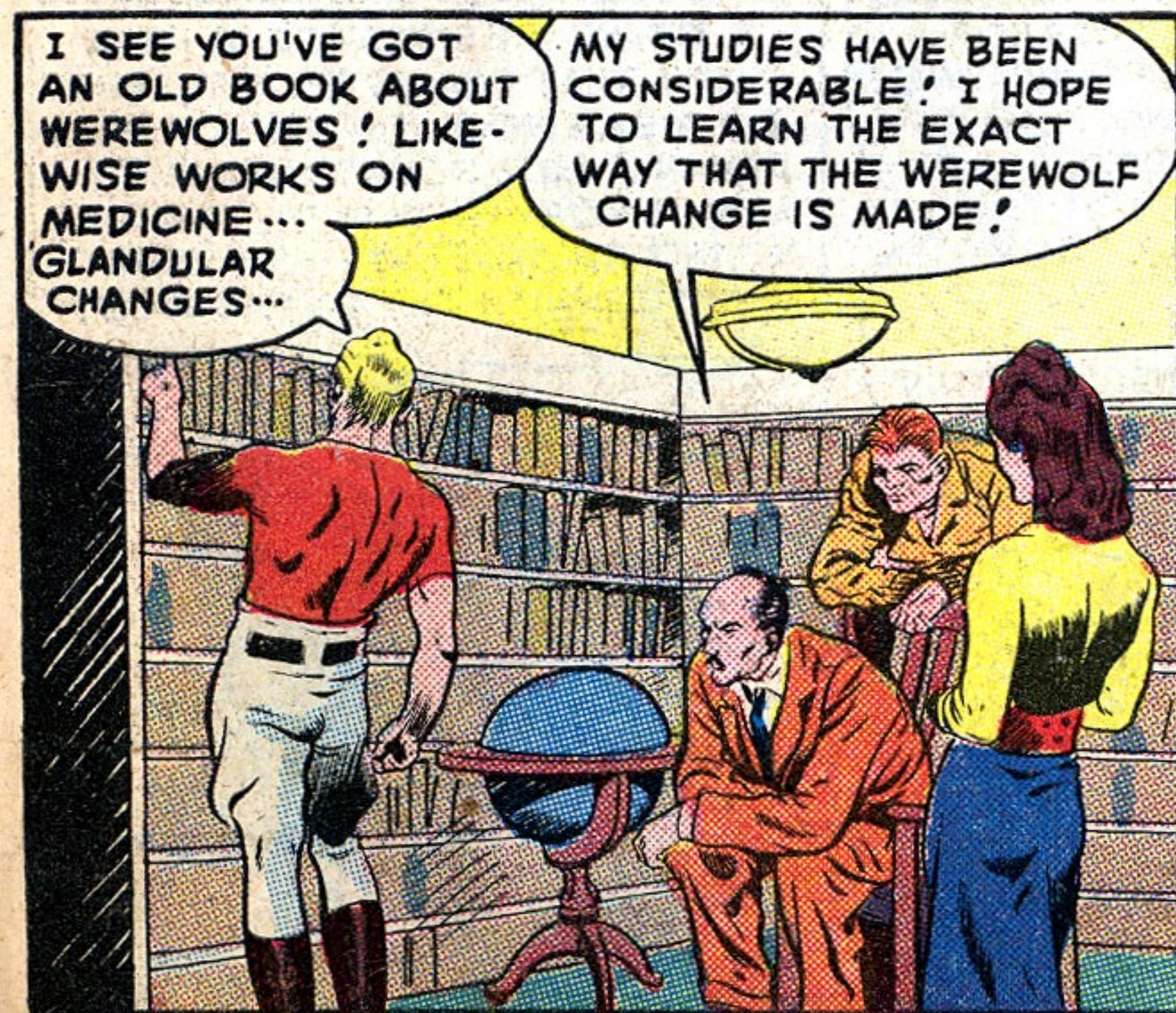
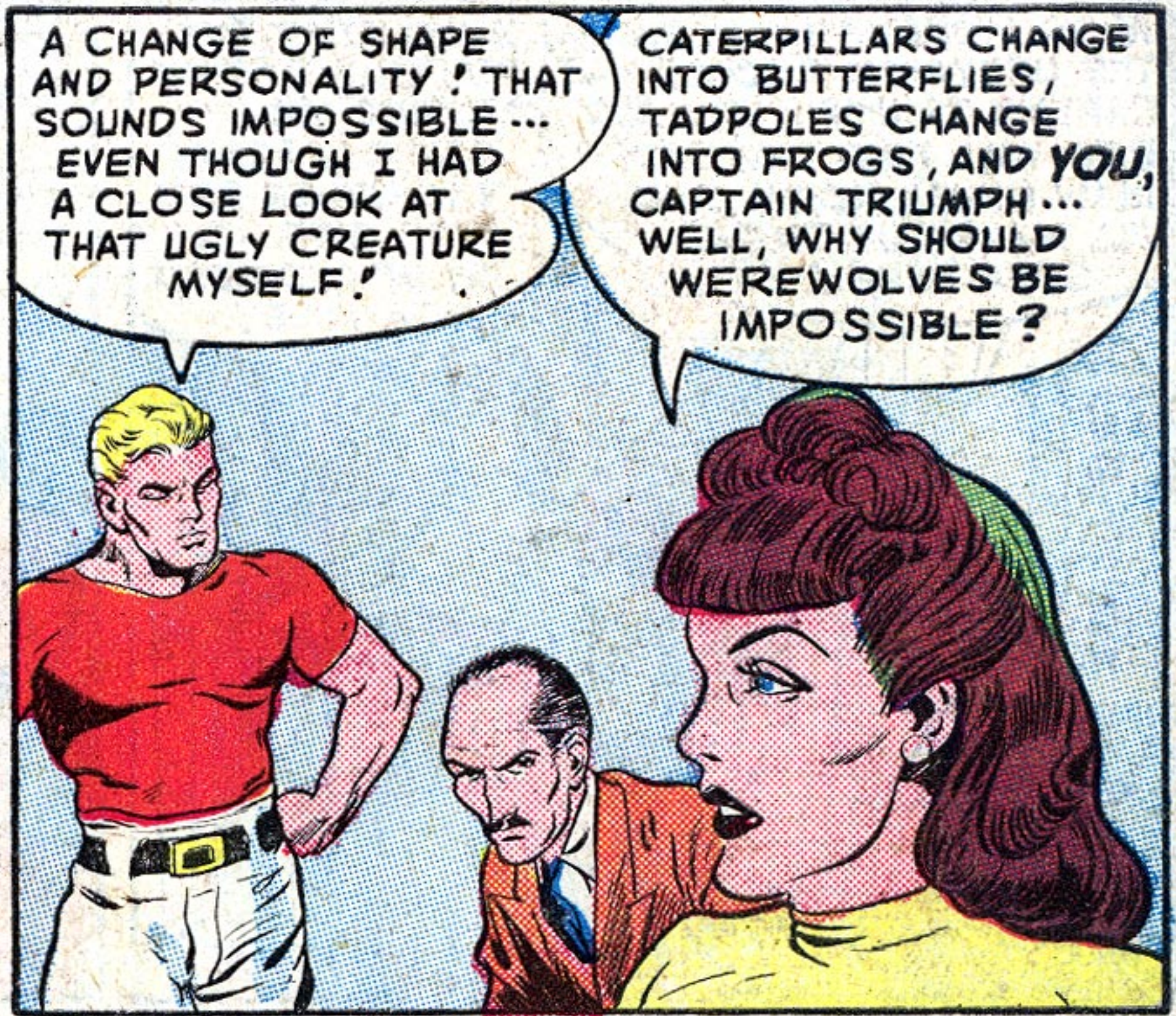
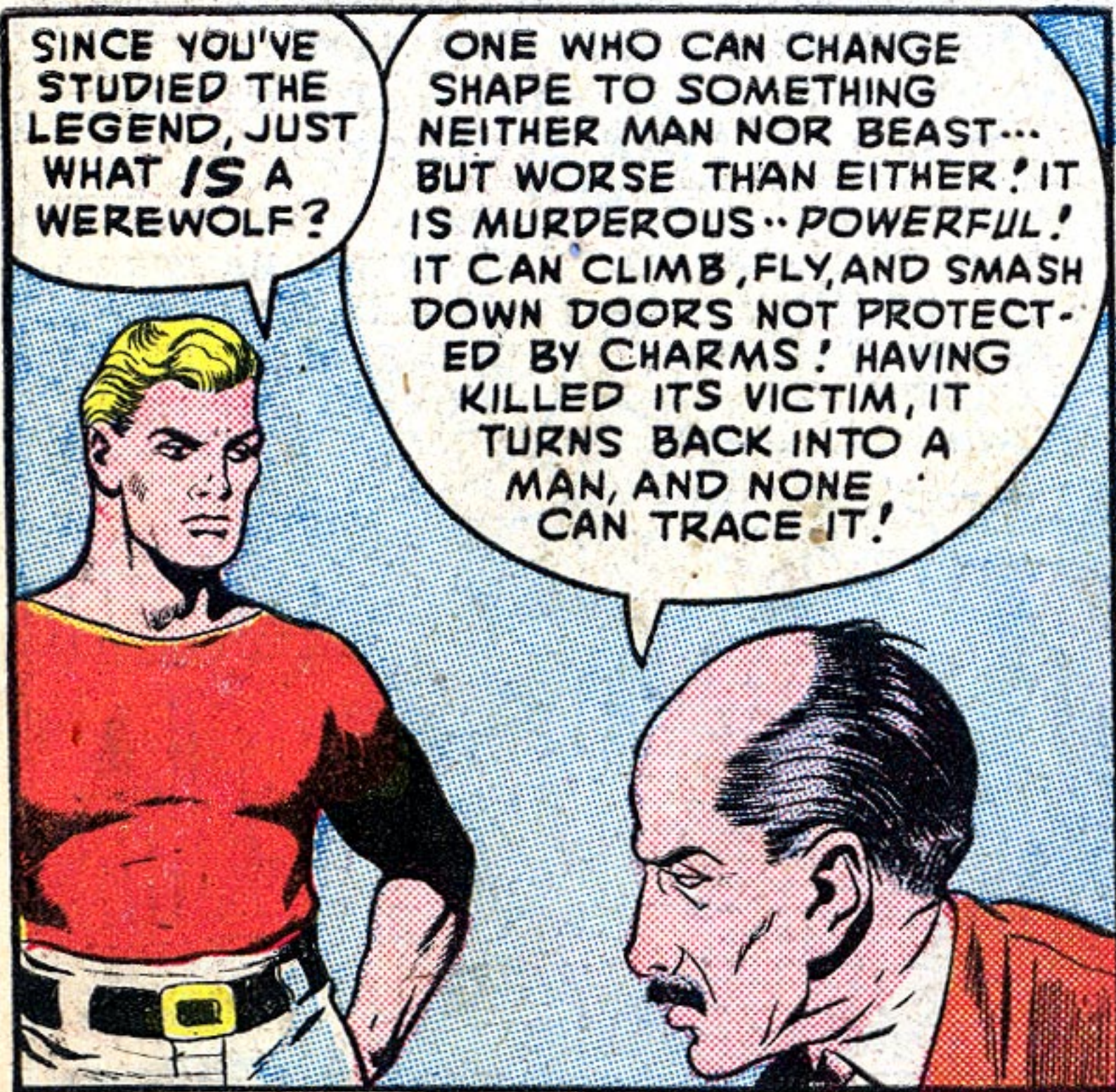
The two merge to become the indomitable Captain Triumph!







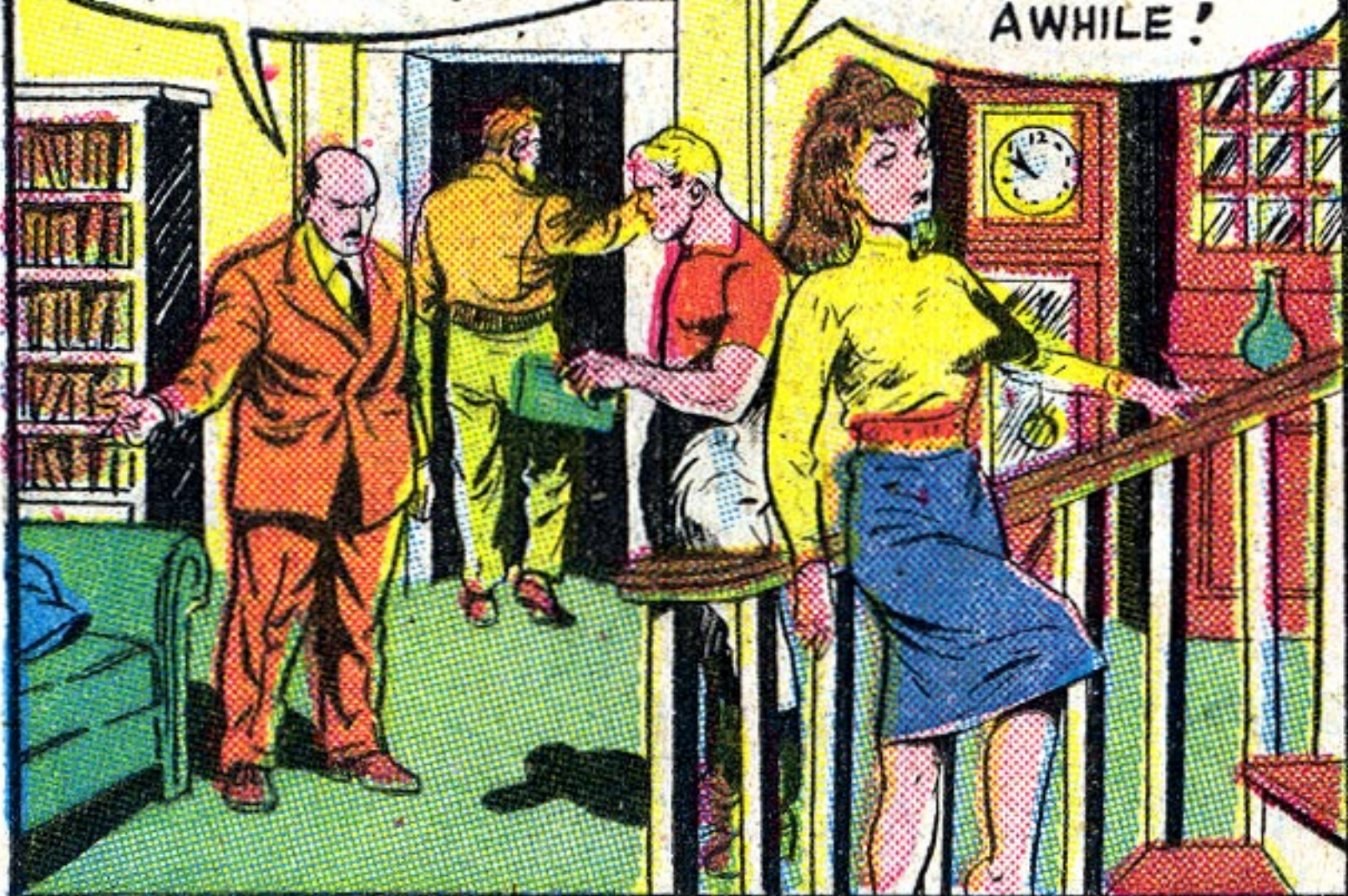






MISS MEREDITH MAY TAKE THE UPSTAIRS ROOM! CAPTAIN TRIUMPH, YOU AND BIFF WILL FIND TWO BEDS IN MY USUAL ROOM, AND I'LL MAKE OUT ON THE SOFA HERE!

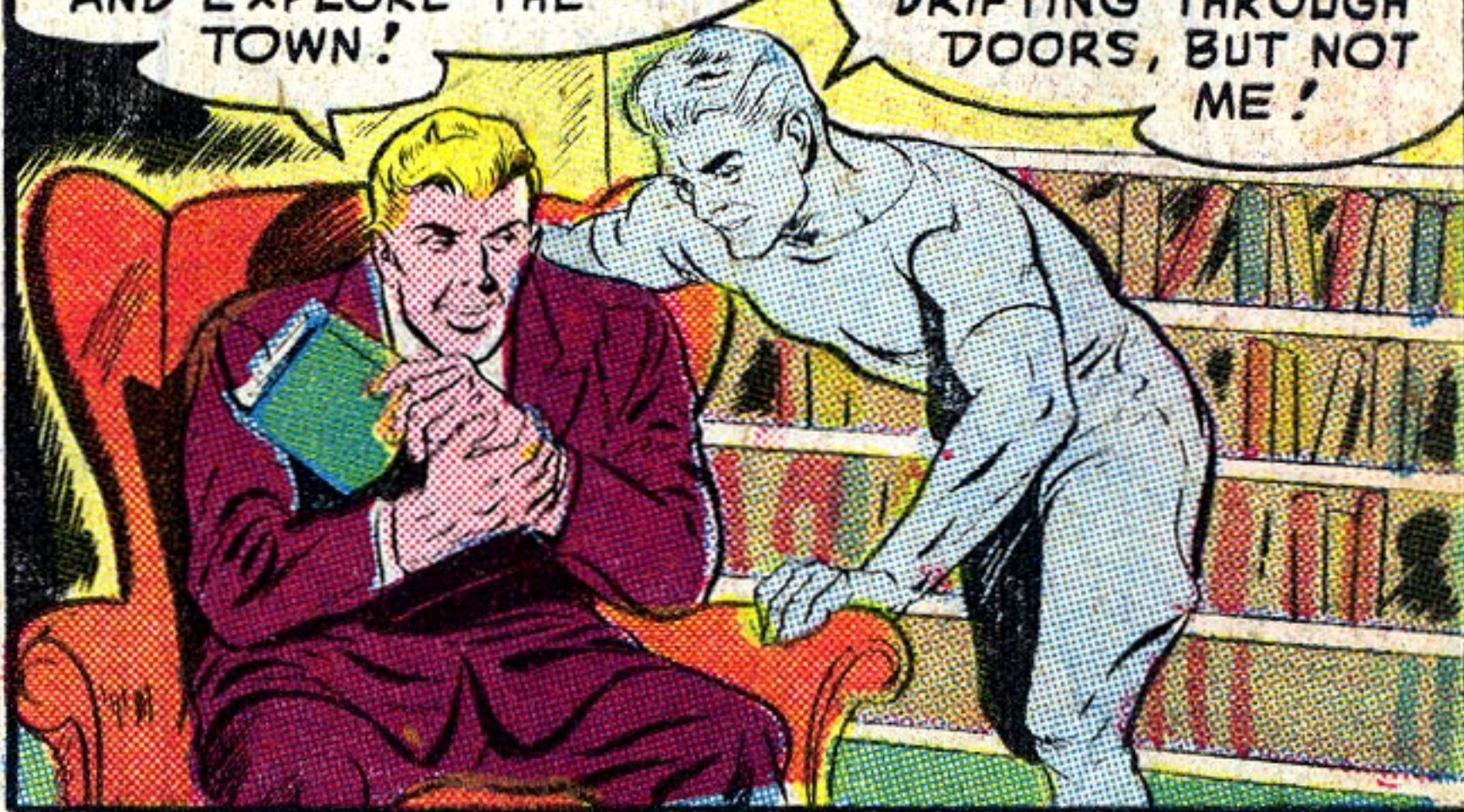
I WOULDN'T PUT YOU OUT TO THAT EXTENT, MR. RAFFREY! TAKE THE OTHER BED WITH BIFF...I'LL SIT UP AND READ AWHILE!



But when left alone, Captain Triumph touches the mystic mark and divides into the twin brothers....

I'M STAYING HERE TO READ UP ON THE WEREWOLF BUSINESS, MICHAEL! SUPPOSE YOU DRIFT OUT AND EXPLORE THE TOWN!

OKAY, LANCE! THESE CHARMED BARS AND CANDLES MAY KEEP WERE WOLVES FROM DRIFTING THROUGH DOORS, BUT NOT ME!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, A SPIRIT DOESN'T EVEN NEED A DOOR... LOOK, I CAN GO THROUGH WALLS!

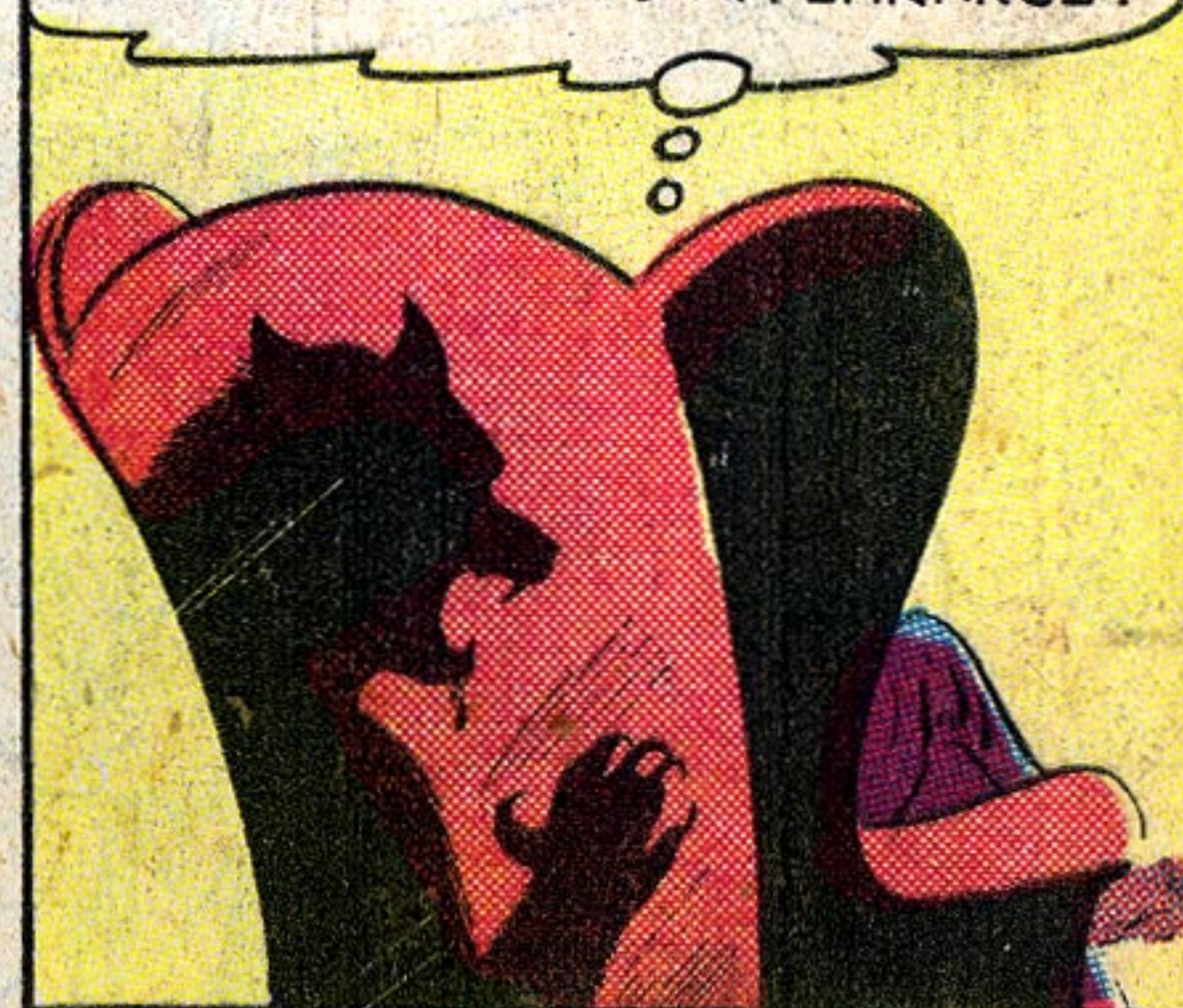
I'LL STAY AWAKE UNTIL YOU GET BACK!



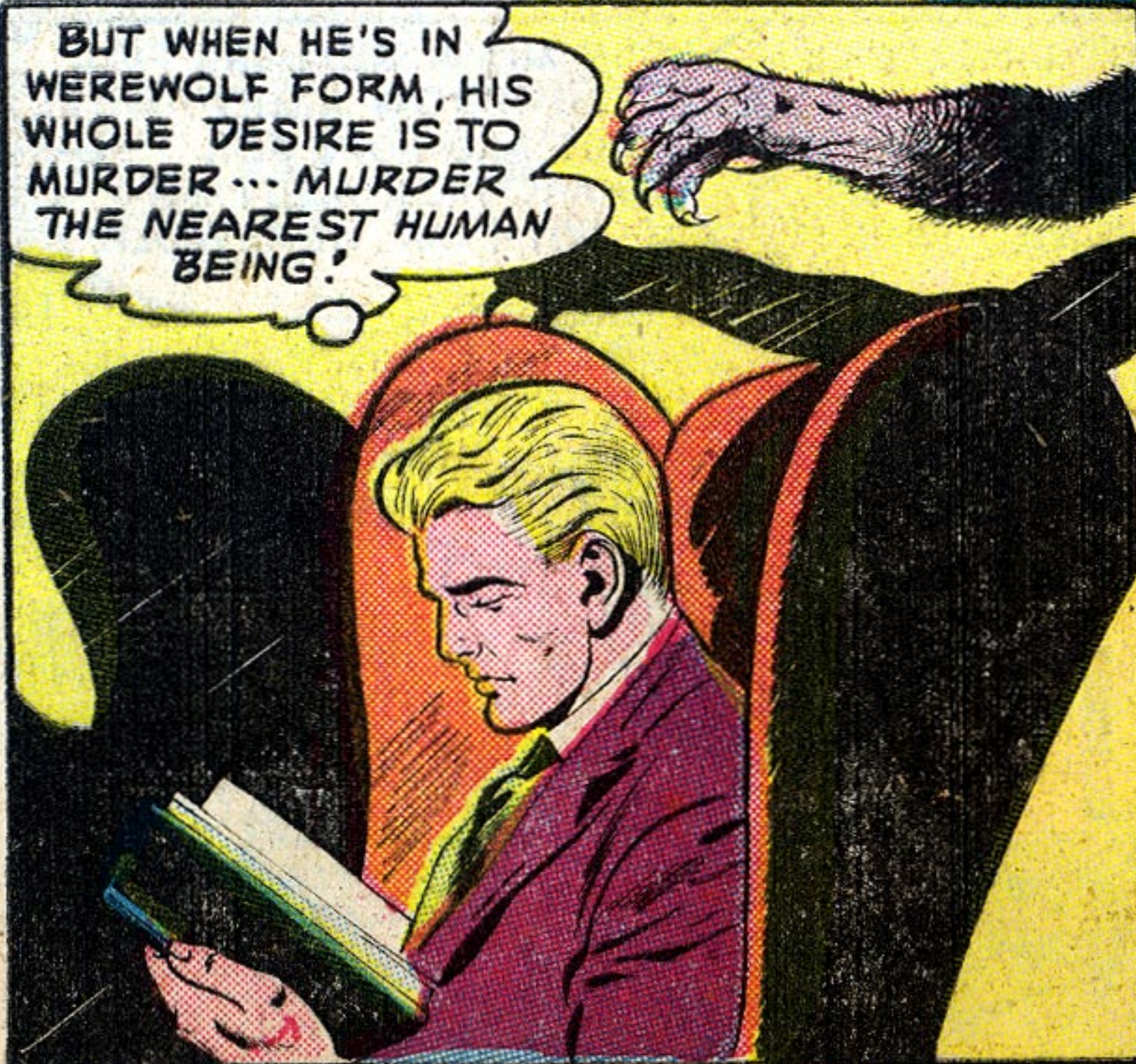
INTERESTING... AND SOMEWHAT CONVINCING! THE WEREWOLF BELIEF IS EVERY WHERE, AND THERE ARE LOTS OF INCIDENTS! SOME SCIENTISTS TRY TO EXPLAIN IT NATURALLY! THE CHANGE HAPPENS QUICKLY AND COMPLETELY, IT SAYS HERE!



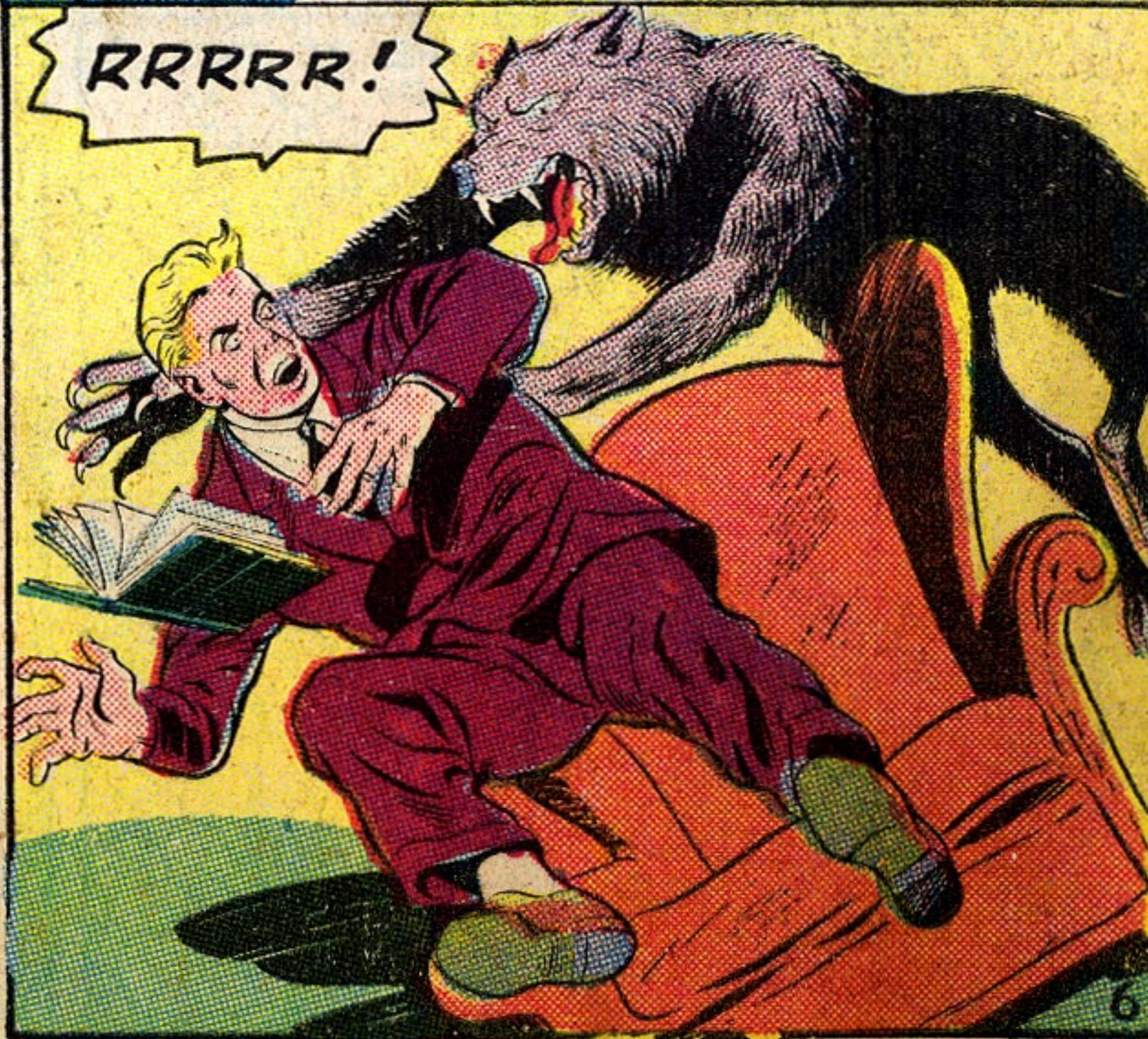
A BRAVE RESISTANCE, A HARD BLOW THAT DRAWS BLOOD, MAKES THE WEREWOLF TURN BACK INTO A MAN! AND SOMETIMES THE MAN IS HORRIFIED AT THE THINGS HE DID AS A BEAST... HIS HEART CHANGES WITH HIS APPEARANCE!



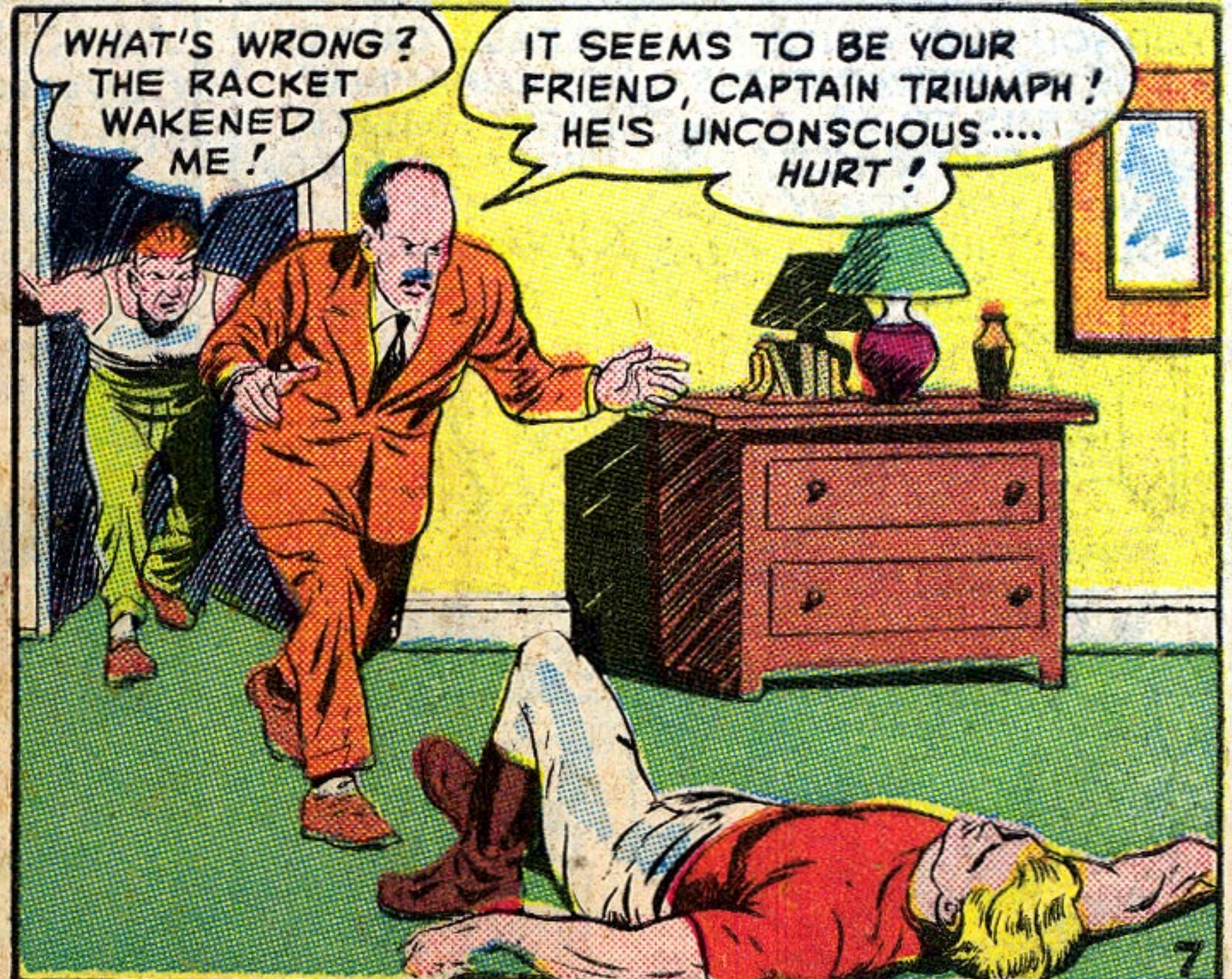
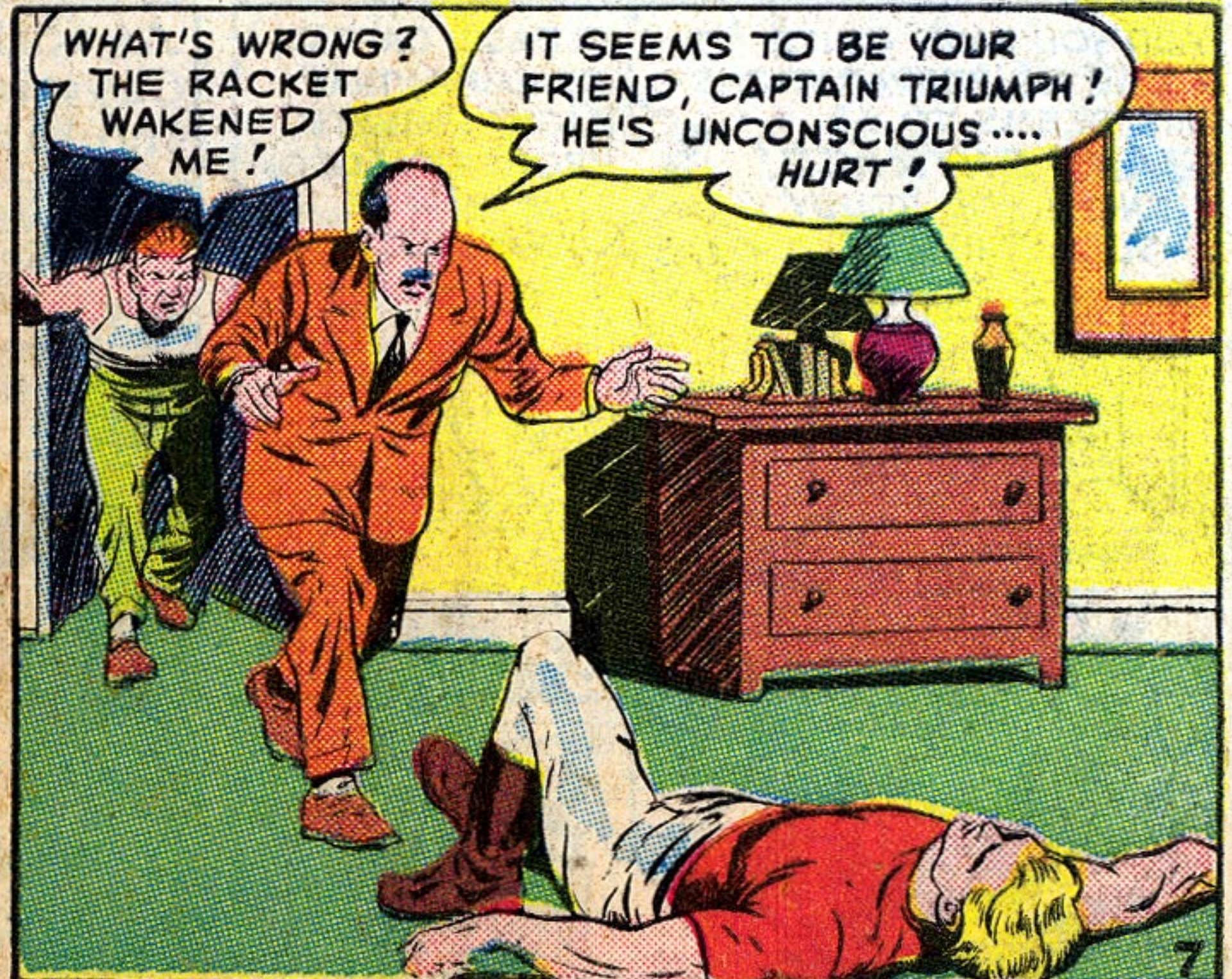
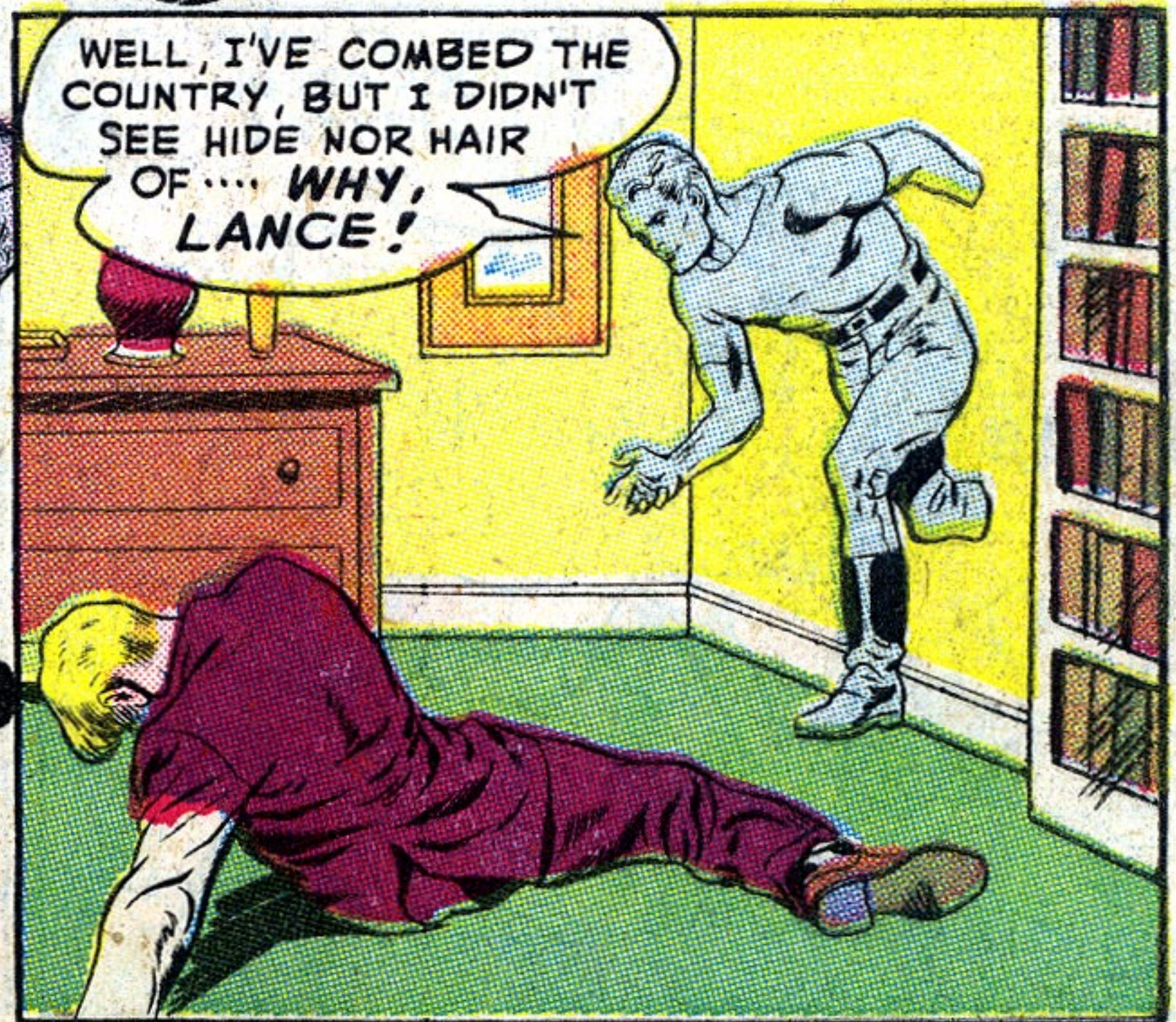
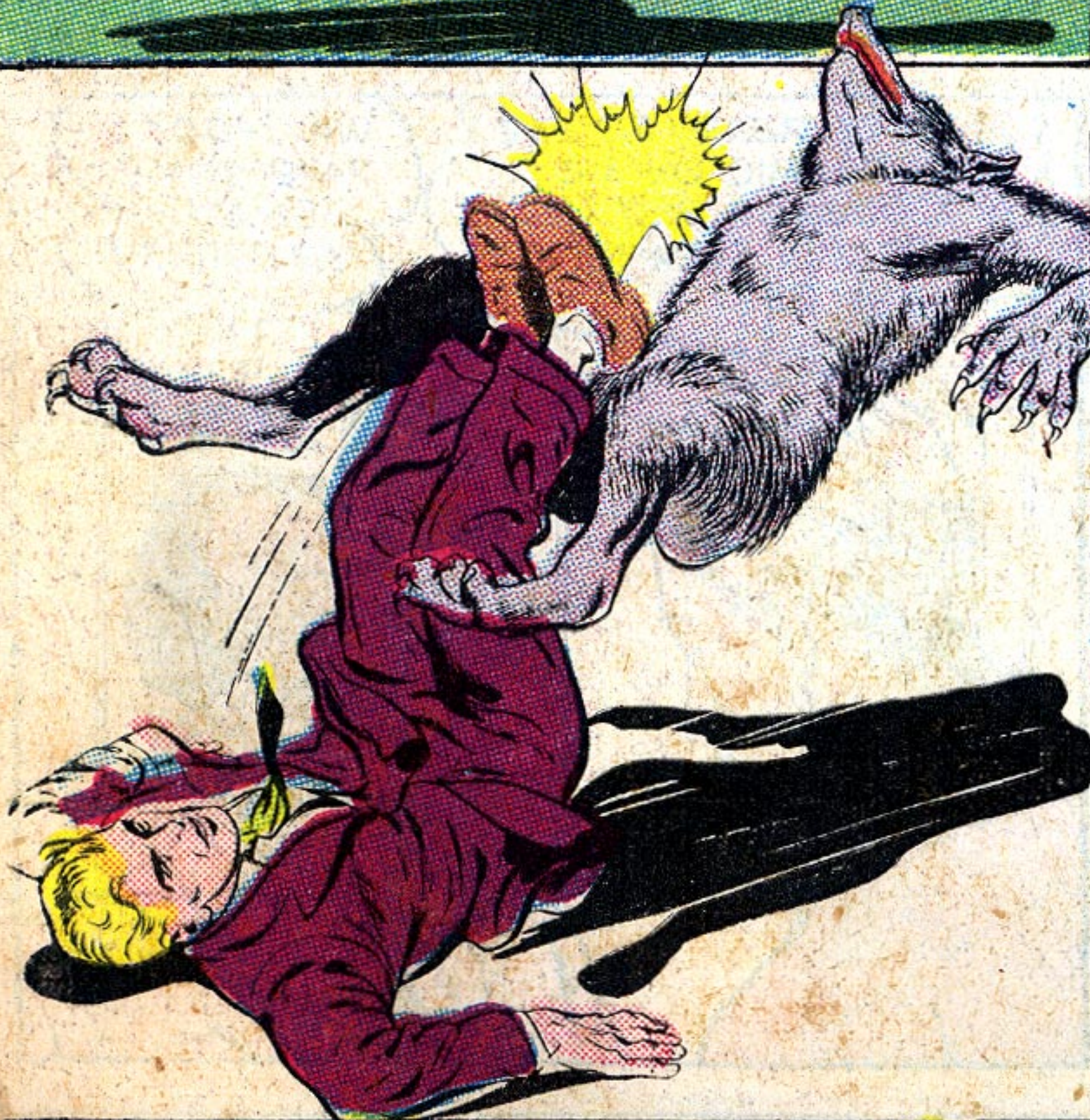
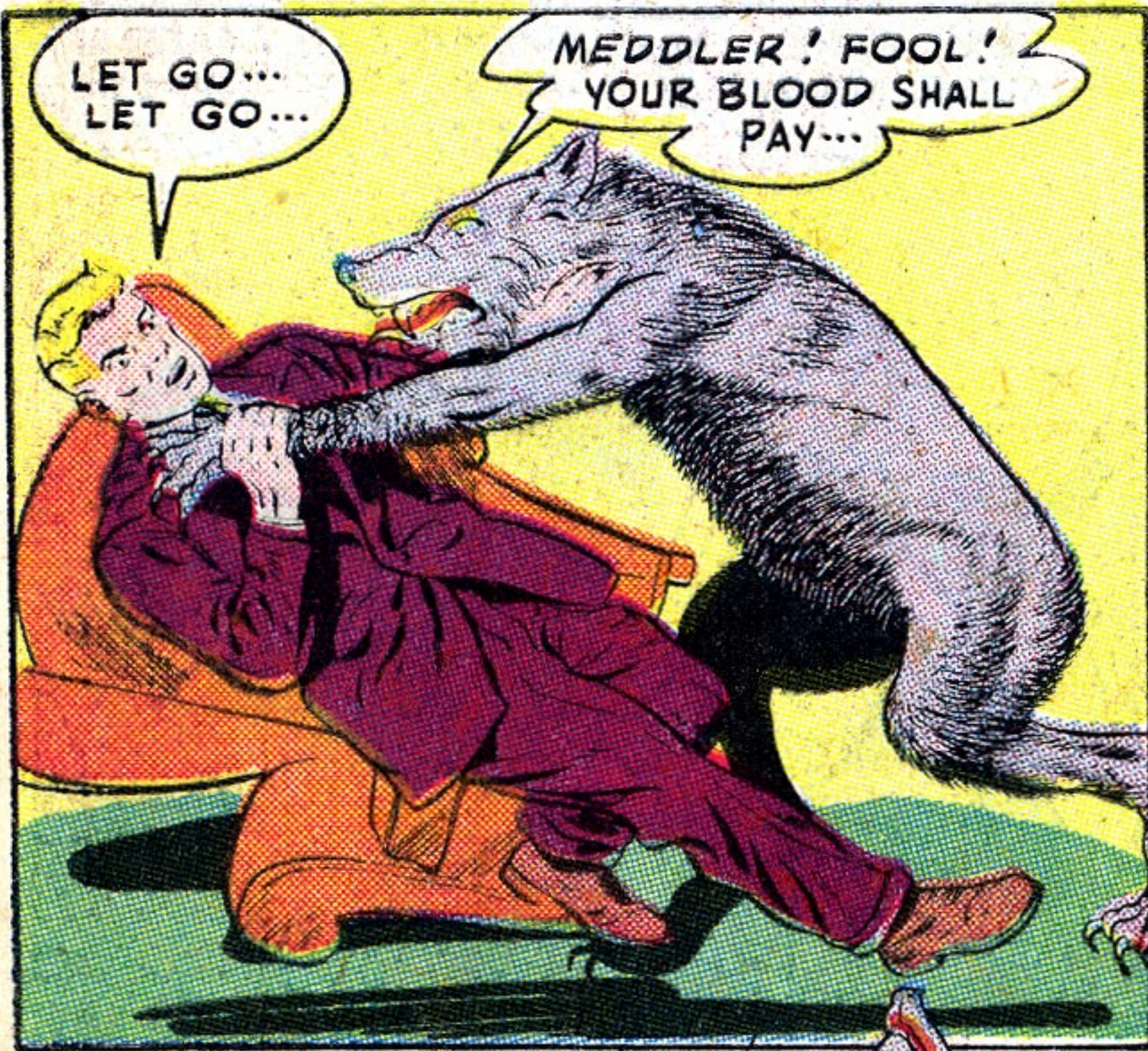
BUT WHEN HE'S IN WEREWOLF FORM, HIS WHOLE DESIRE IS TO MURDER... MURDER THE NEAREST HUMAN BEING!



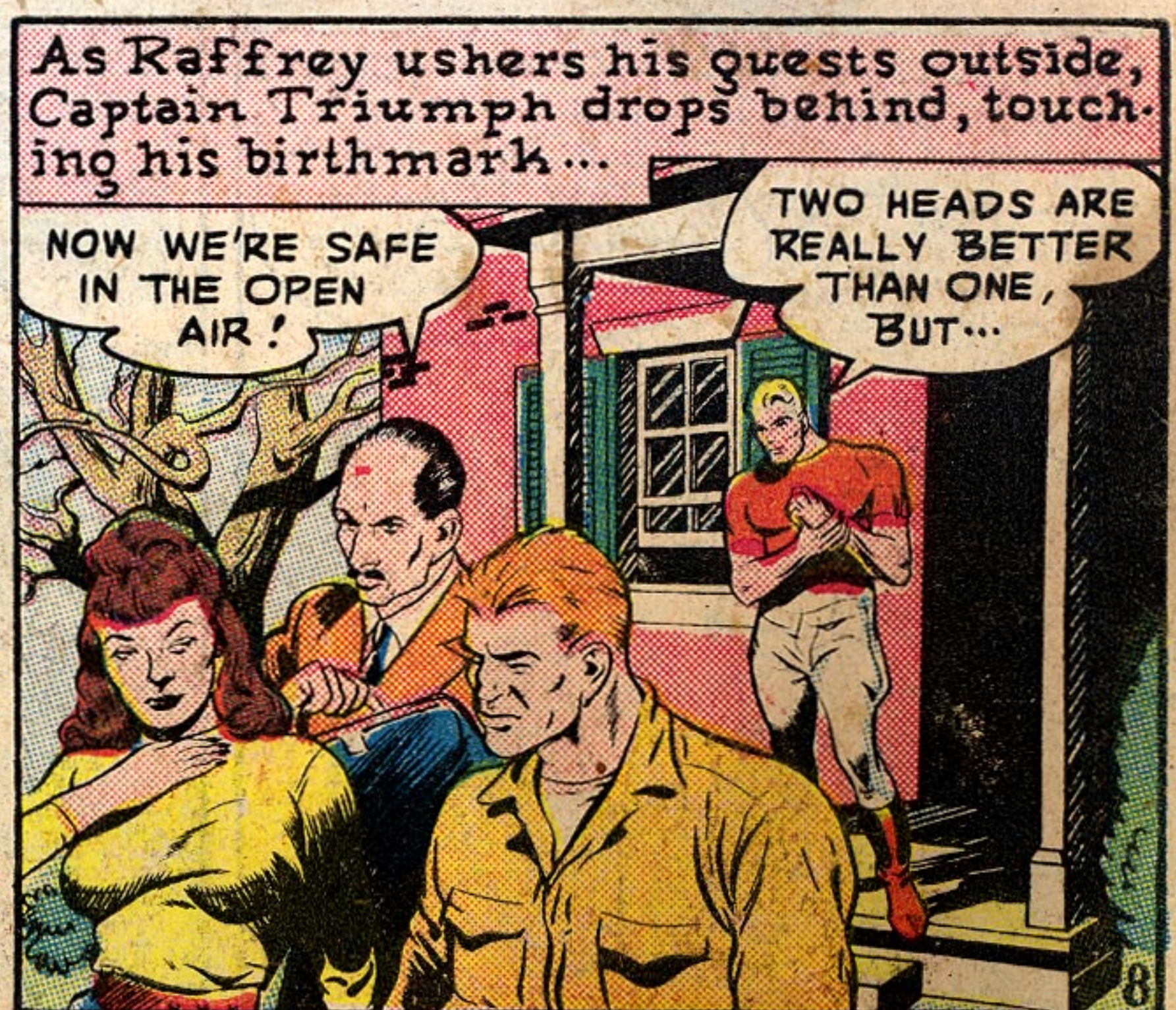
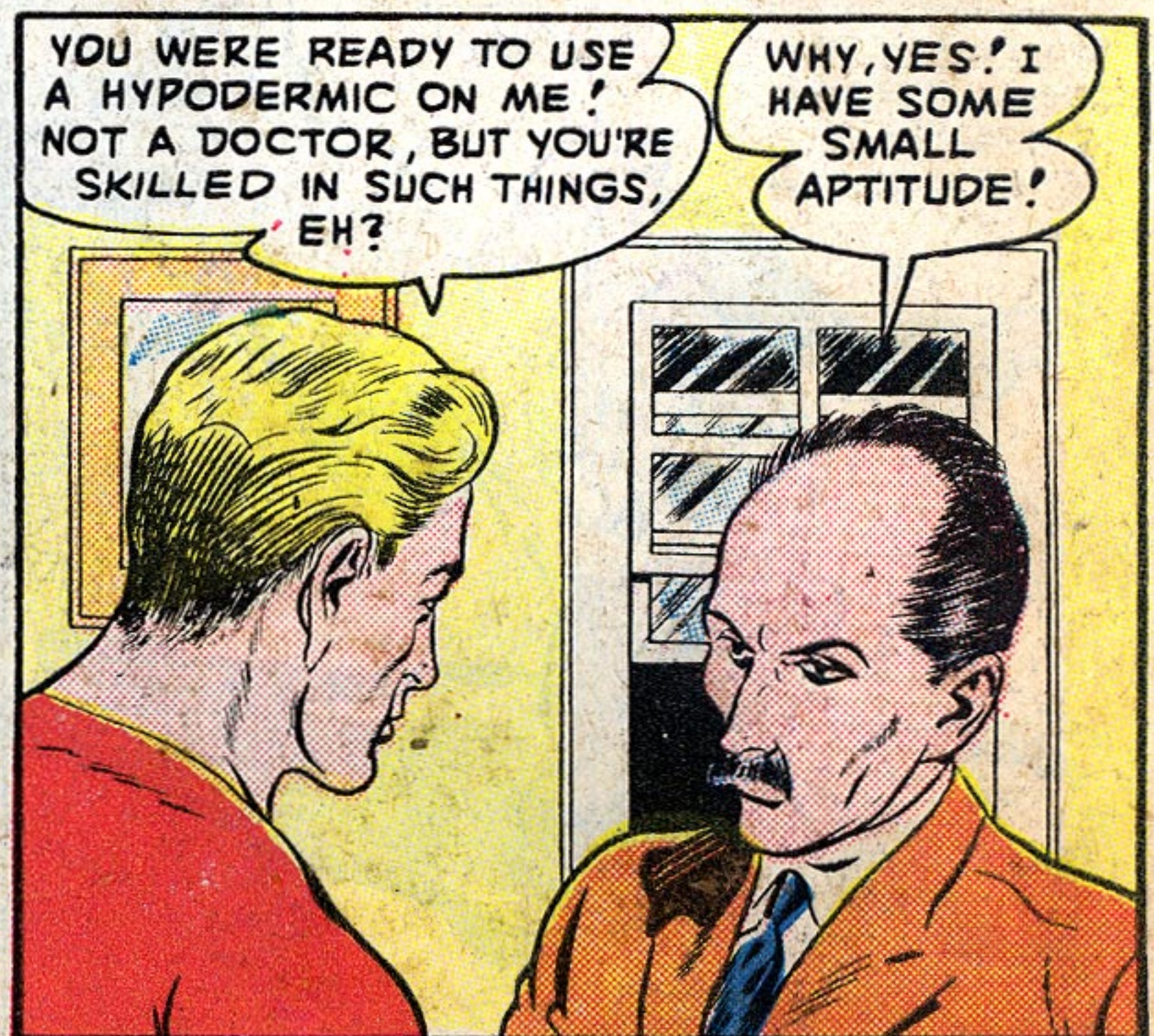
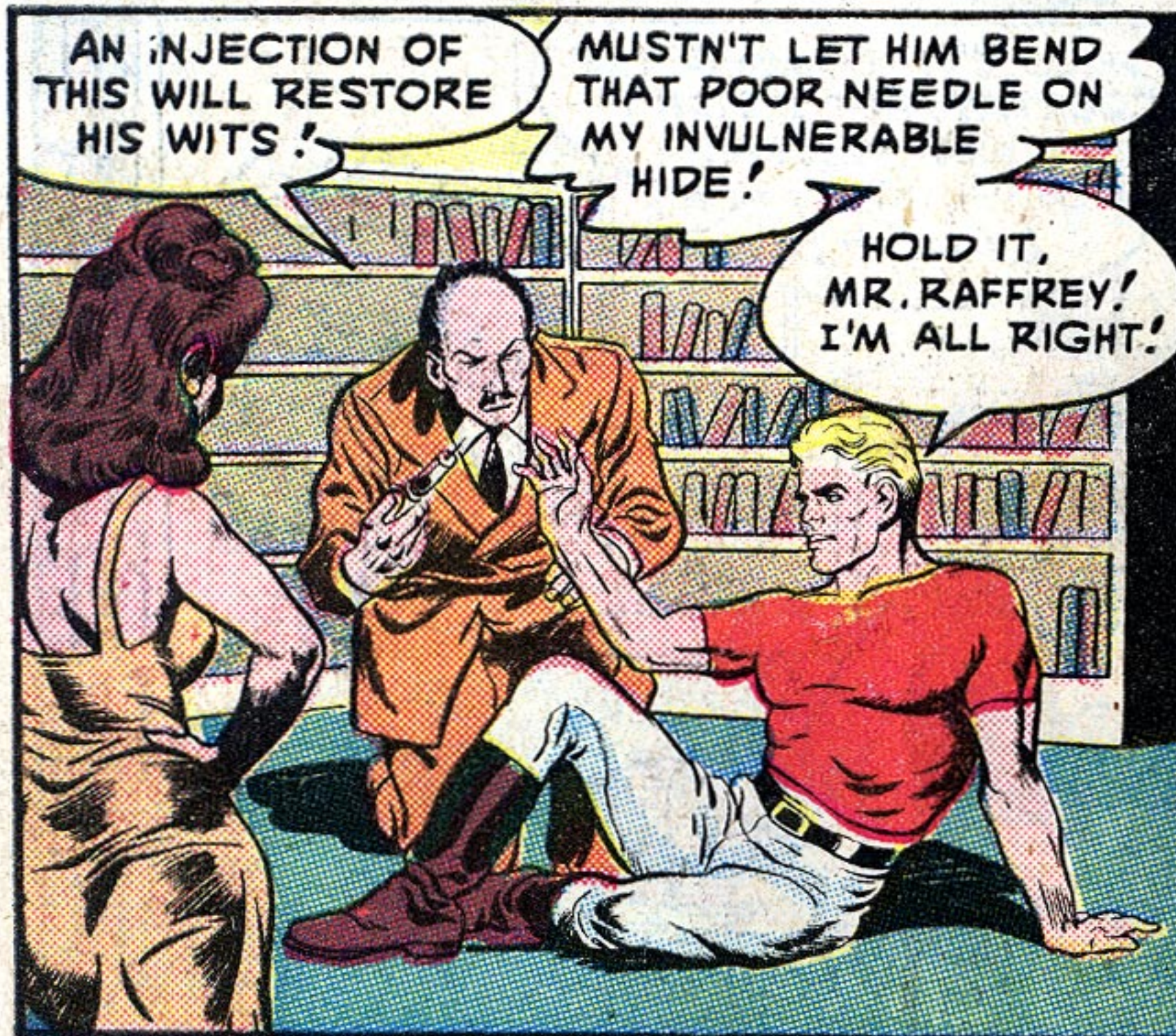
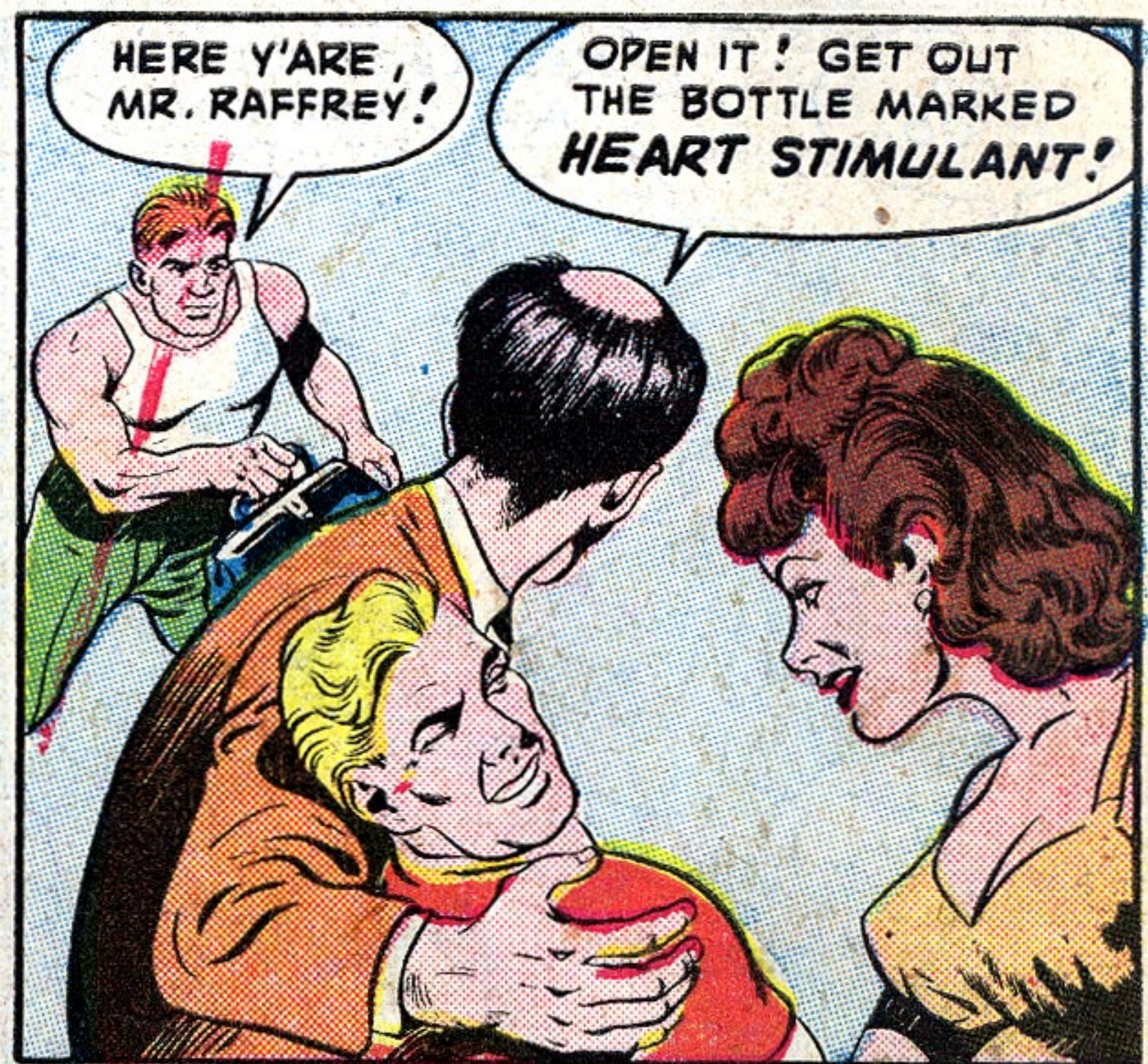
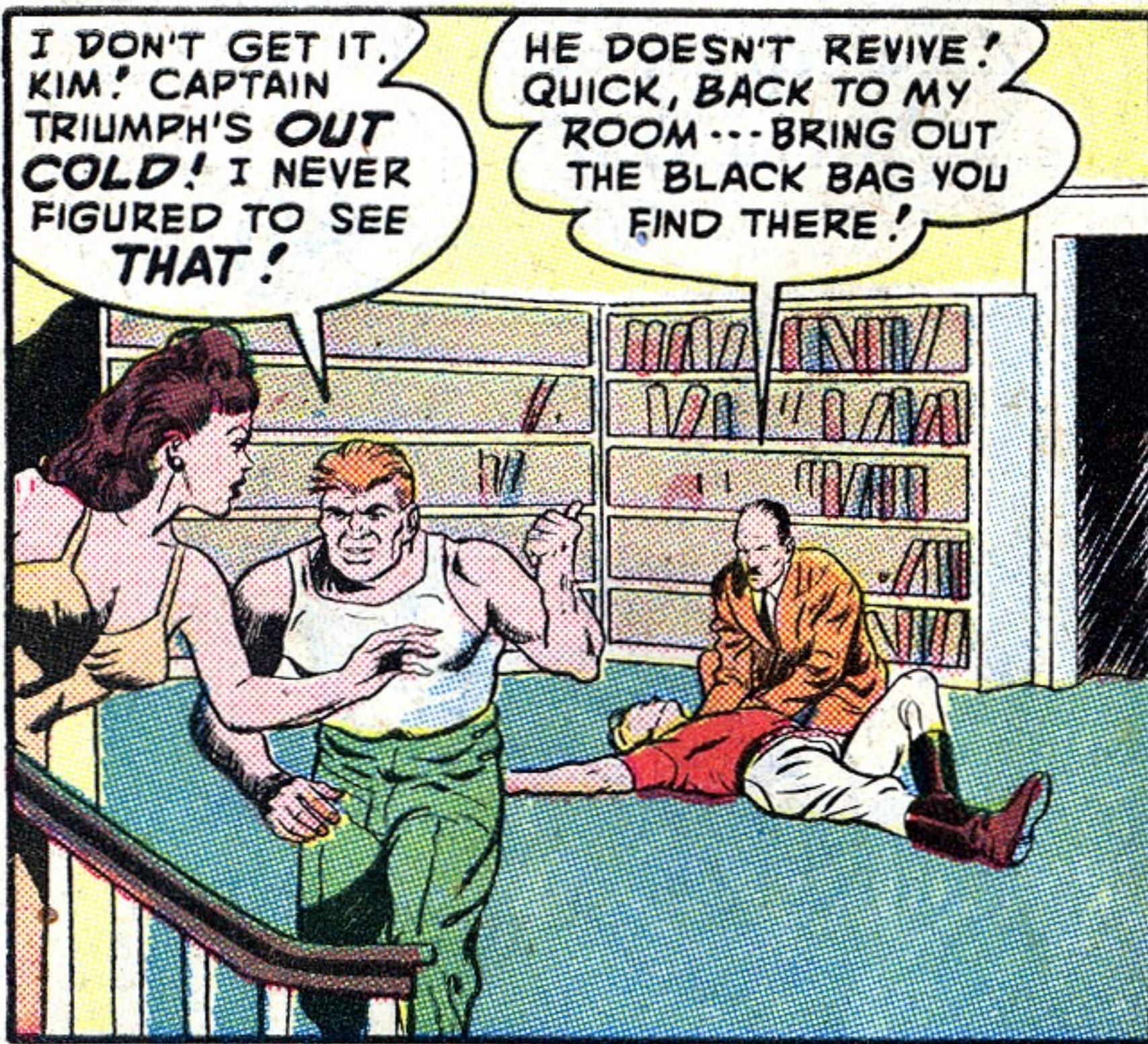
RRRRR!









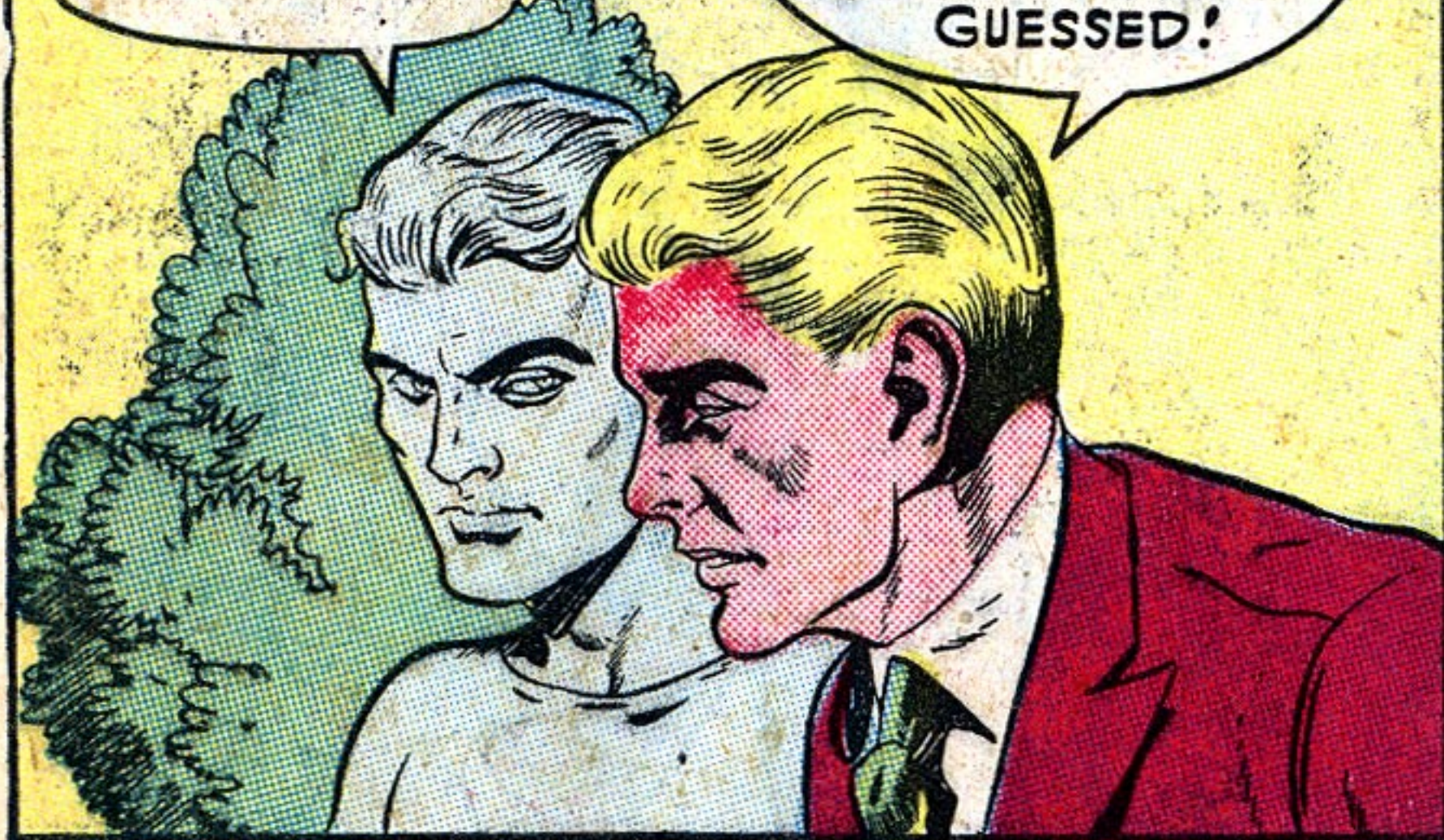




...Lance and Michael separate their personalities and confer ...

AS CAPTAIN TRIUMPH WAS SAYING ABOUT TWO HEADS ... JUST NOW OUR TWO HEADS WERE THE SAME HEAD!

WHICH MEANS YOU KNOW WHAT I KNOW, MICHAEL ... SAW WHAT I SAW AND GUESSED WHAT I GUESSED!



FOR INSTANCE, THE HYPODERMIC NEEDLE ... THE GLAND MEDICINE ... RAFFREY'S STRANGE SKILL AND KNOWLEDGE!

AND THE WERE-WOLF, ITSELF! **INSIDE** HERE, NOT OUTSIDE! DO YOU AGREE WITH MY THEORY?



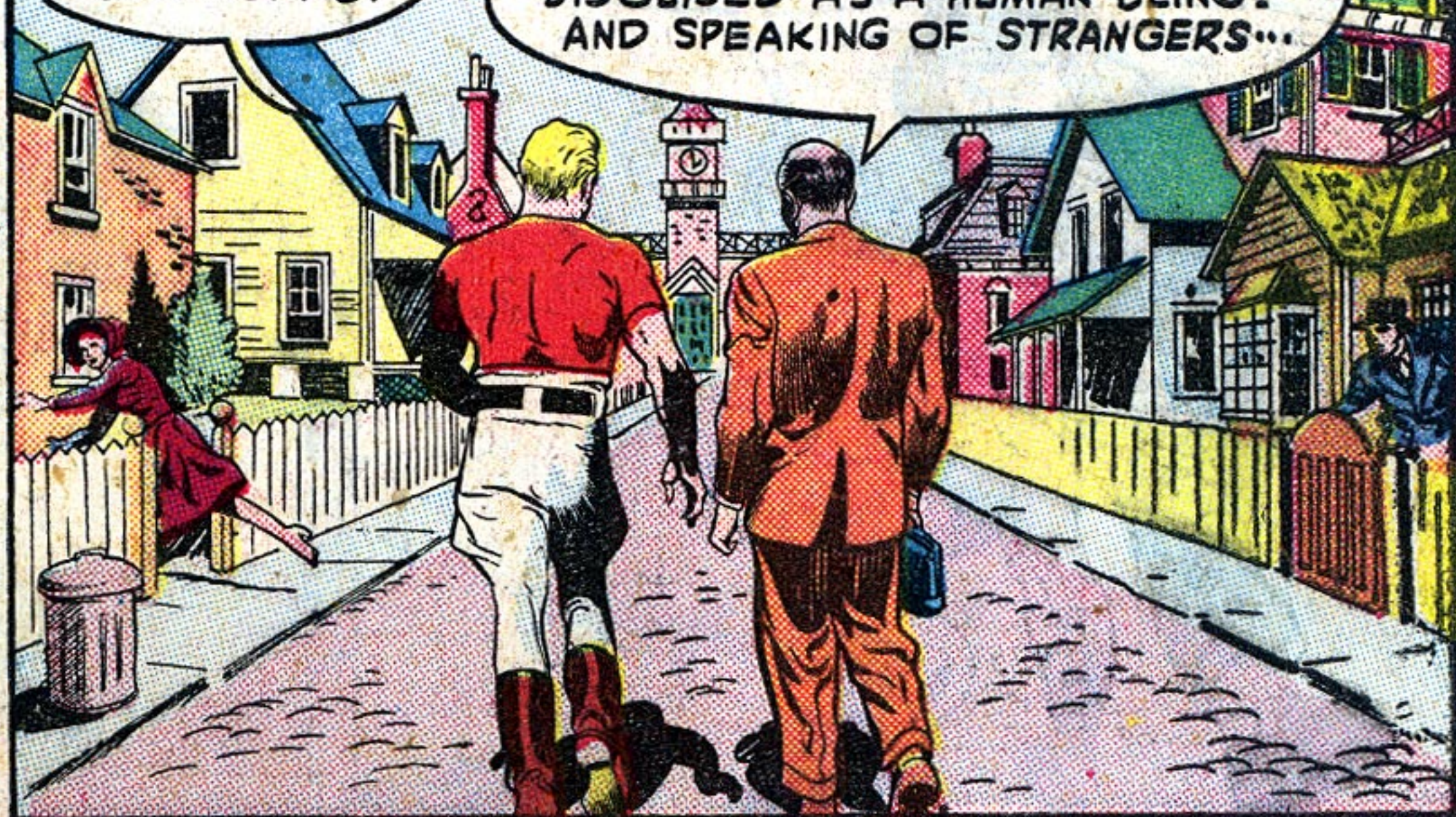
YES, BUT IT'S ONLY A THEORY, SO FAR! TONIGHT WE MAY **PROVE** IT!

LET'S BE CAPTAIN TRIUMPH AGAIN AND JOIN THE OTHERS!



I JUDGE THE TOWNSPEOPLE DON'T LIKE STRANGERS!

DO YOU BLAME THEM, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH? WHEN A STRANGER MIGHT BE A **MONSTER** DISGUISED AS A HUMAN BEING? AND SPEAKING OF STRANGERS...



THERE ARE ONLY **THREE** OF YOUR PARTY! YET WASN'T ANOTHER STRANGER AROUND LAST NIGHT, A YOUNG MAN RATHER LIKE YOURSELF IN APPEARANCE, BUT DRESSED DIFFERENTLY AND NOT QUITE SO **RUGGED**?

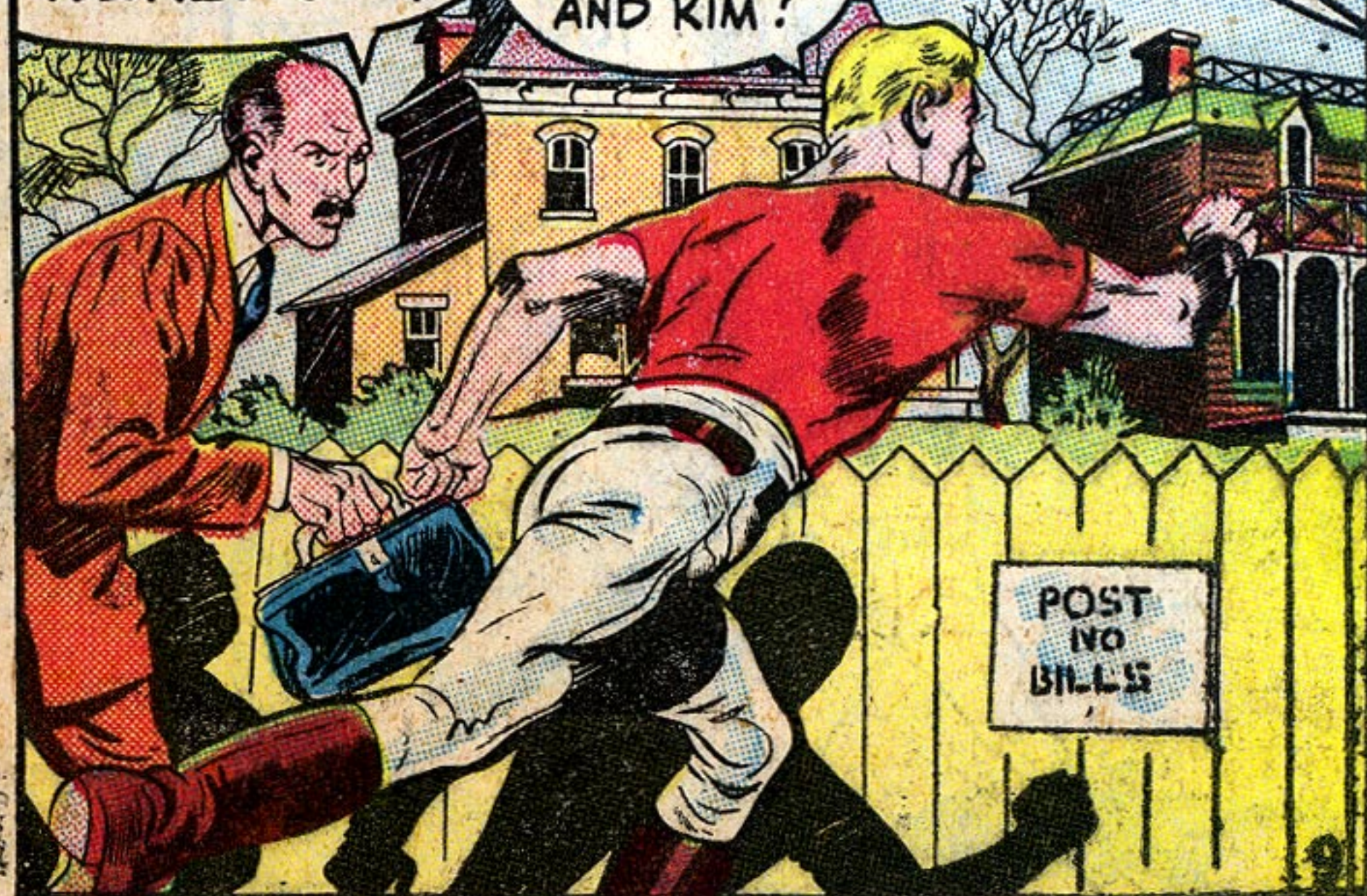
YOU WERE GOING TO SUGGEST...



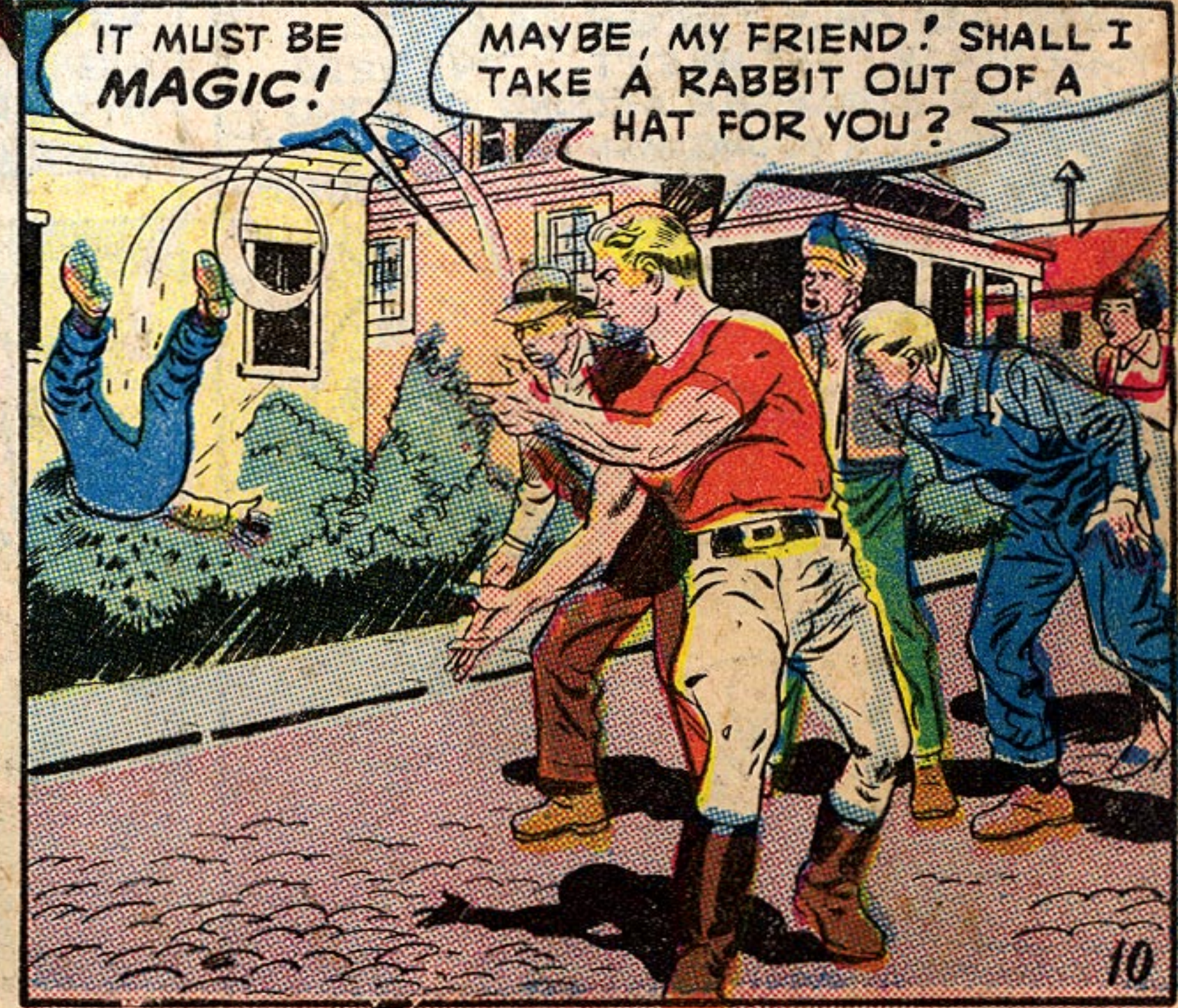
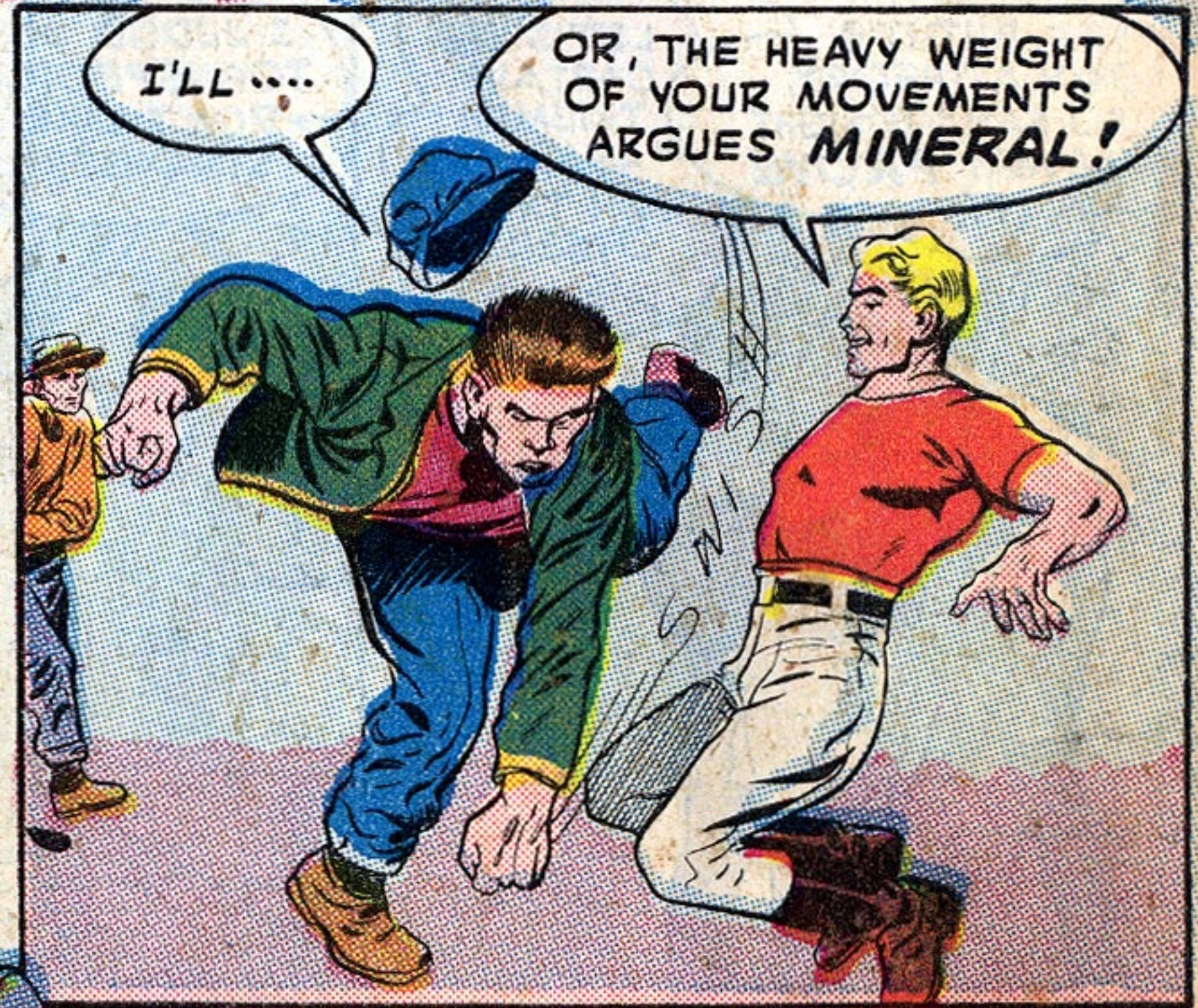
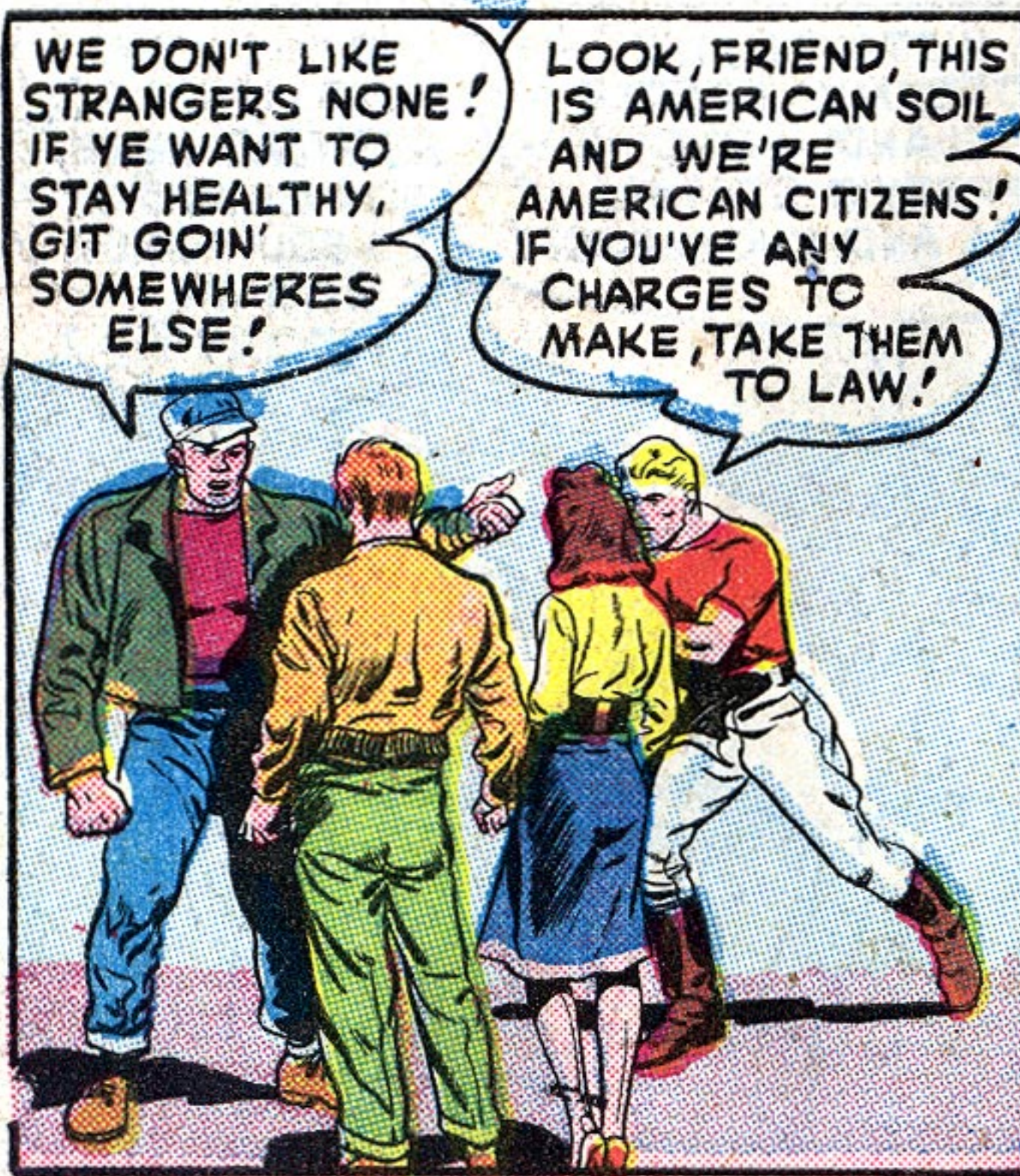
YES! SUCH A ONE MIGHT BE THE MYSTERIOUS **WEREWOLF**!

WAIT! SOMEONE'S BLUSTERING AT BIFF AND KIM!

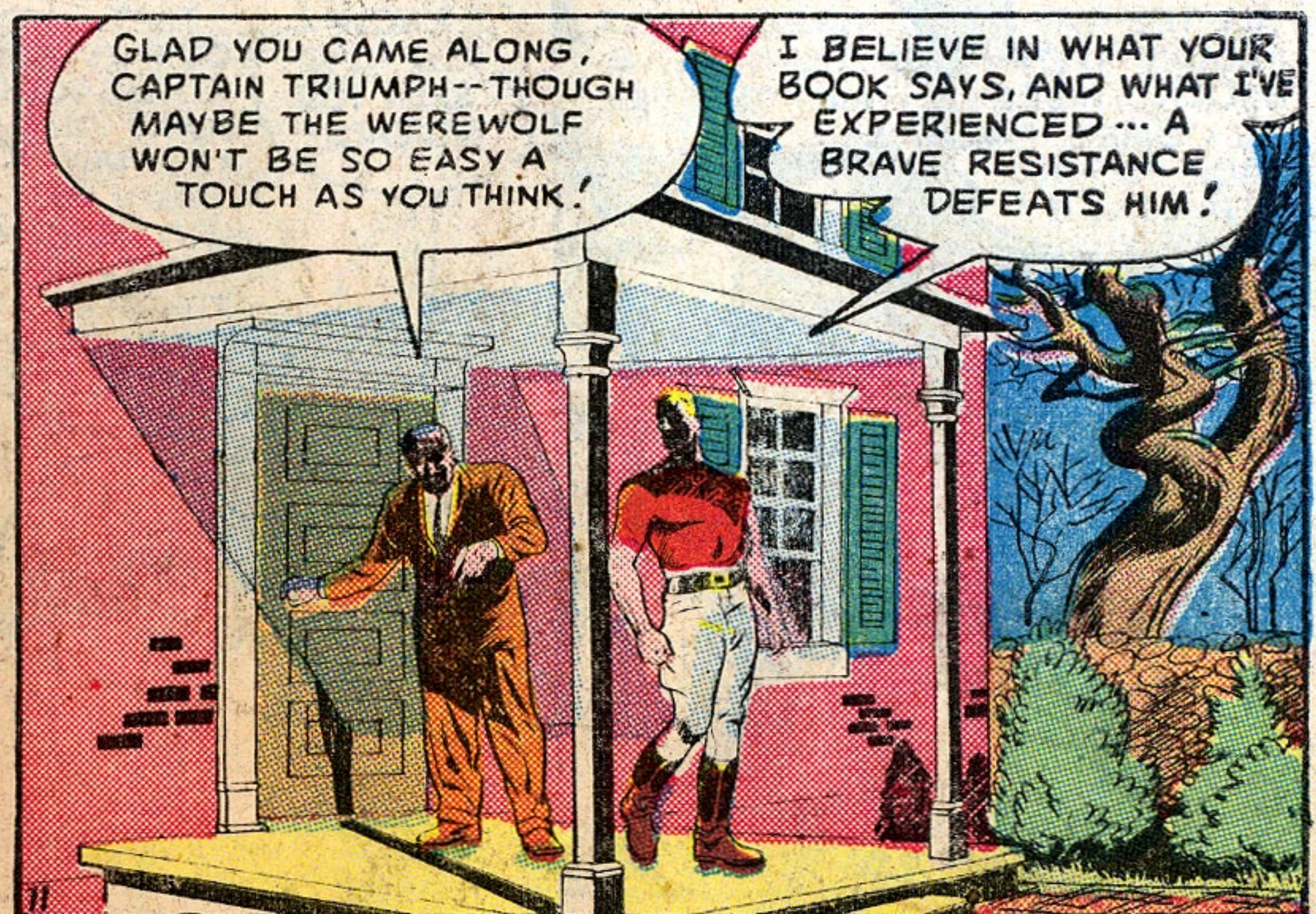
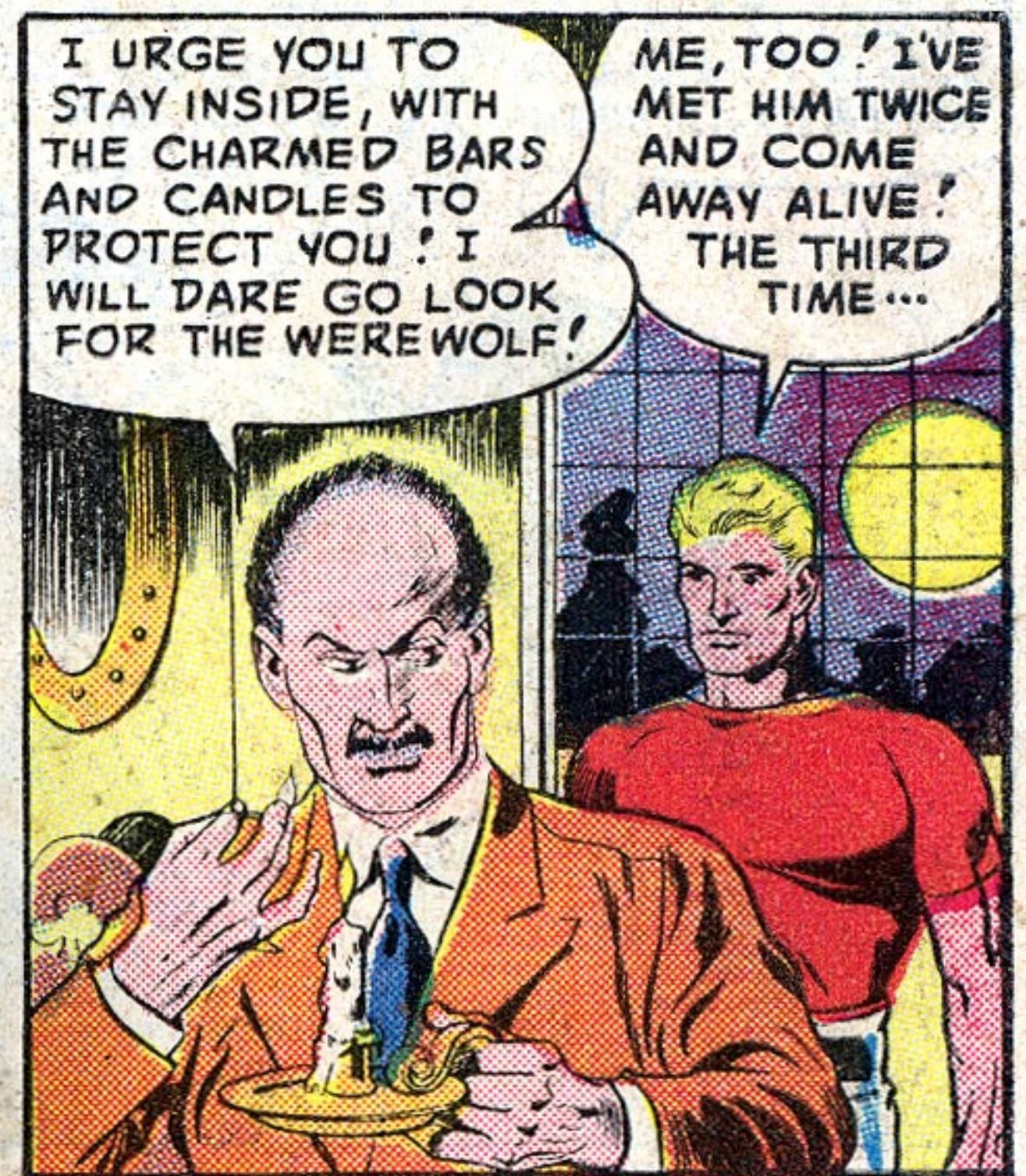
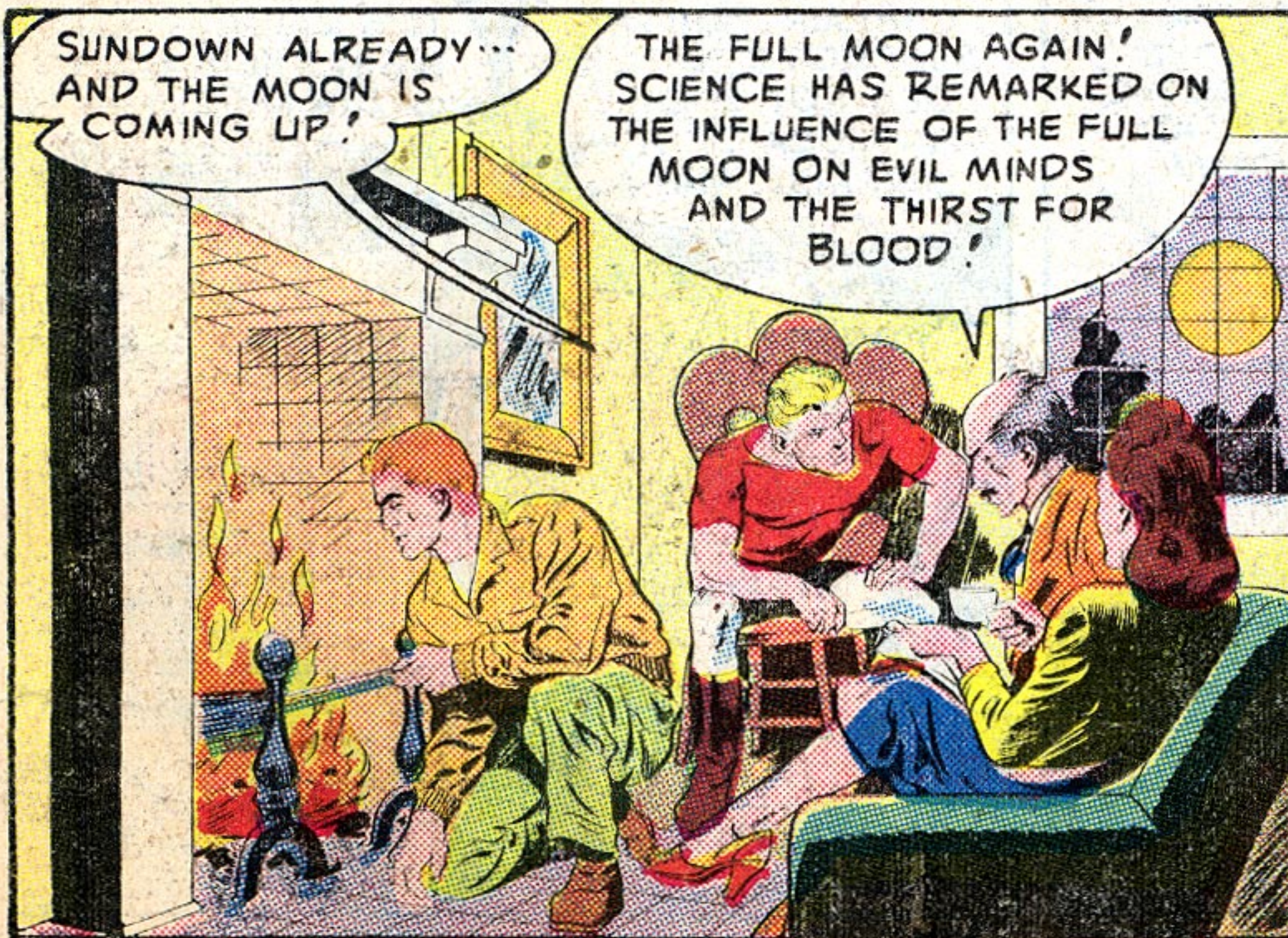
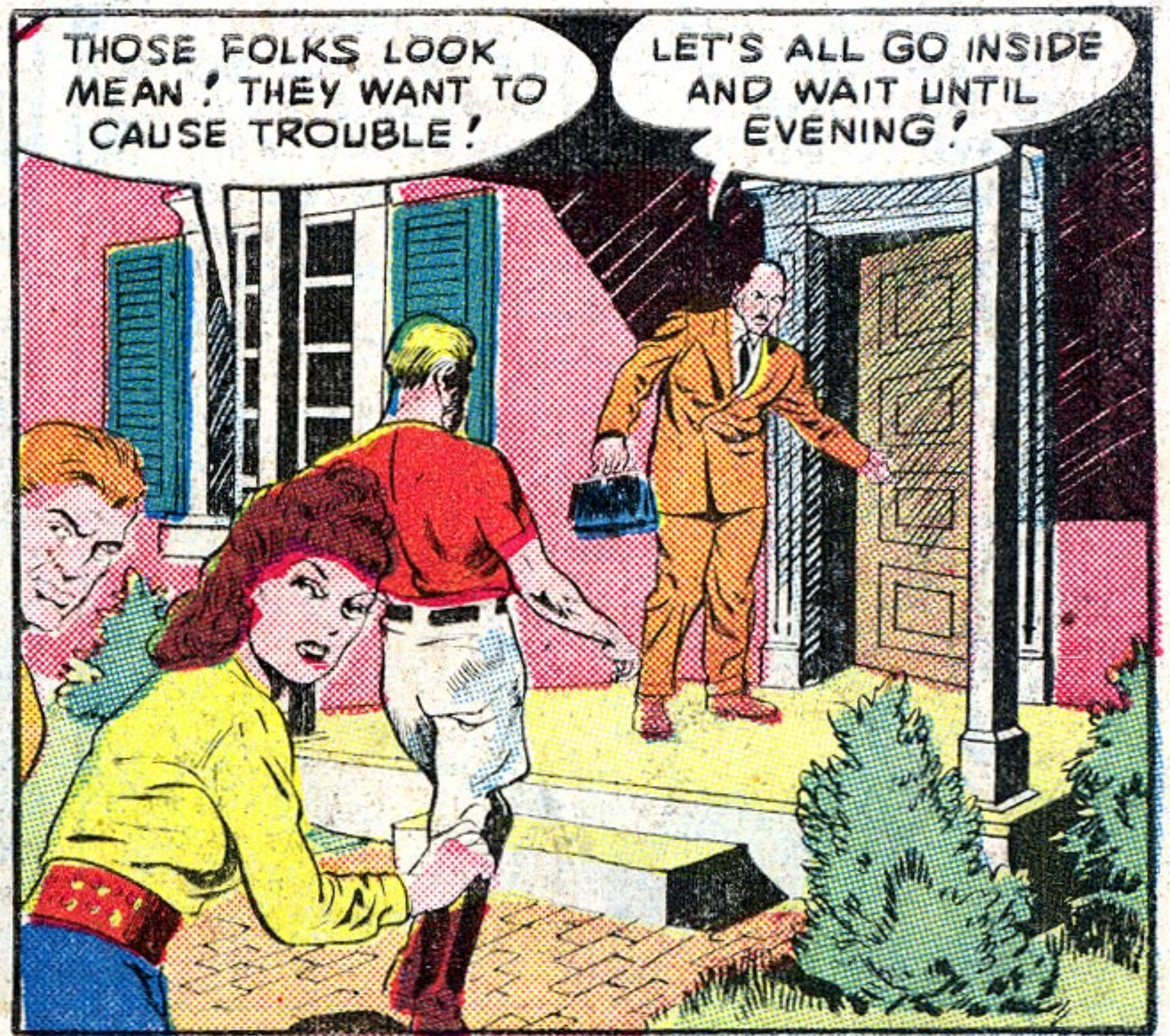
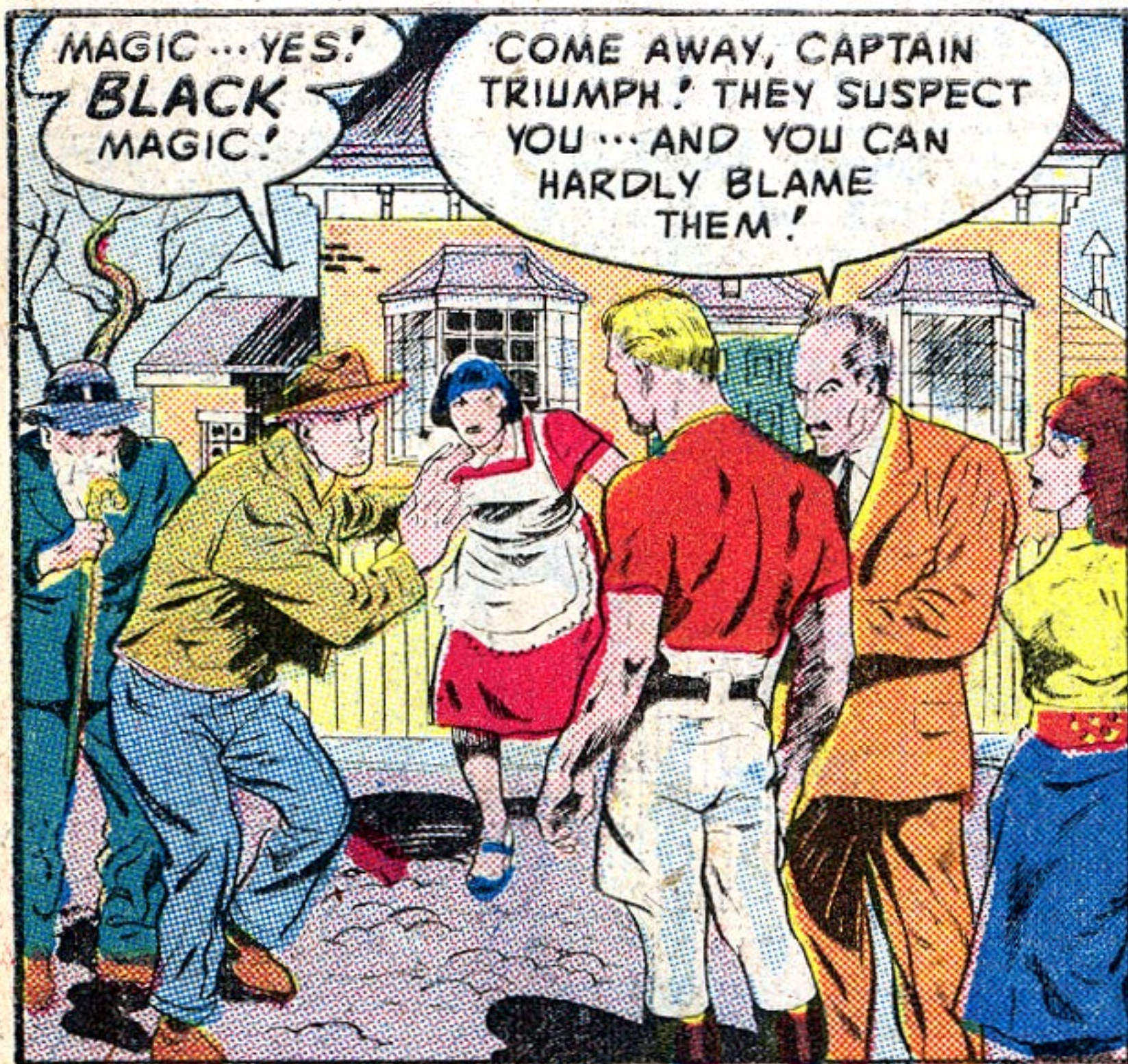
NOW, LISTEN, YOU TWO...



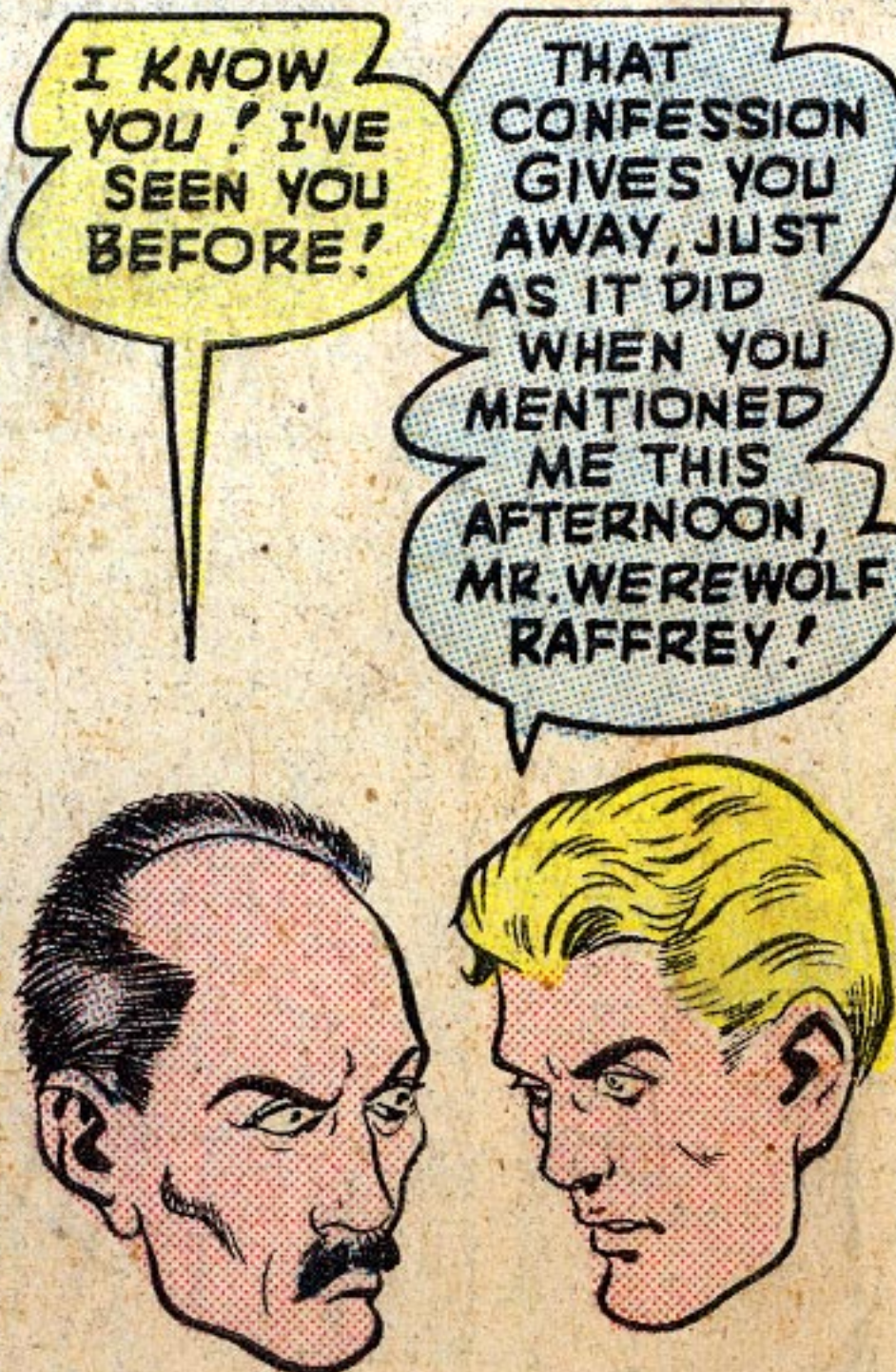
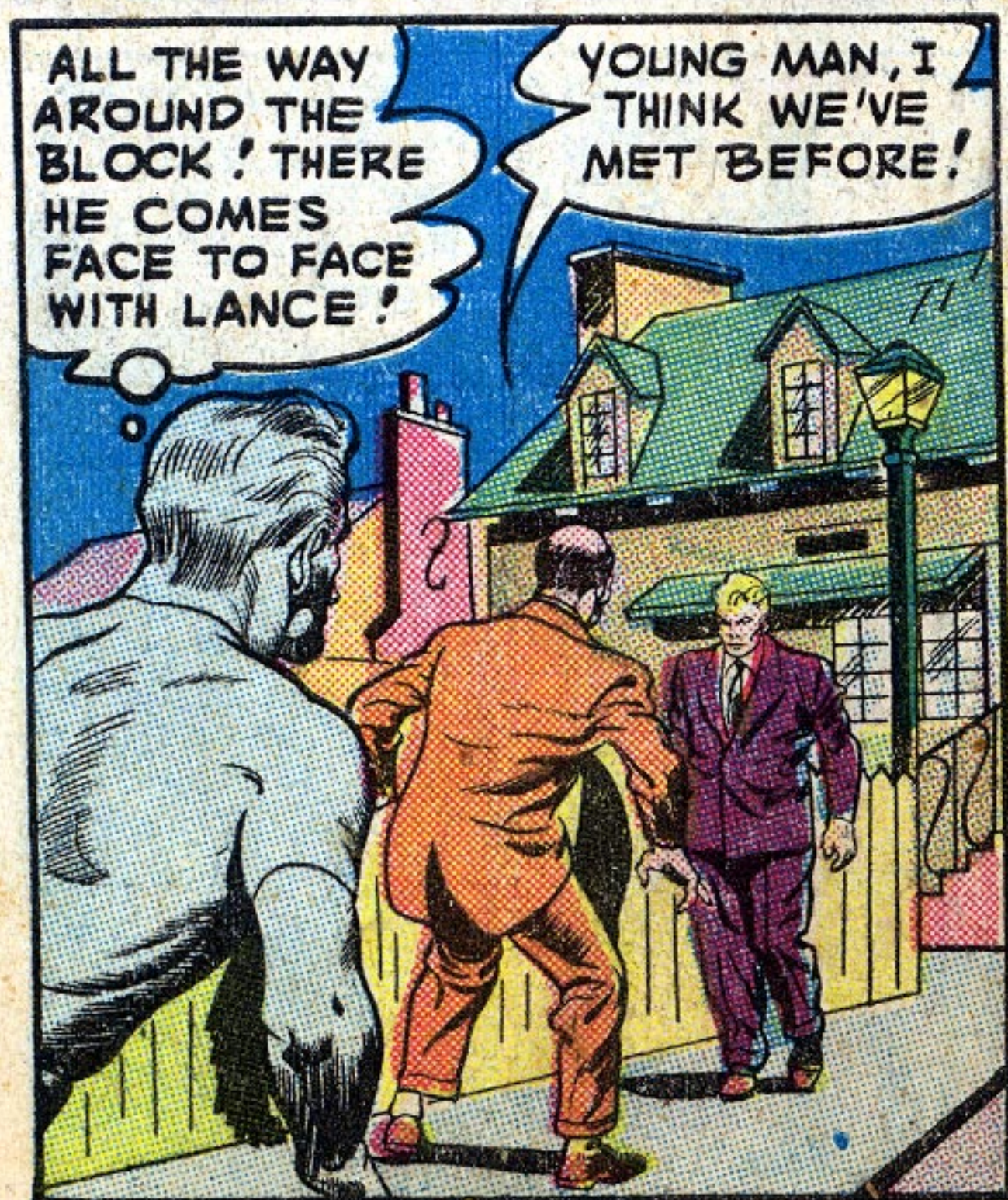
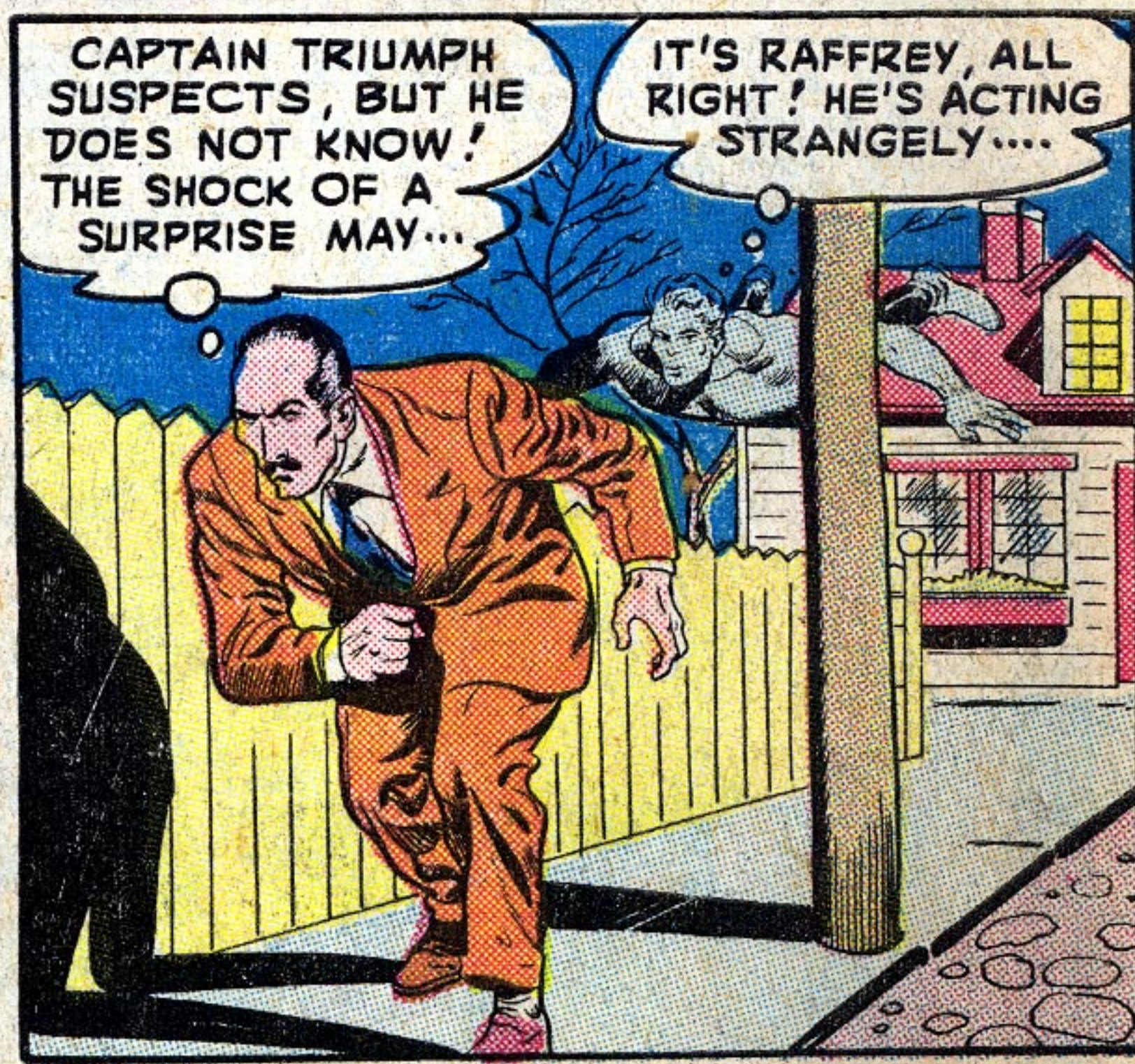
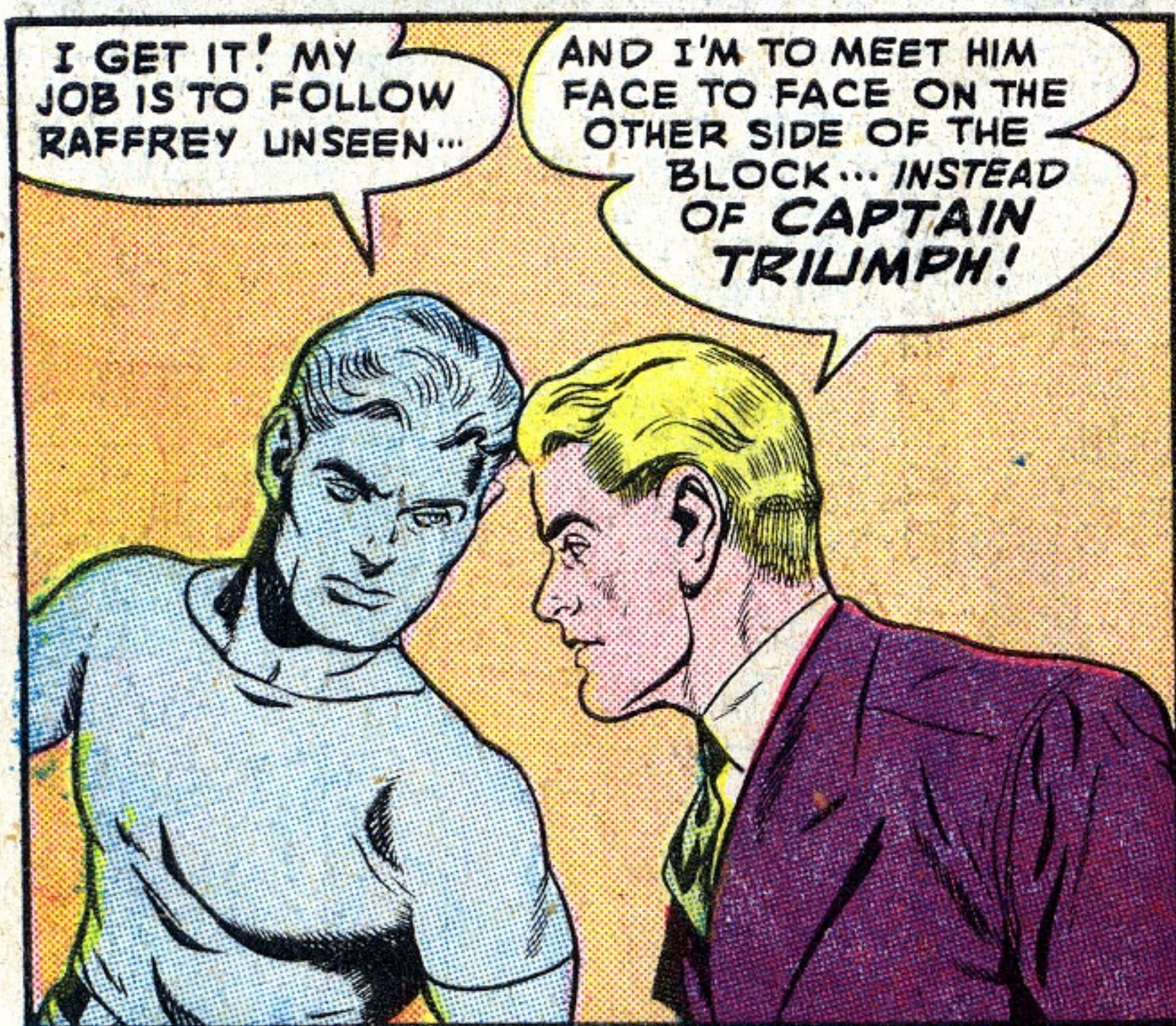
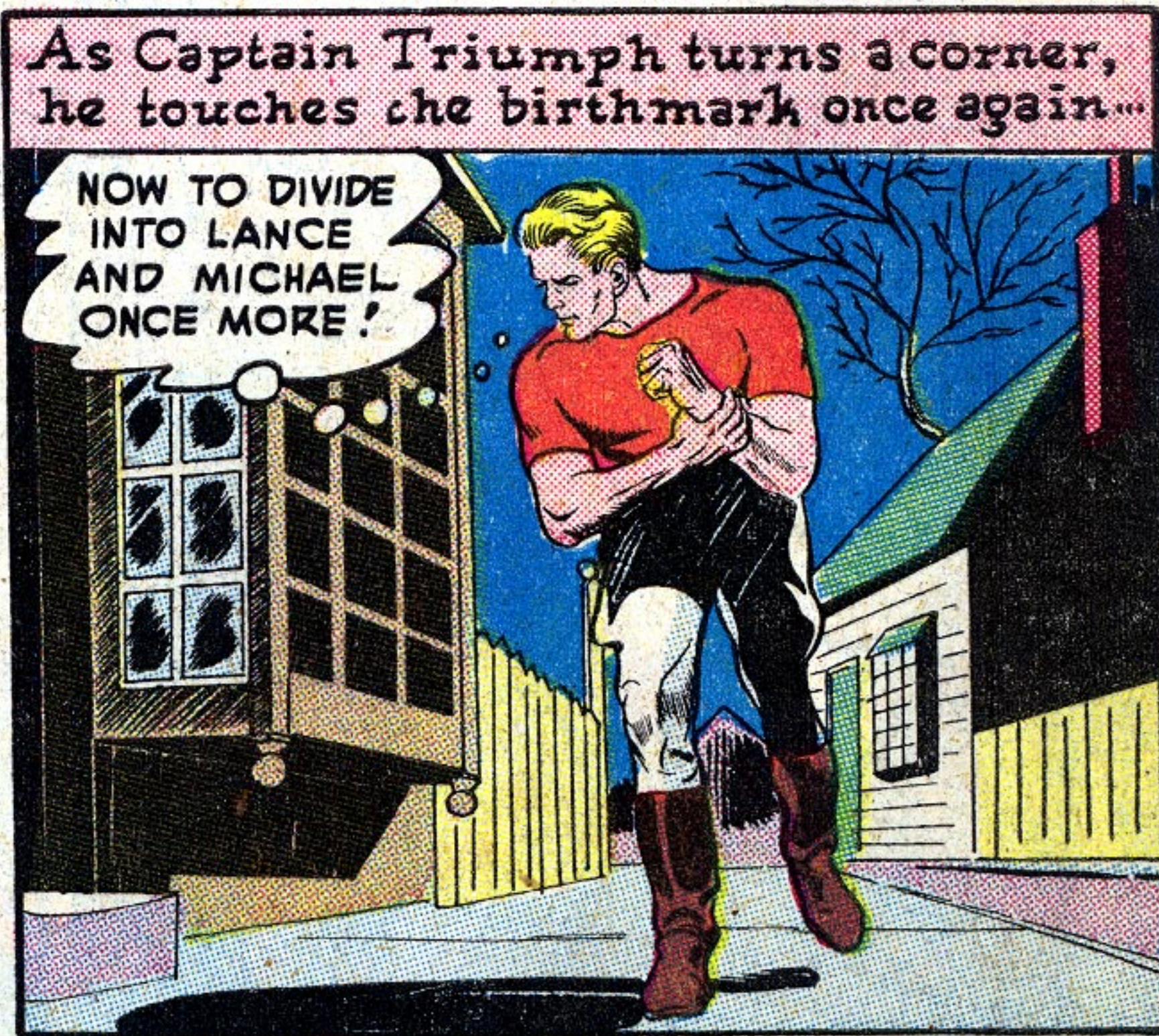




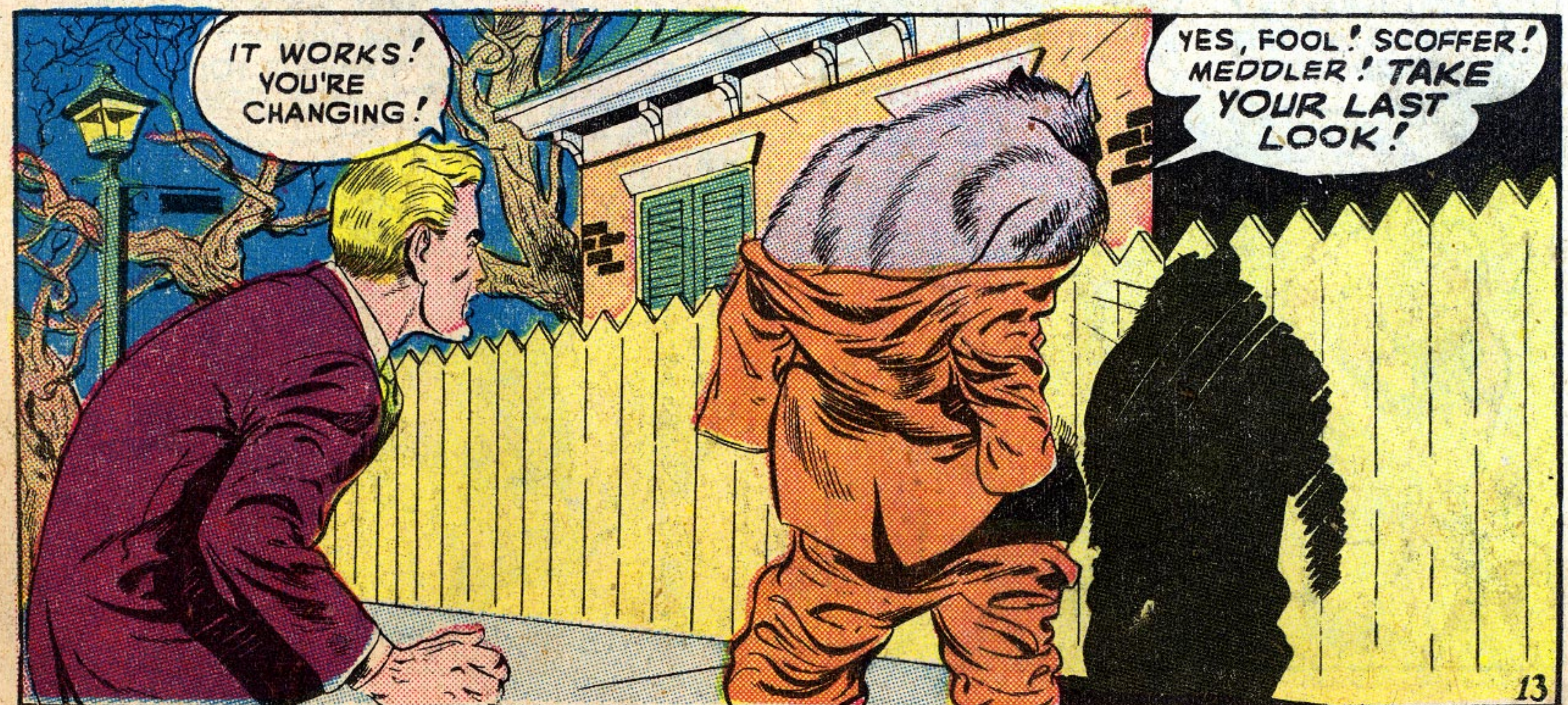
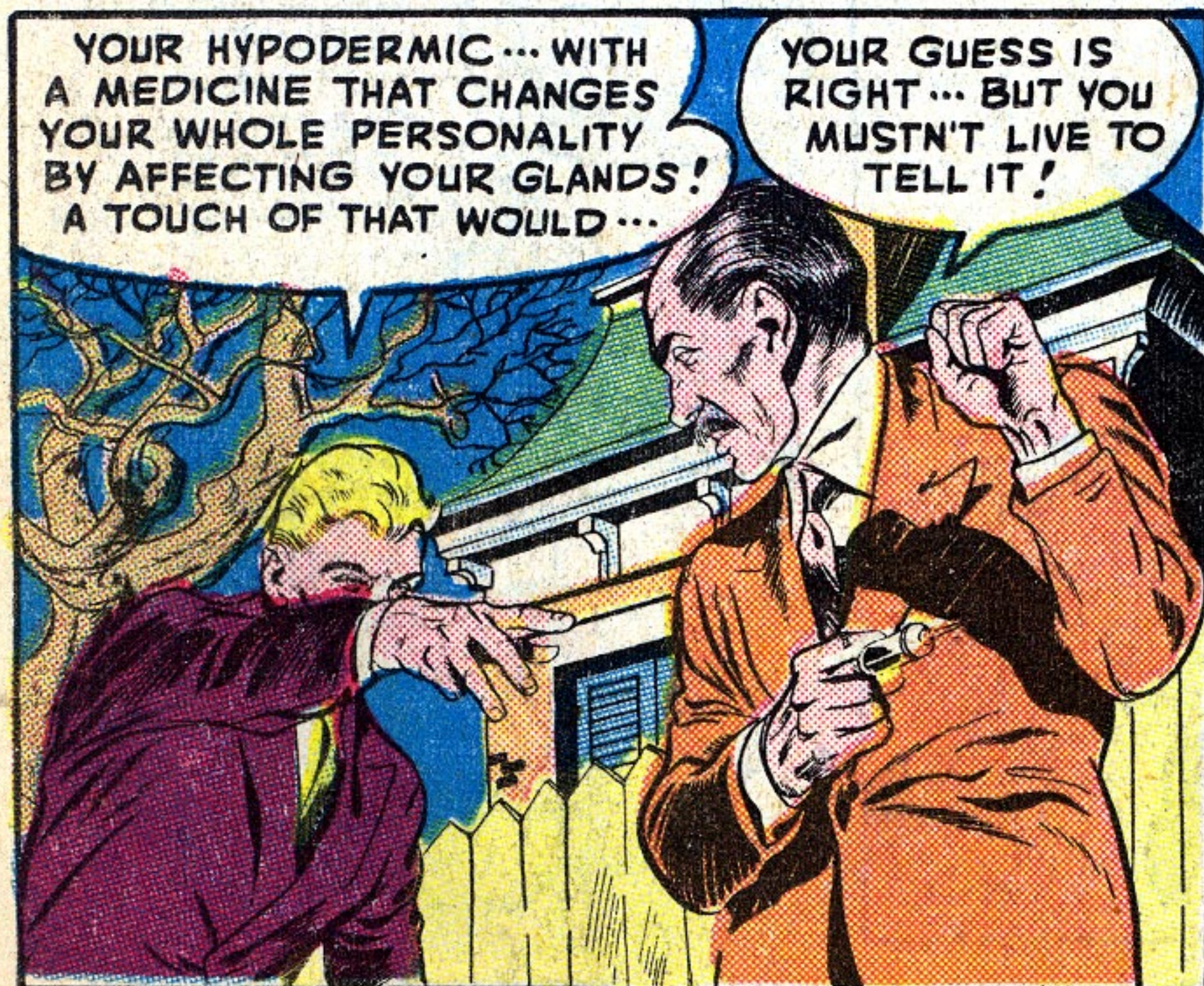
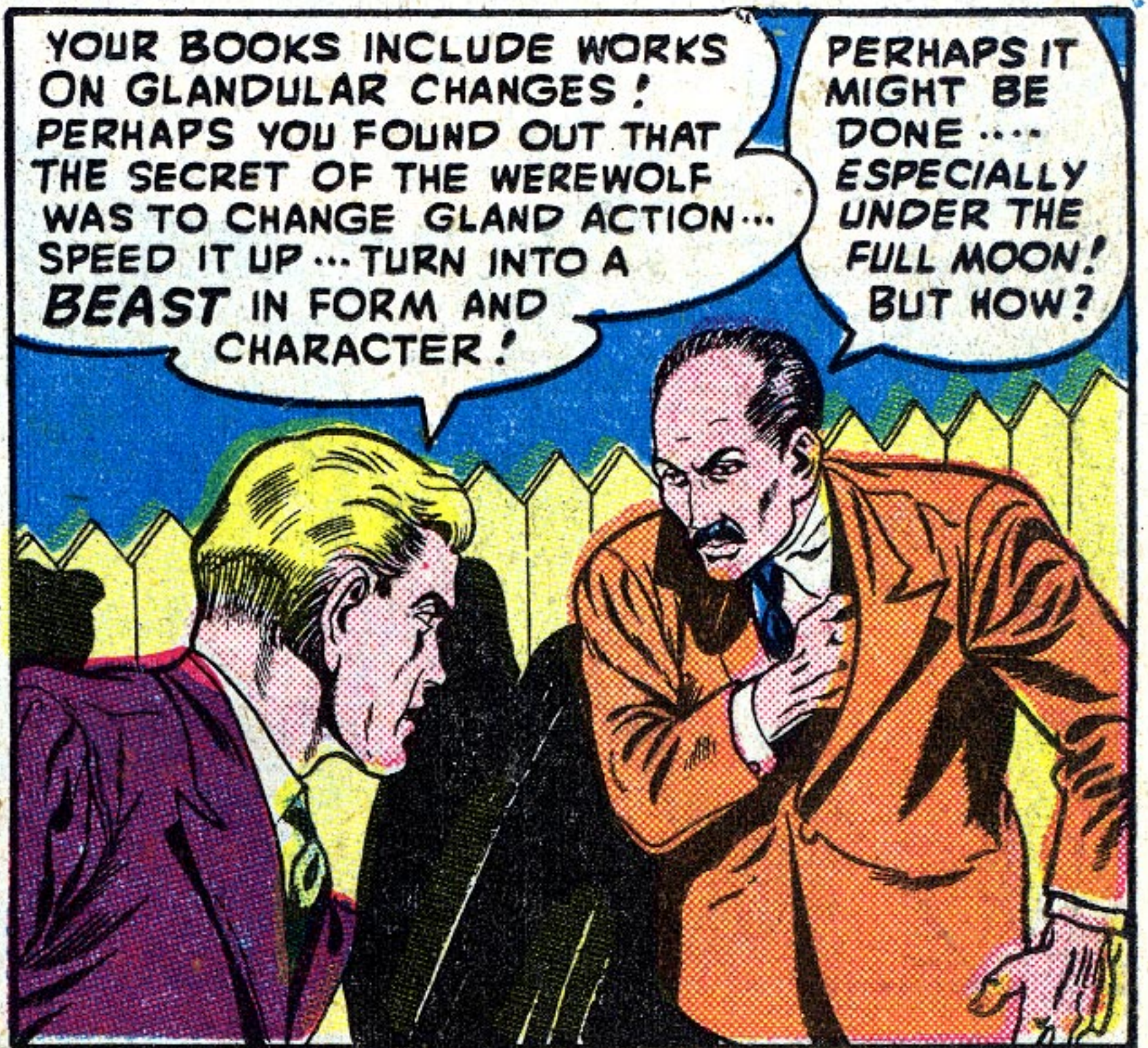
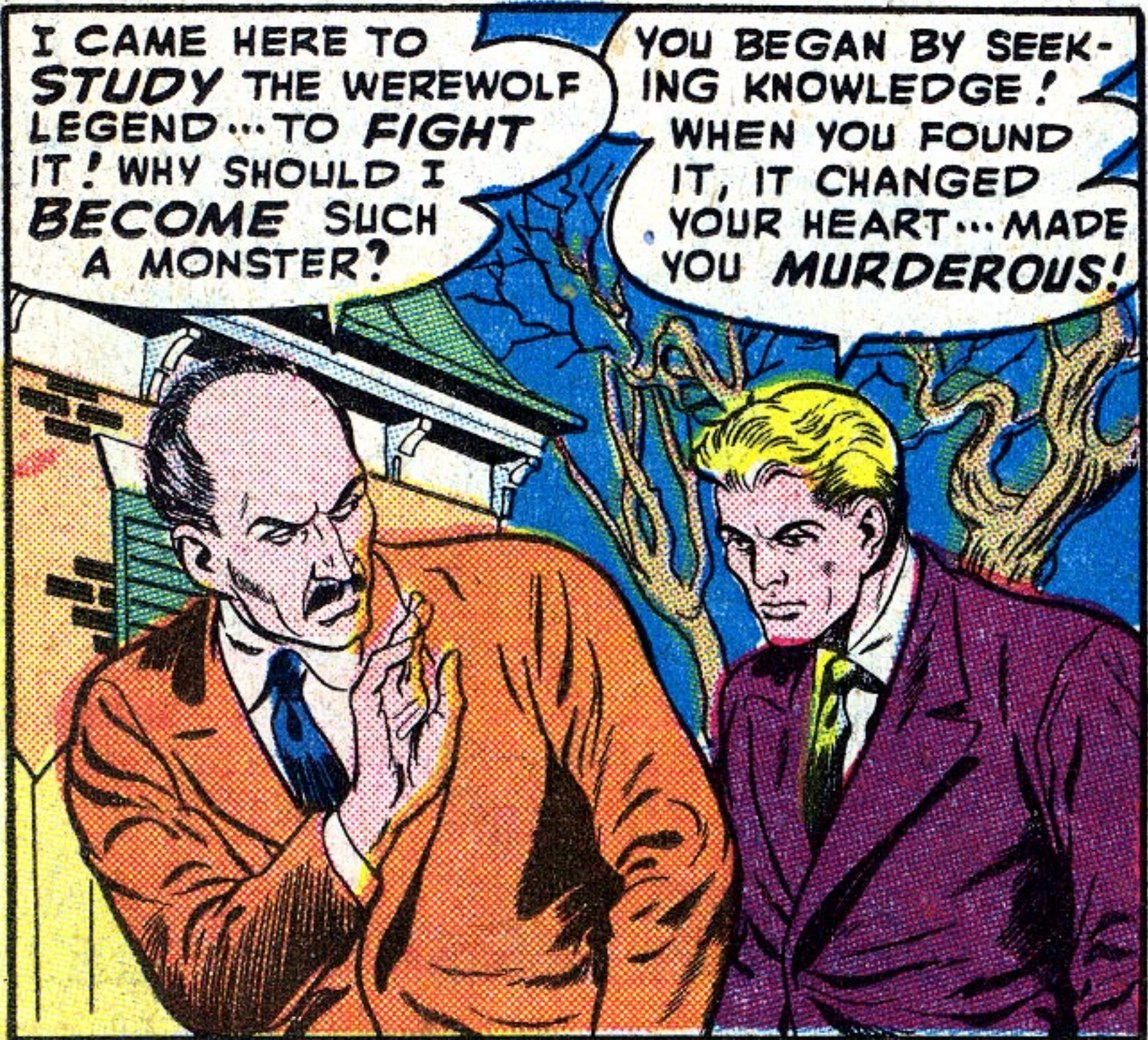




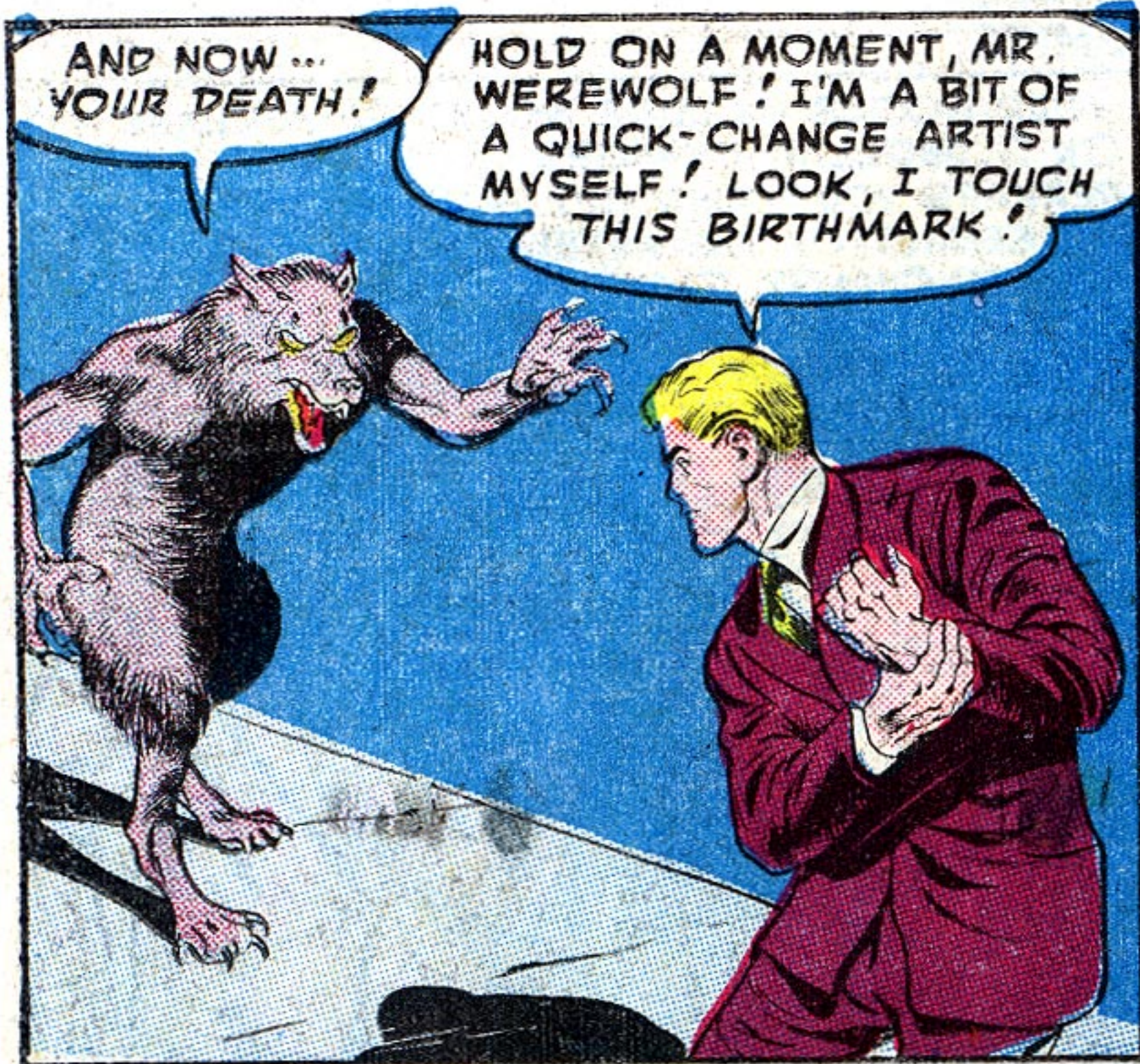








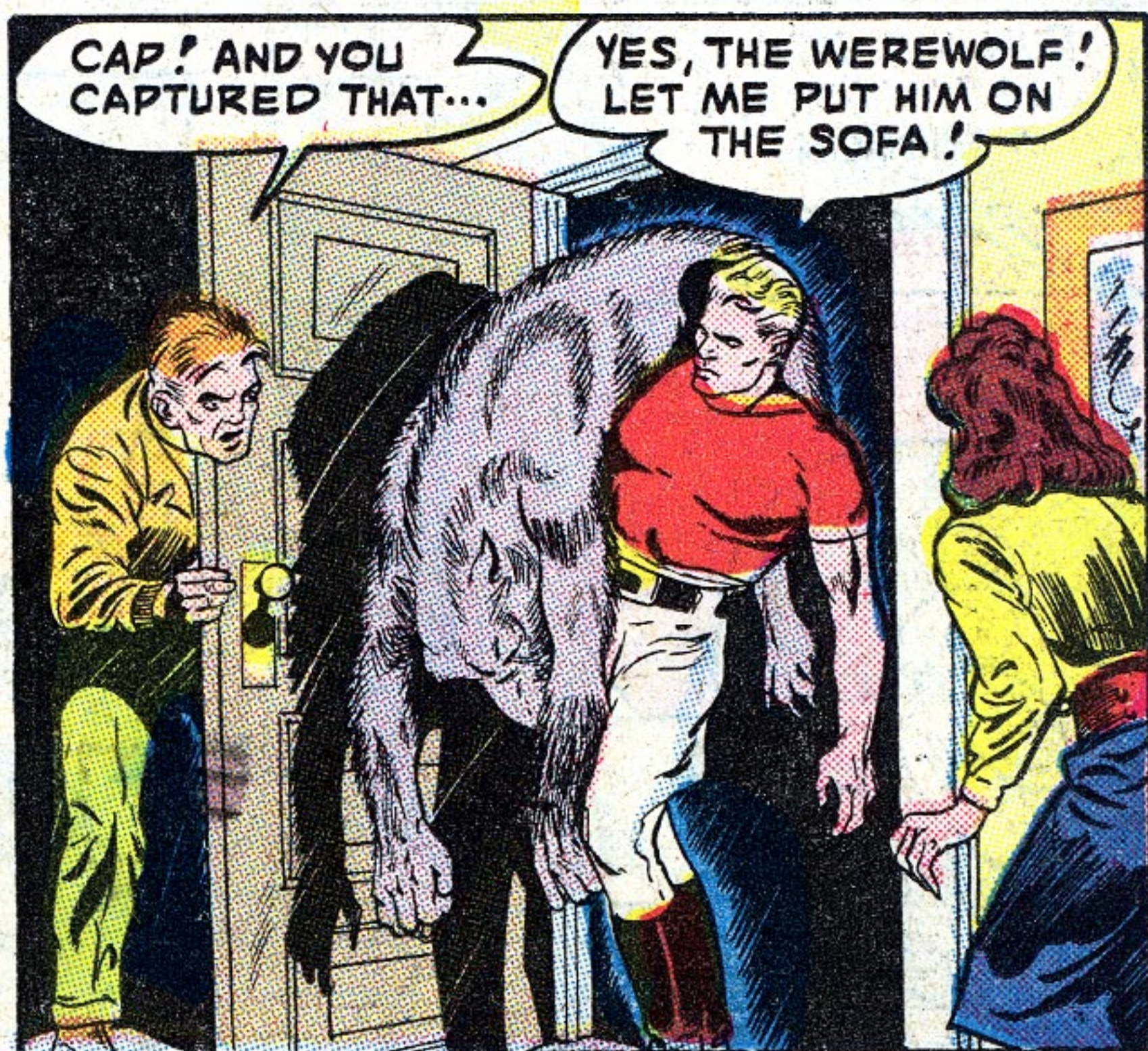








HE'S KNOCKED COLDER THAN A WEDGE ... BUT HE KEPT THE WEREWOLF SHAPE! NOW I MUST TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS HOUSE!



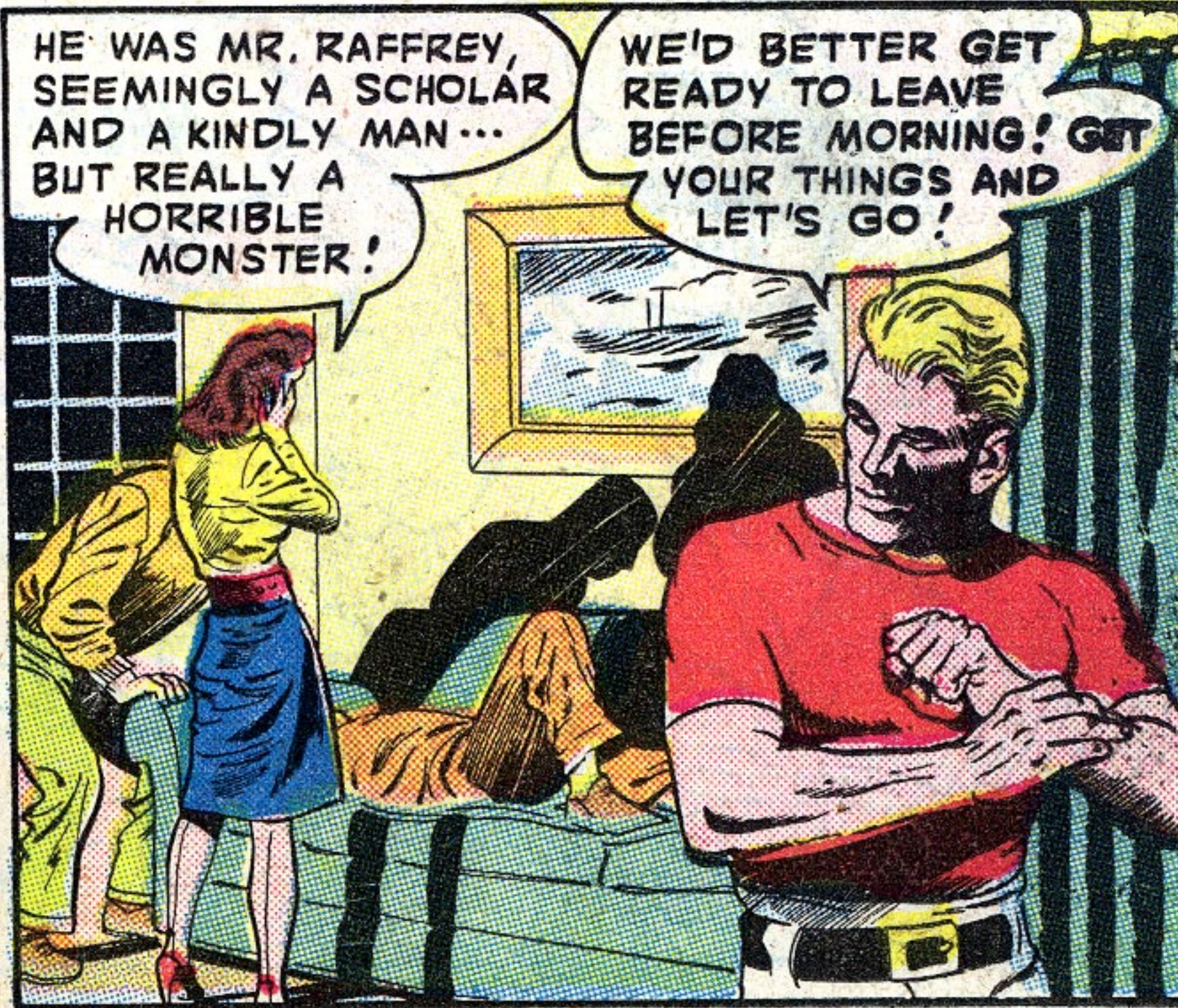
CAP! AND YOU CAPTURED THAT...

YES, THE WEREWOLF! LET ME PUT HIM ON THE SOFA!



HE'S DYING! THE BLOW I STRUCK HIM WAS TOO MUCH, EVEN FOR SUCH A CREATURE!

LOOK ... HE CHANGES! HE'S CHANGING INTO ...



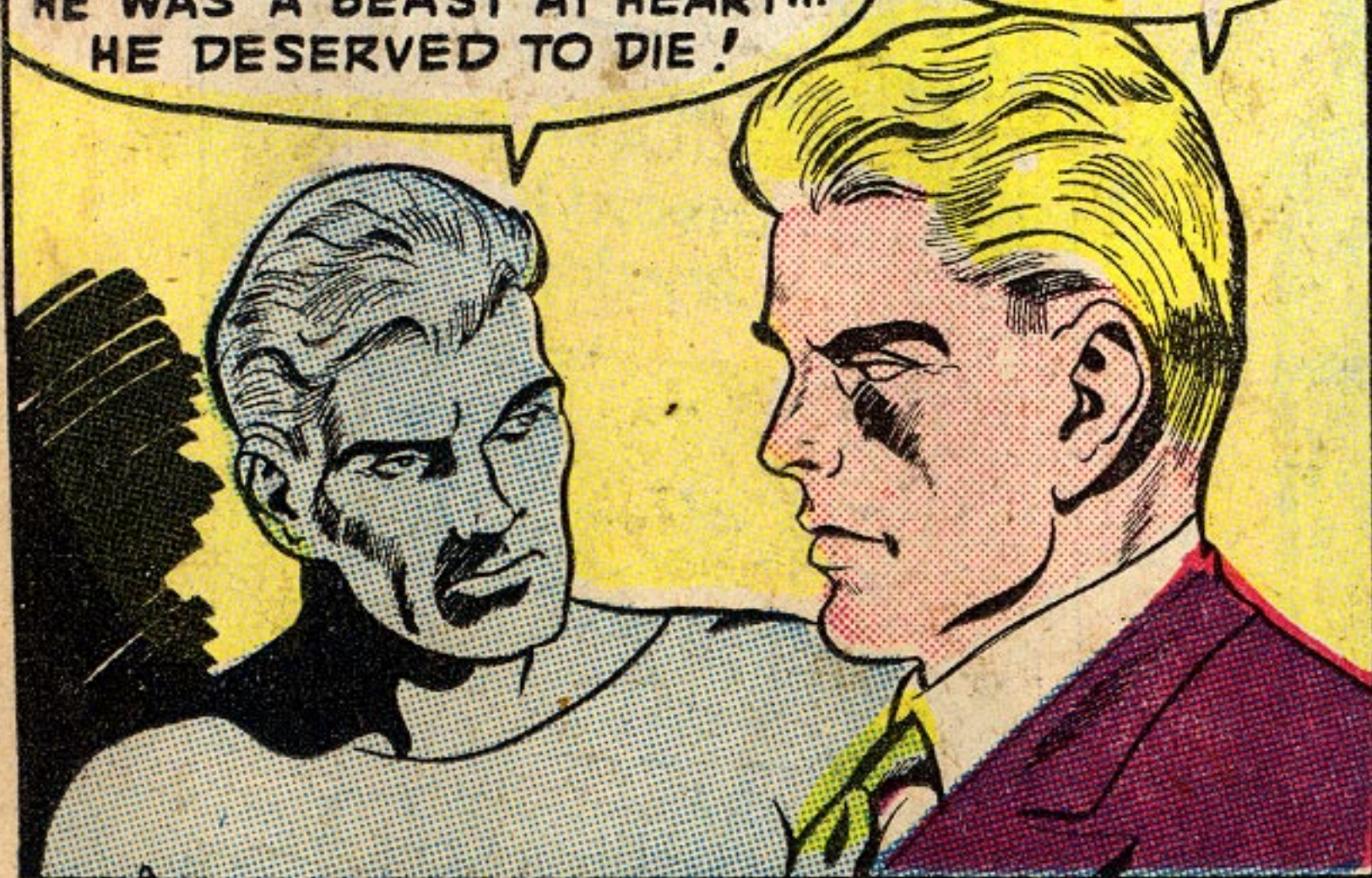
HE WAS MR. RAFFREY, SEEMINGLY A SCHOLAR AND A KINDLY MAN ... BUT REALLY A HORRIBLE MONSTER!

WE'D BETTER GET READY TO LEAVE BEFORE MORNING! GET YOUR THINGS AND LET'S GO!

Another touch of the birthmark and....

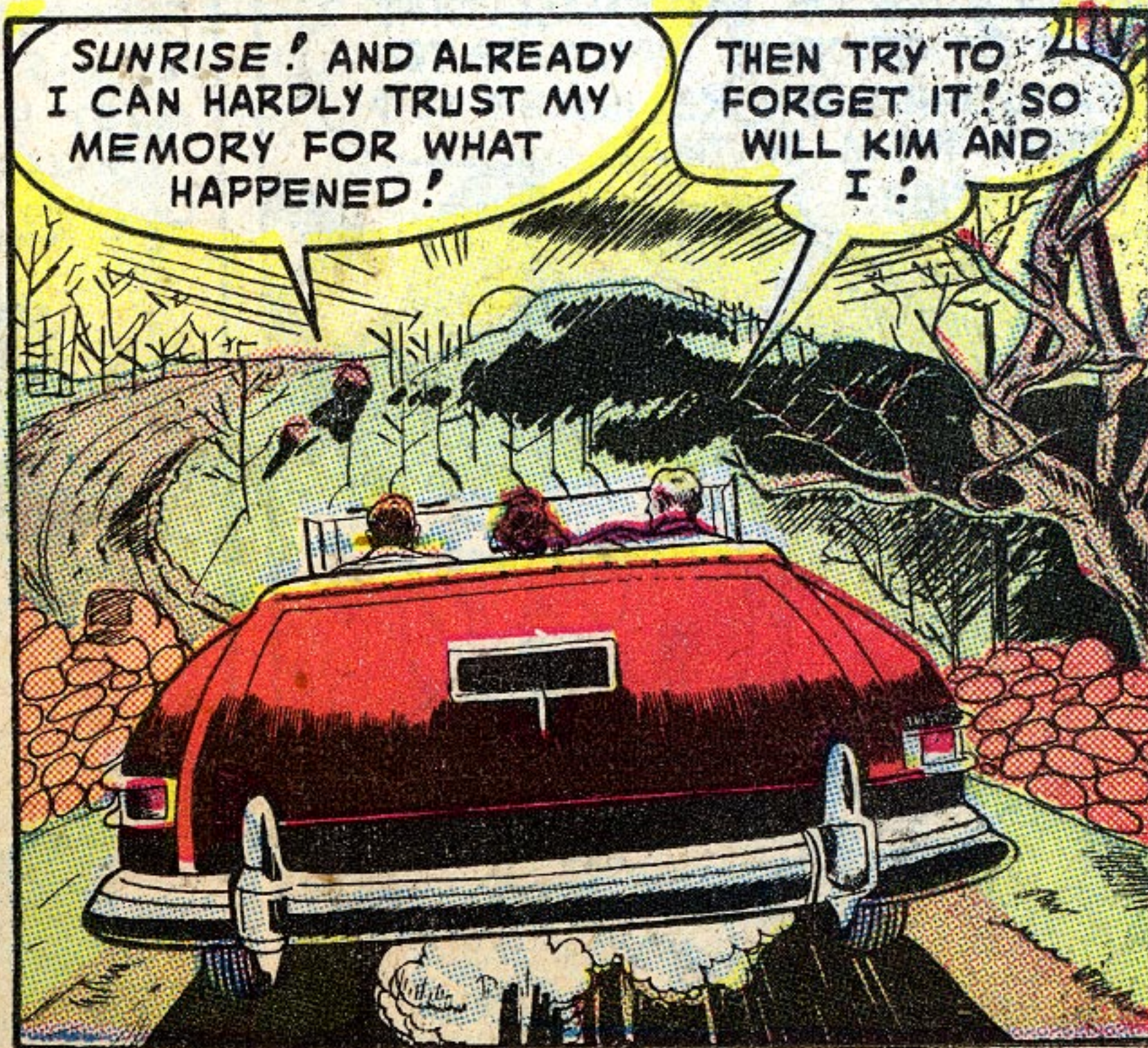
RAFFREY'S DELVING INTO FORBIDDEN EVIL DESTROYED HIM! WHEN HE BECAME A WEREWOLF, HE WAS A BEAST AT HEART... HE DESERVED TO DIE!

THE TOWN WILL NEVER BELIEVE THE FULL STORY! WE'LL NOT WAIT TO TELL THEM!

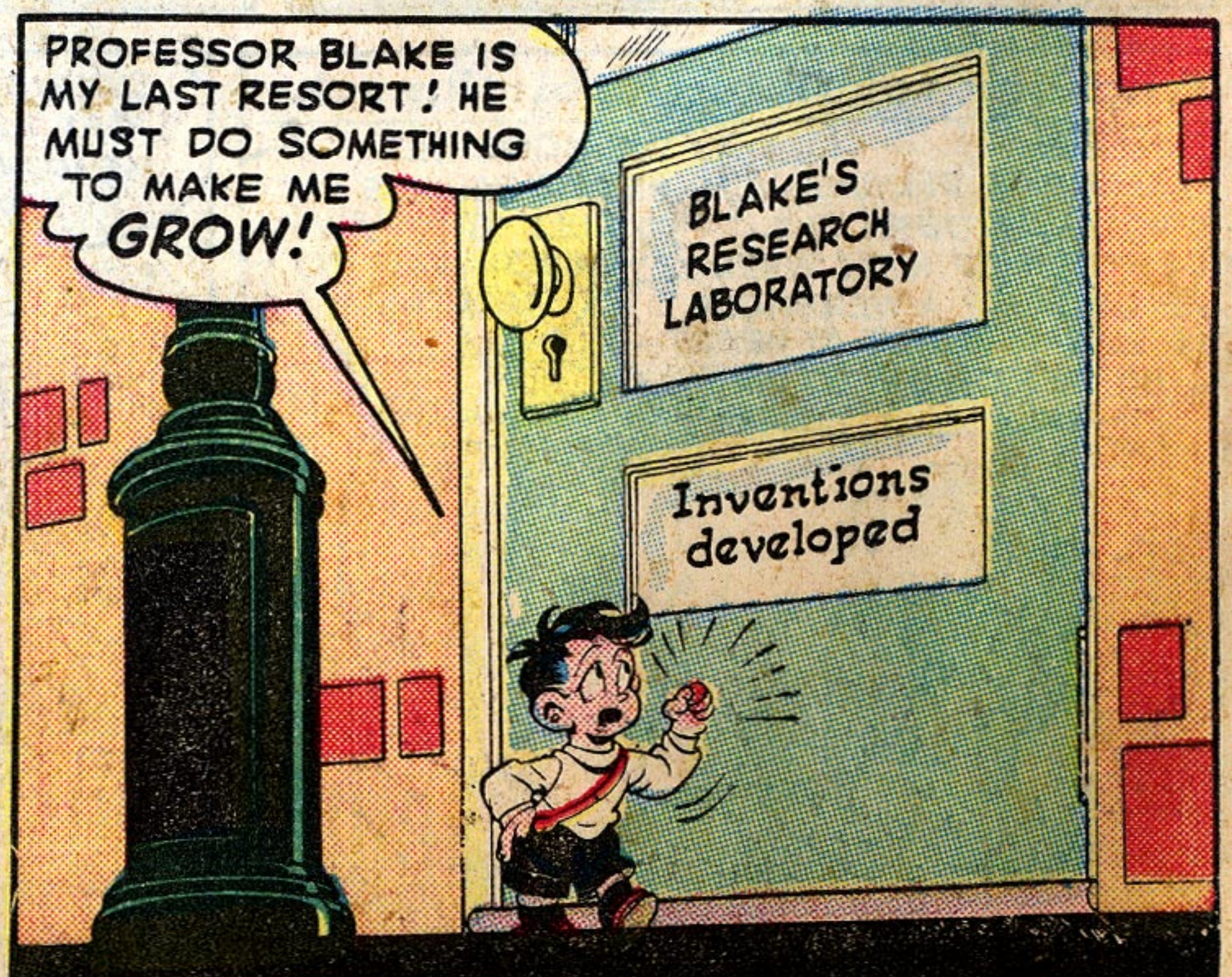
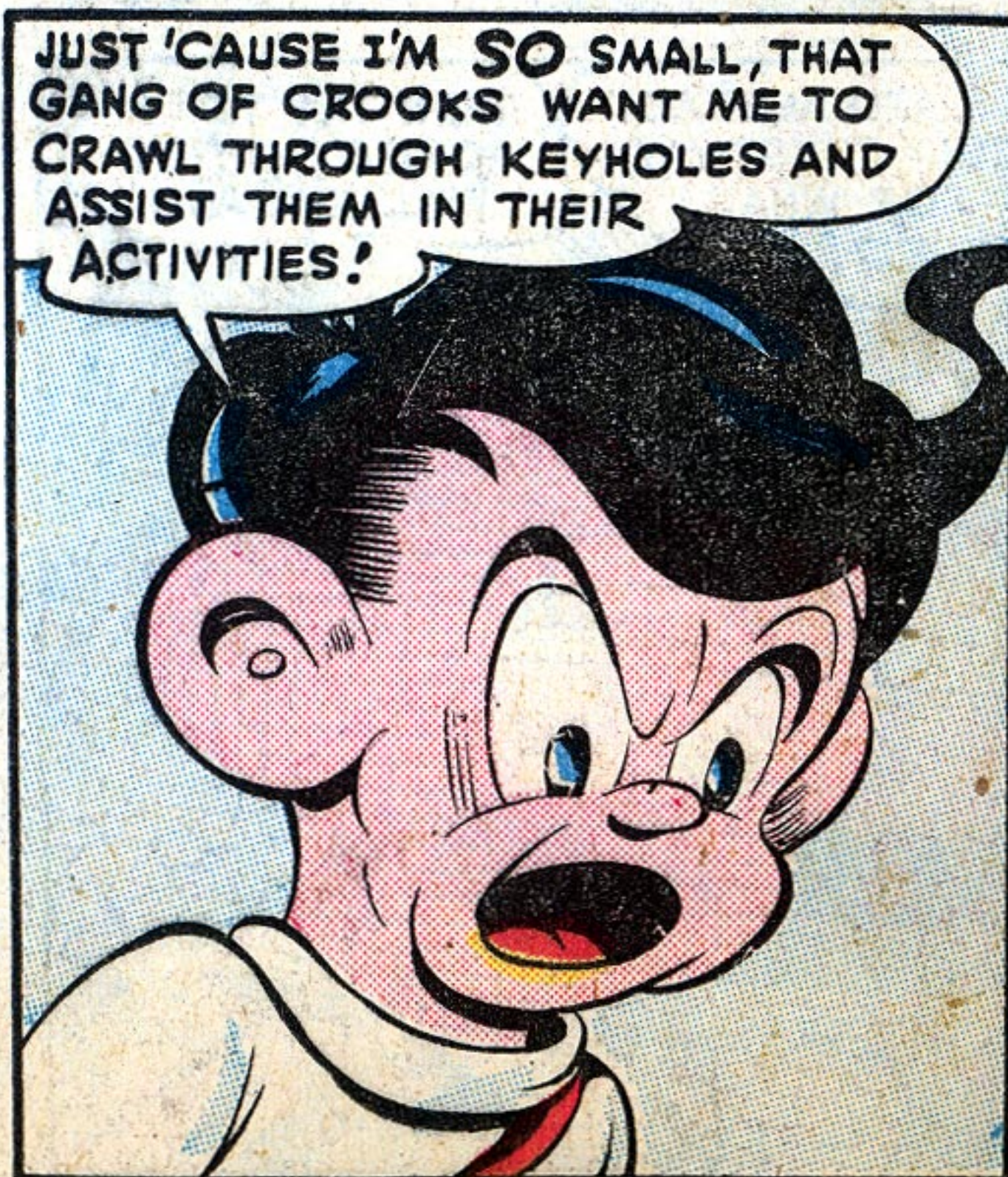
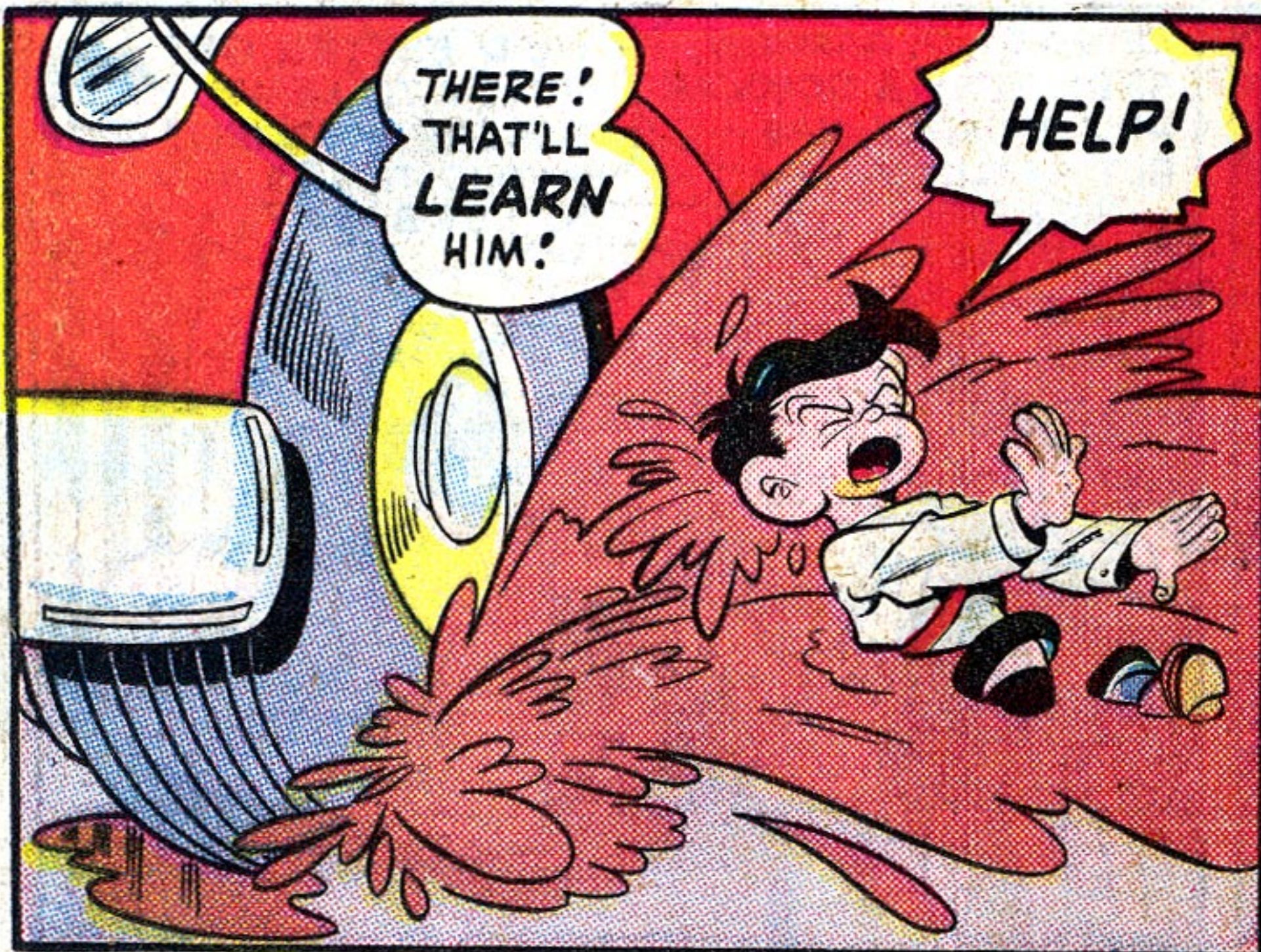


SUNRISE! AND ALREADY I CAN HARDLY TRUST MY MEMORY FOR WHAT HAPPENED!

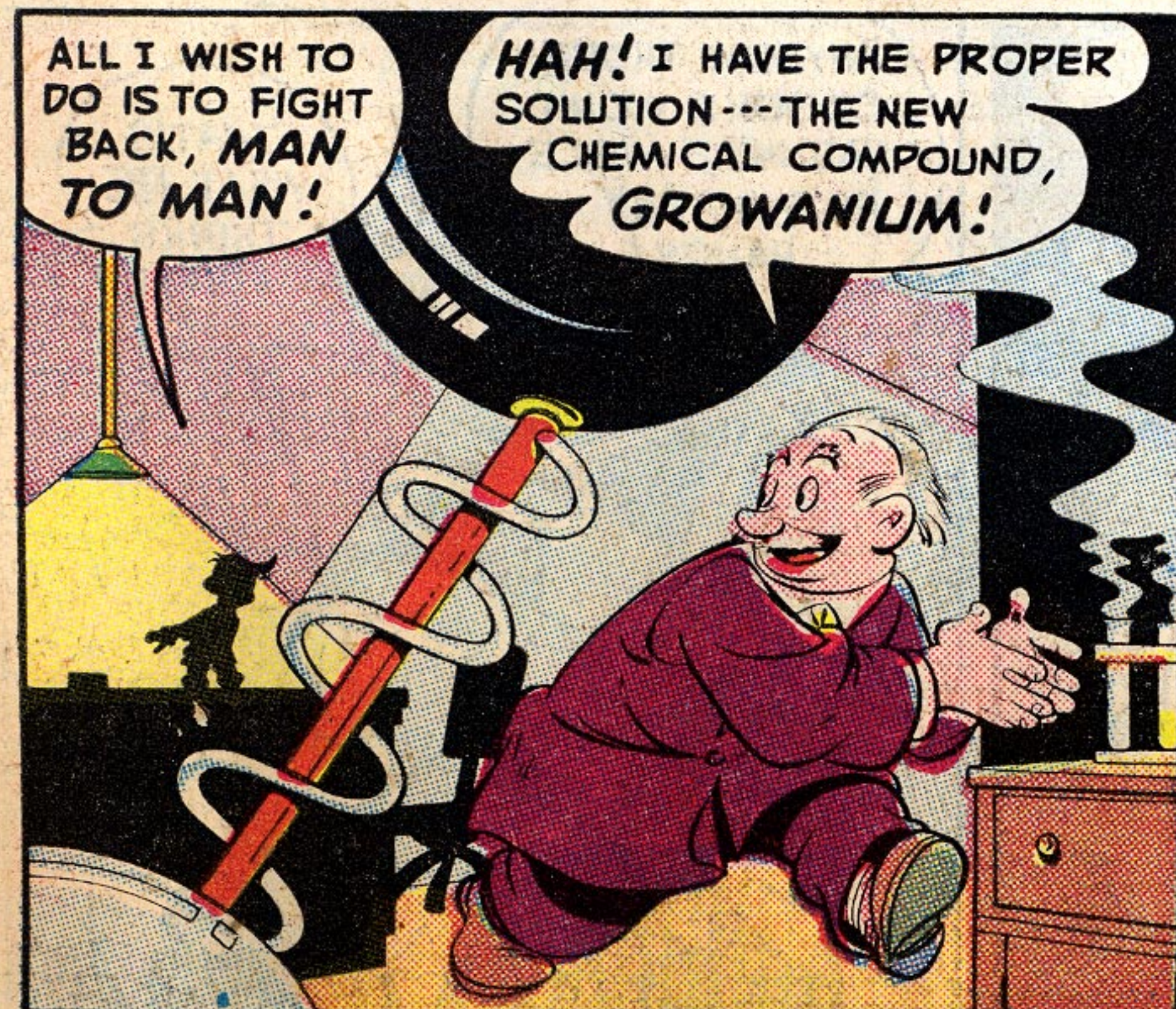
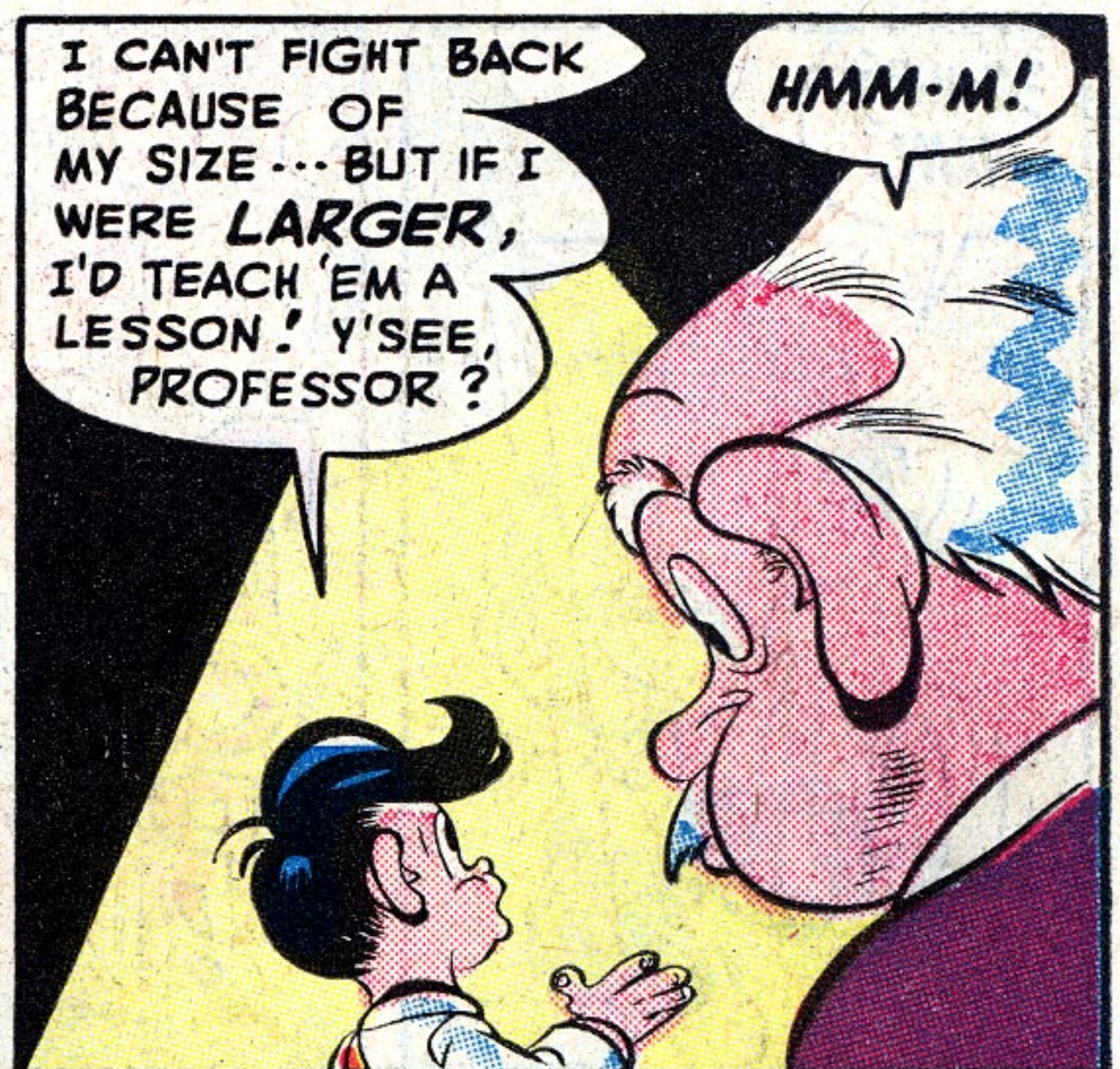
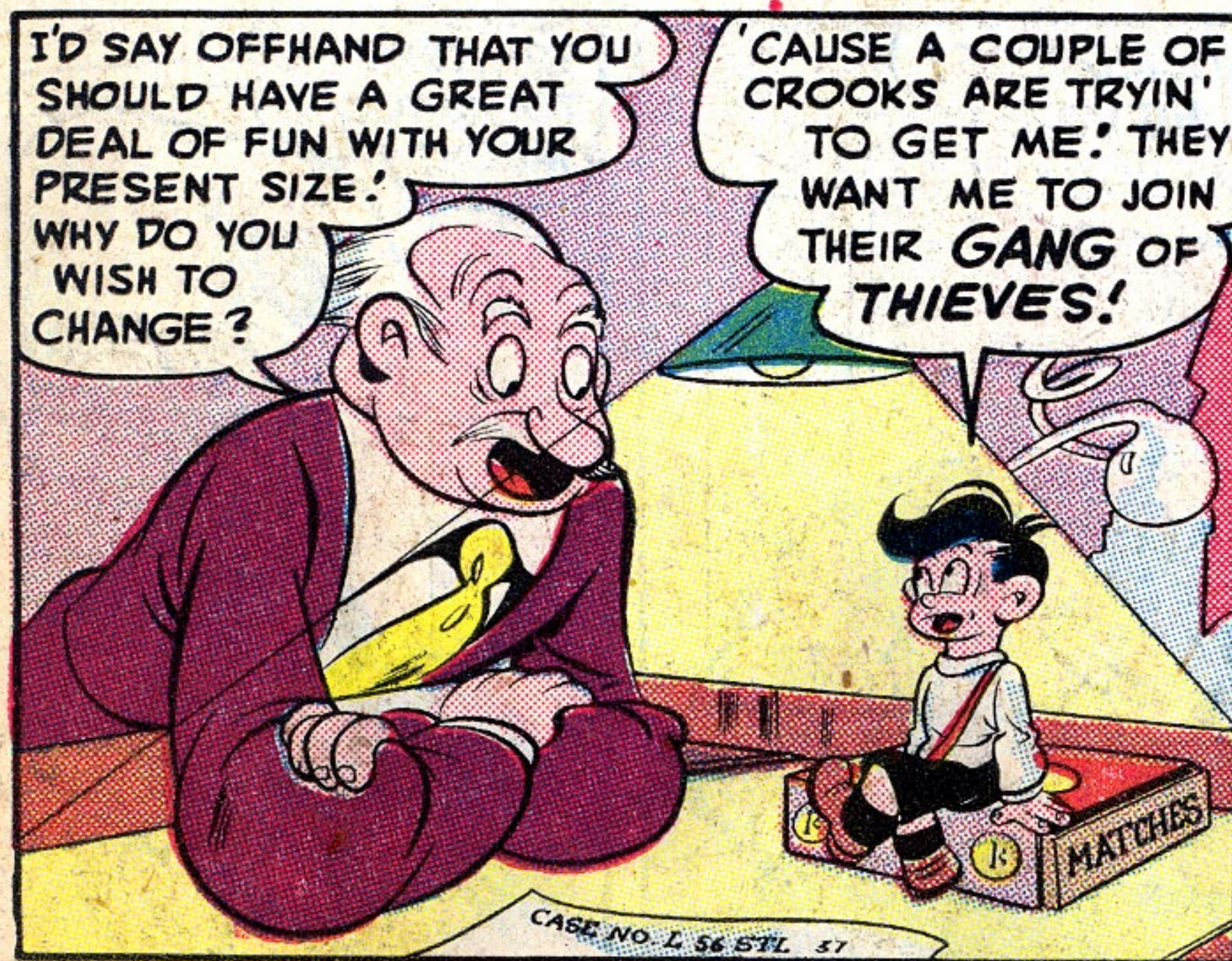
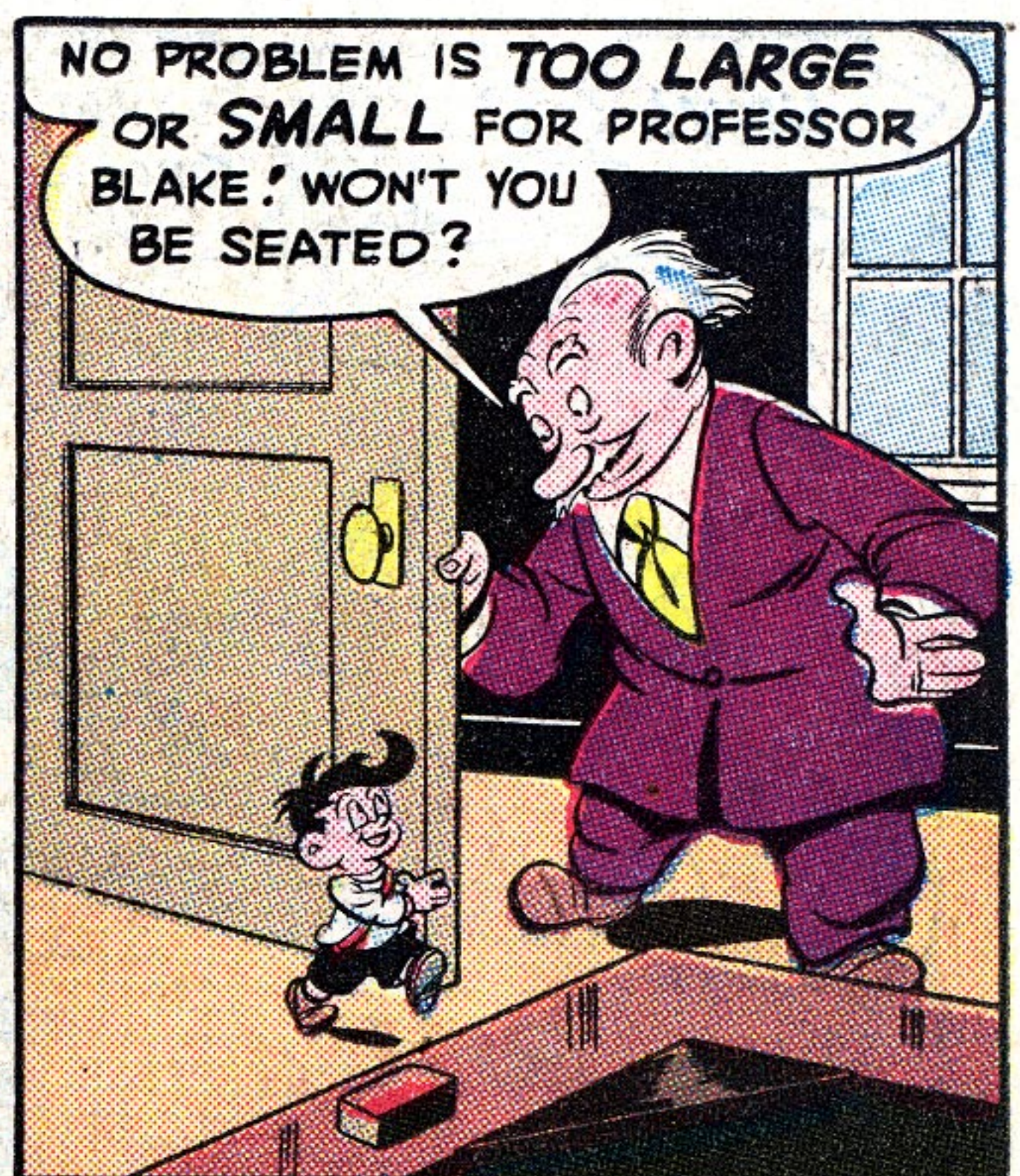
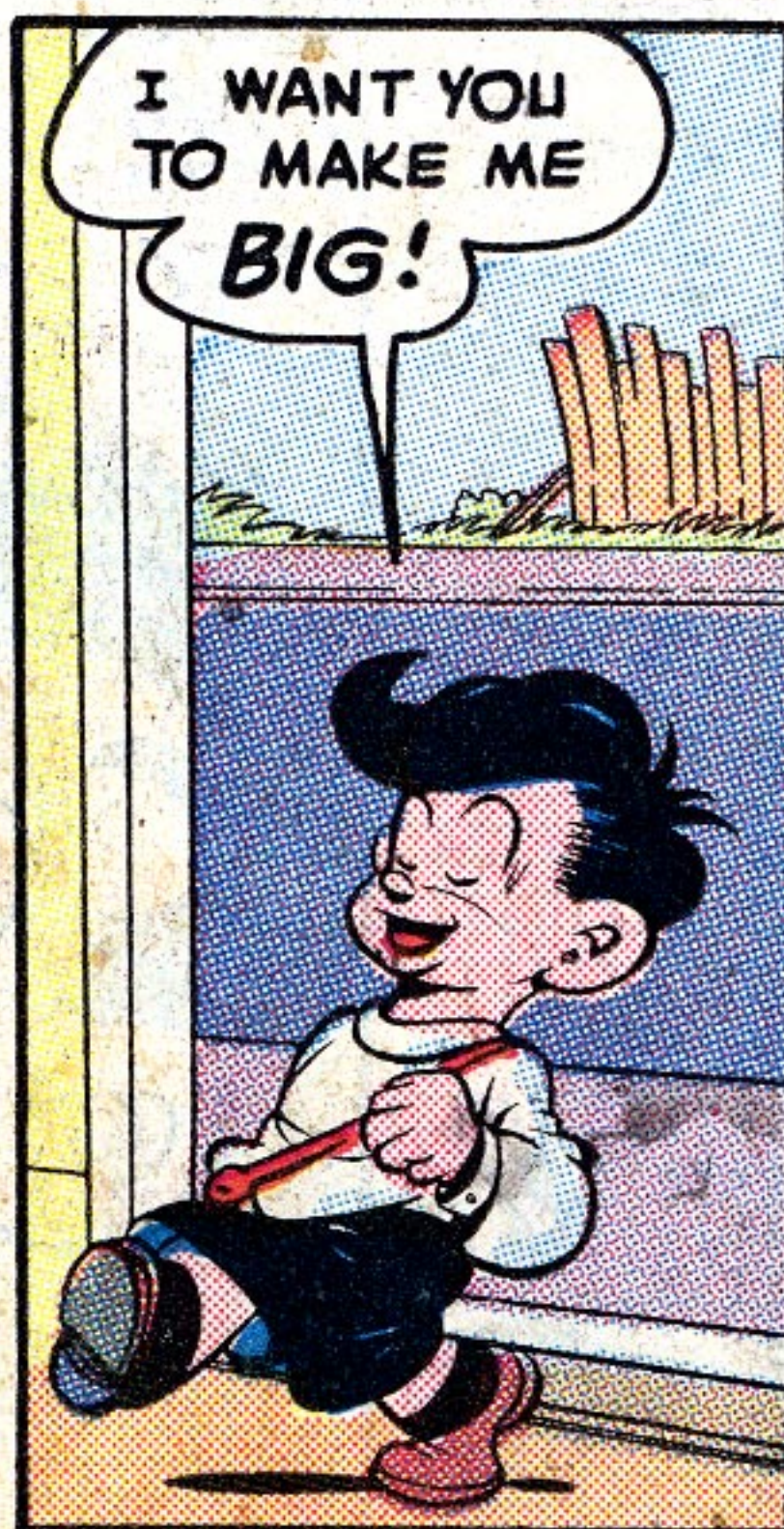
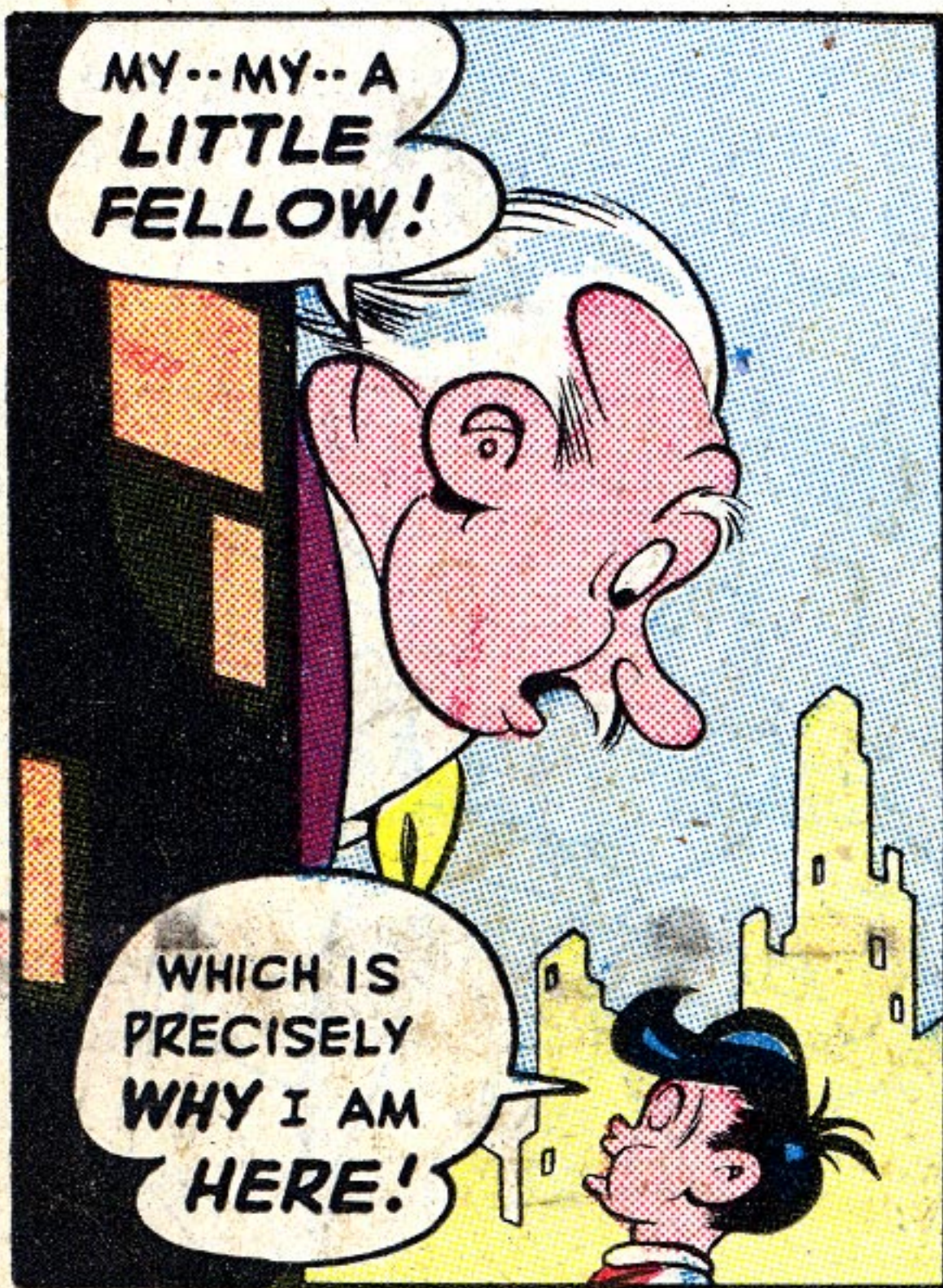
THEN TRY TO FORGET IT! SO WILL KIM AND I!



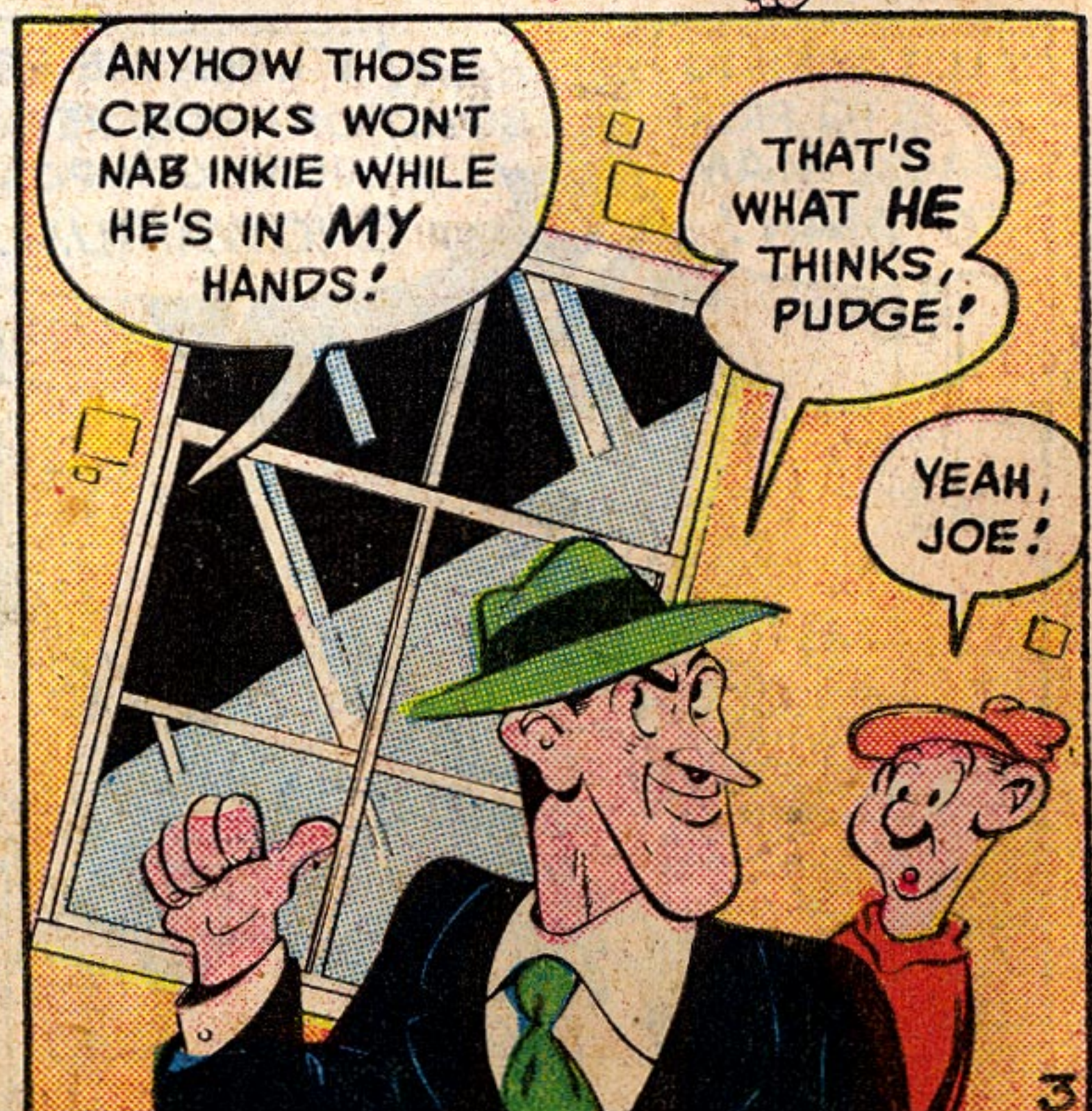
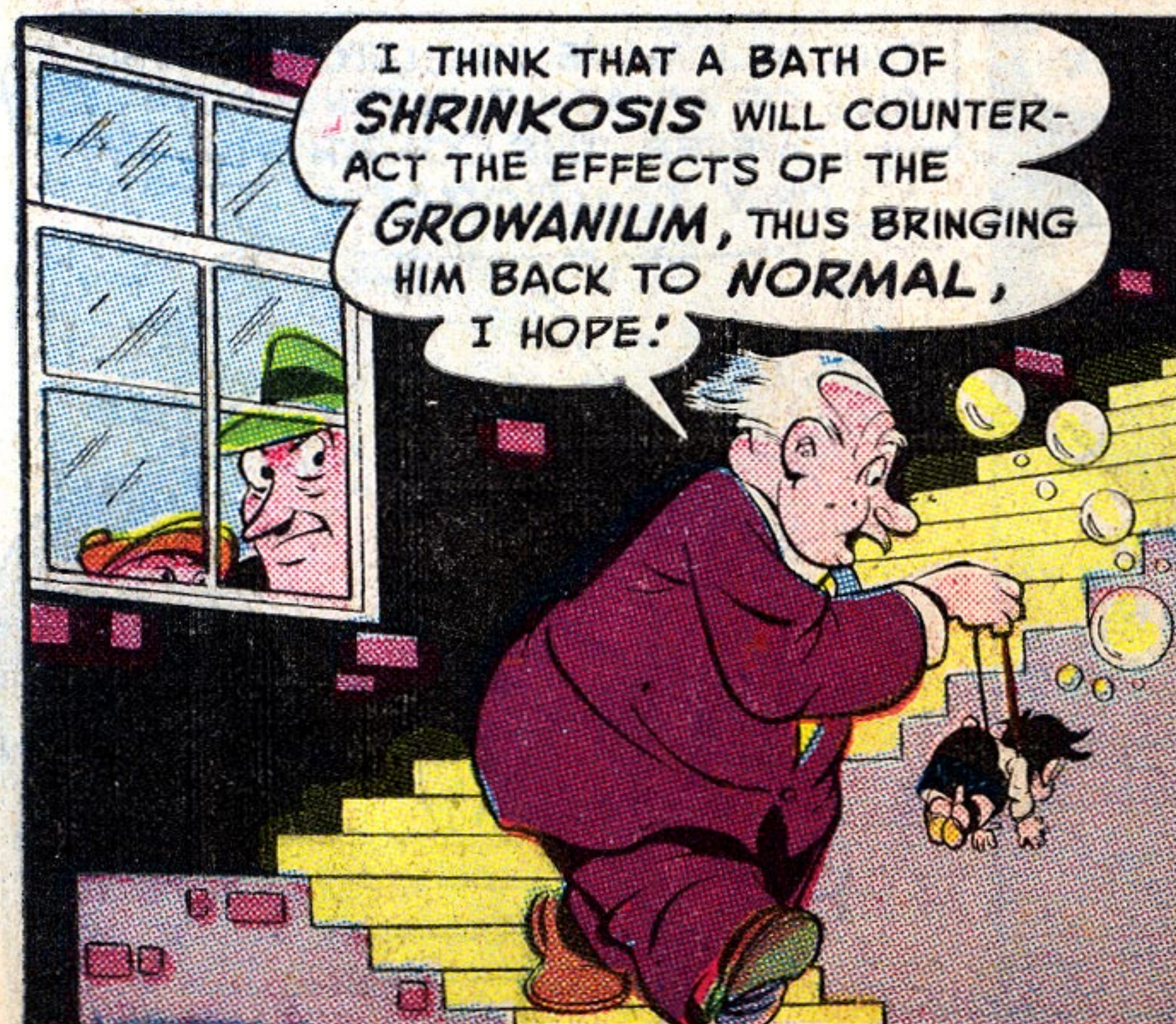
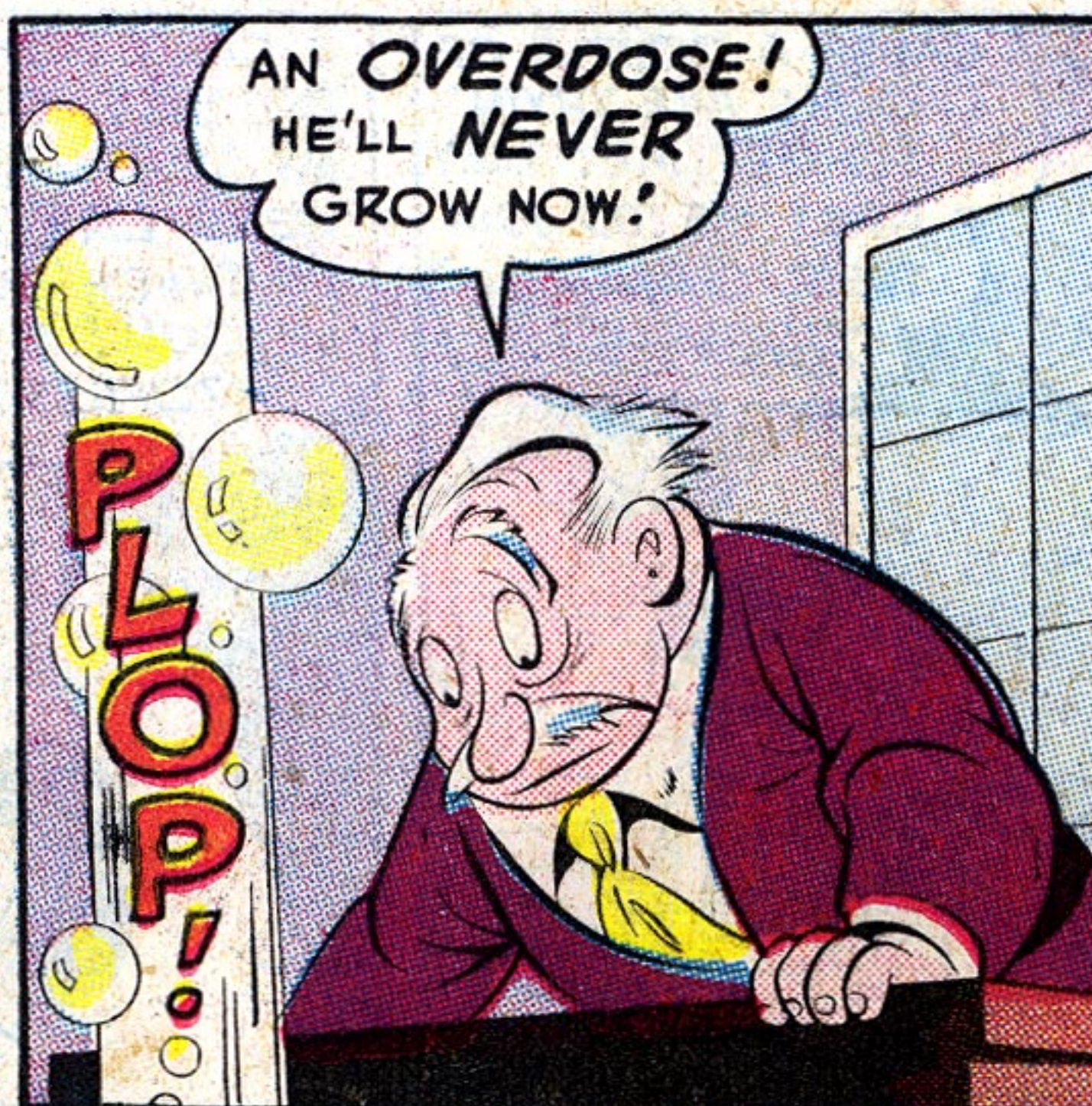
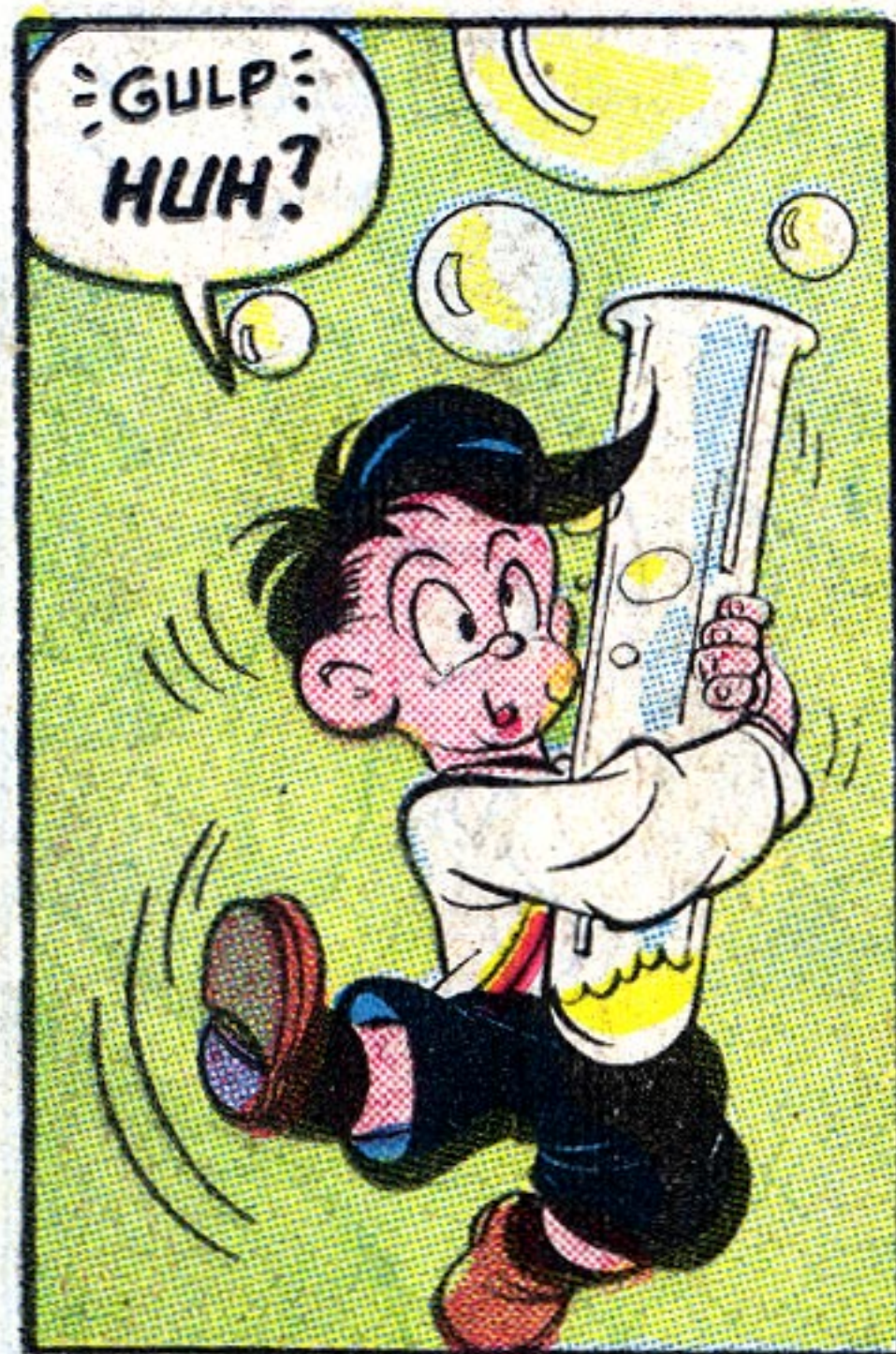
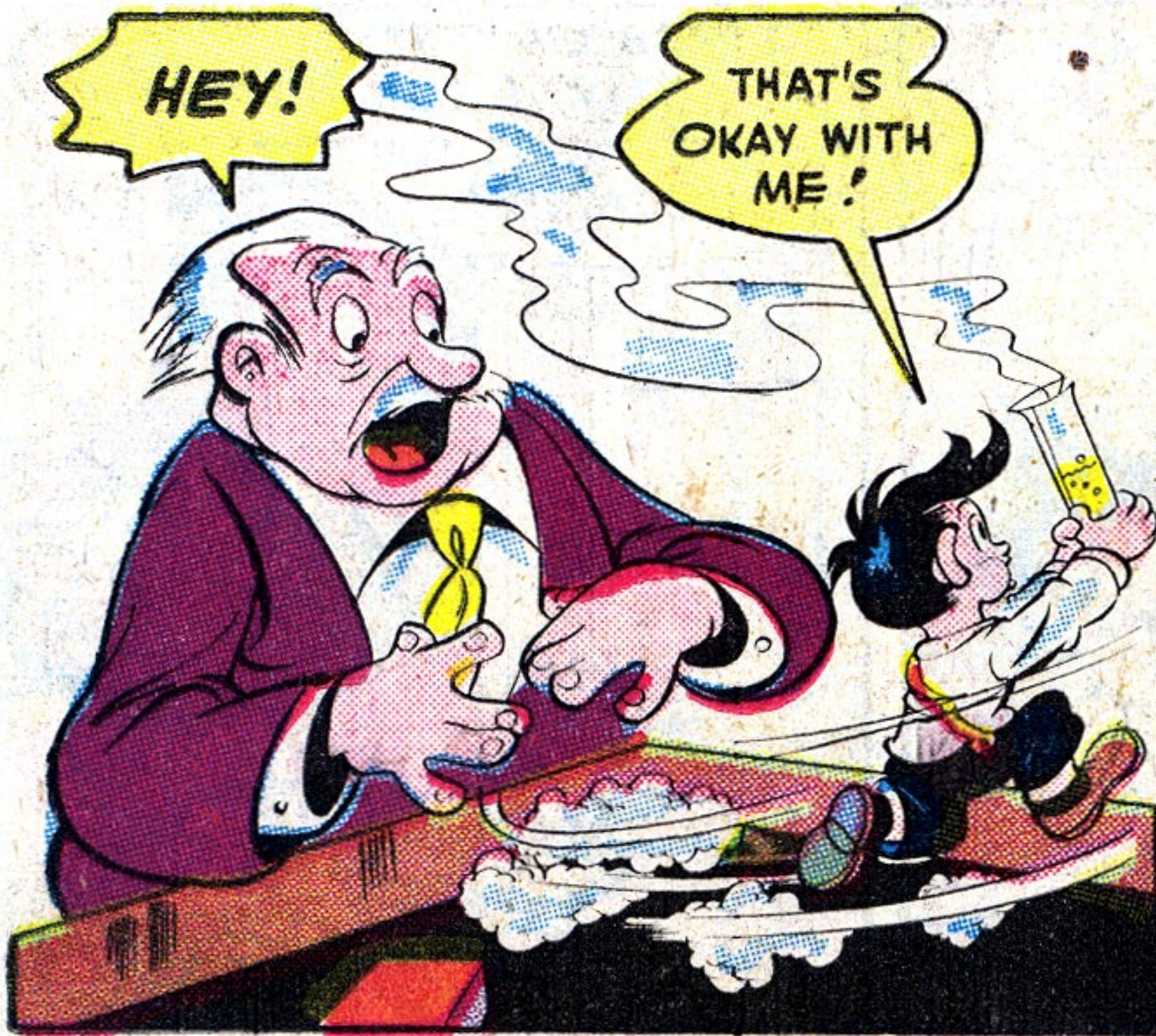




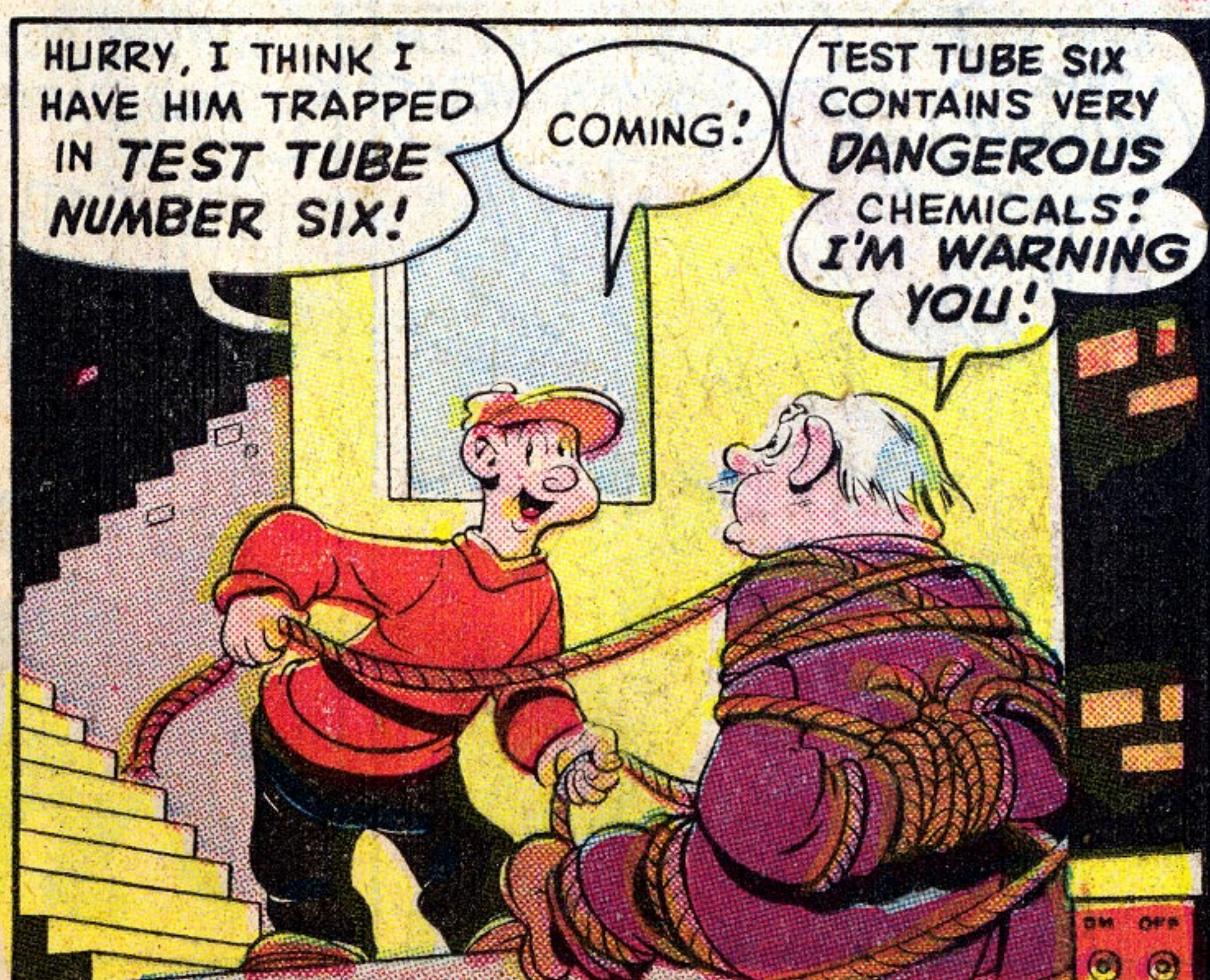
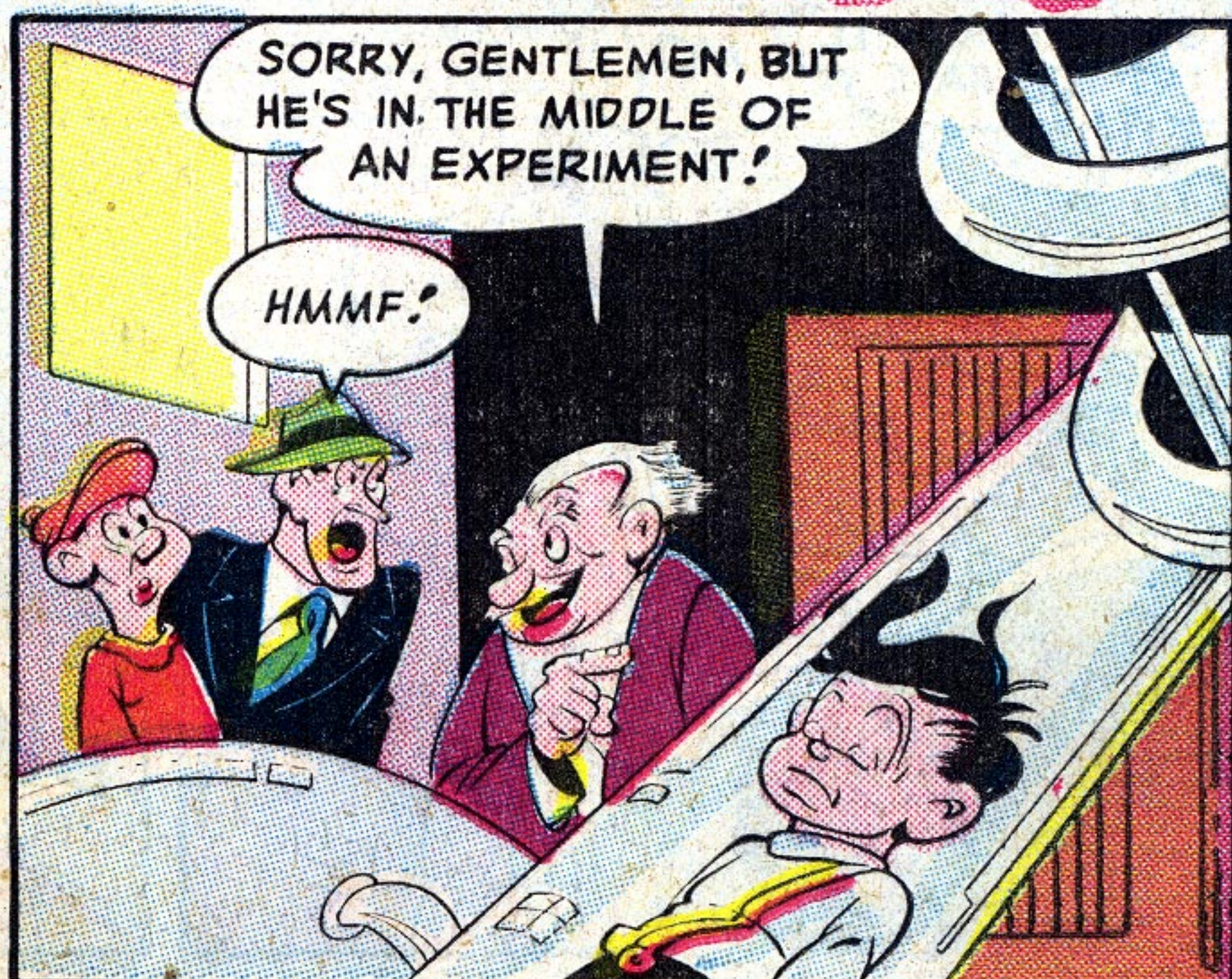
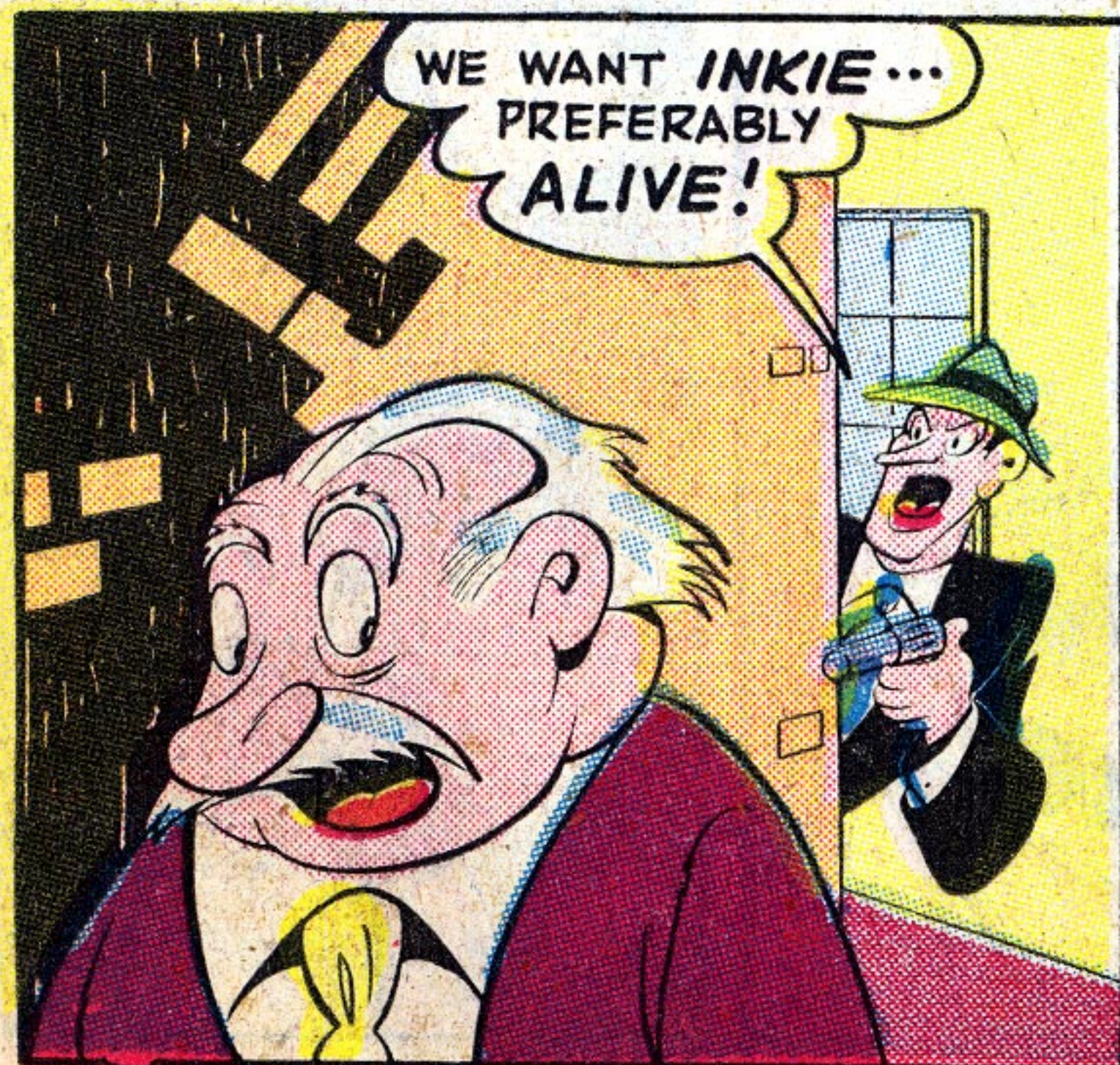
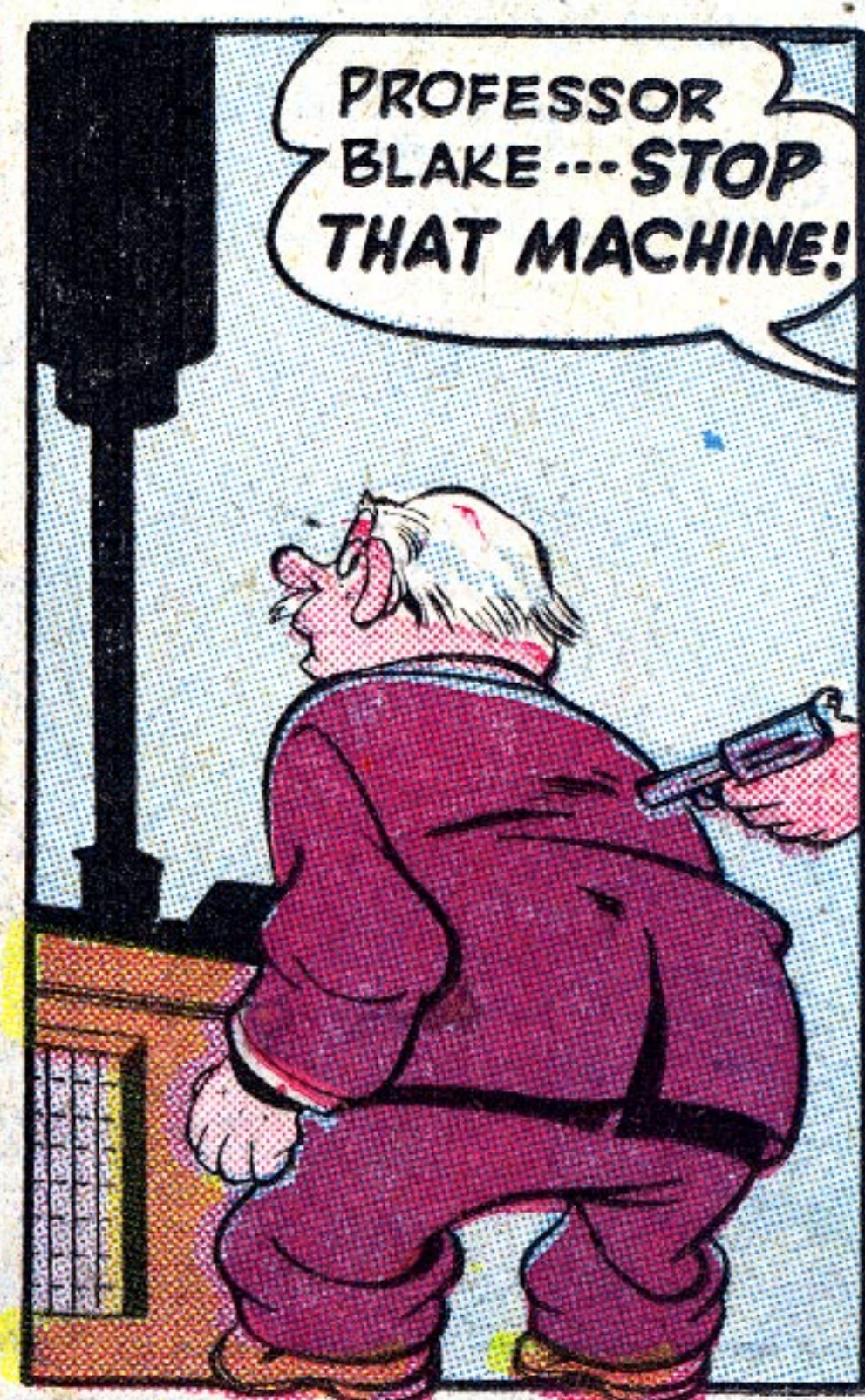
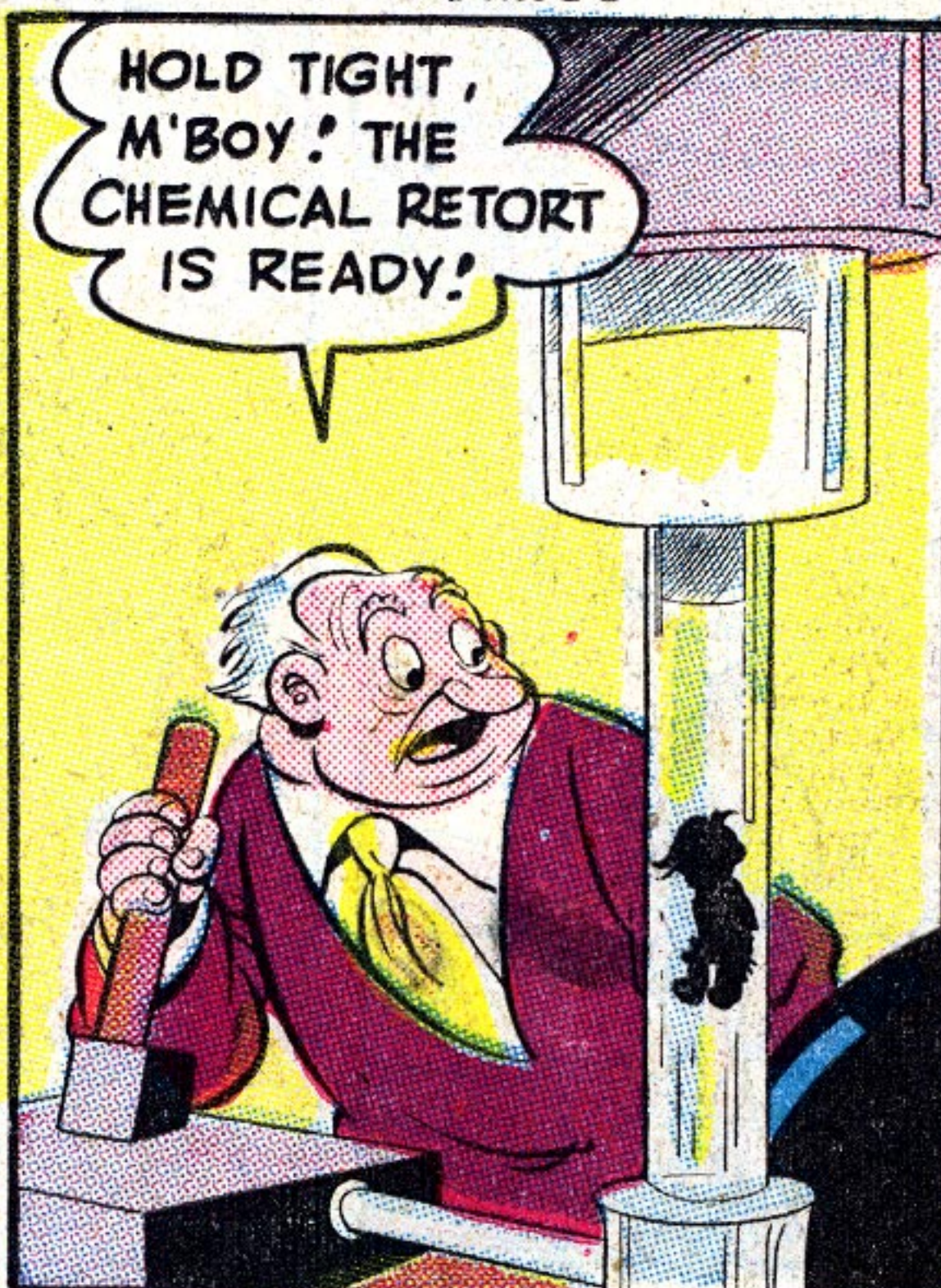
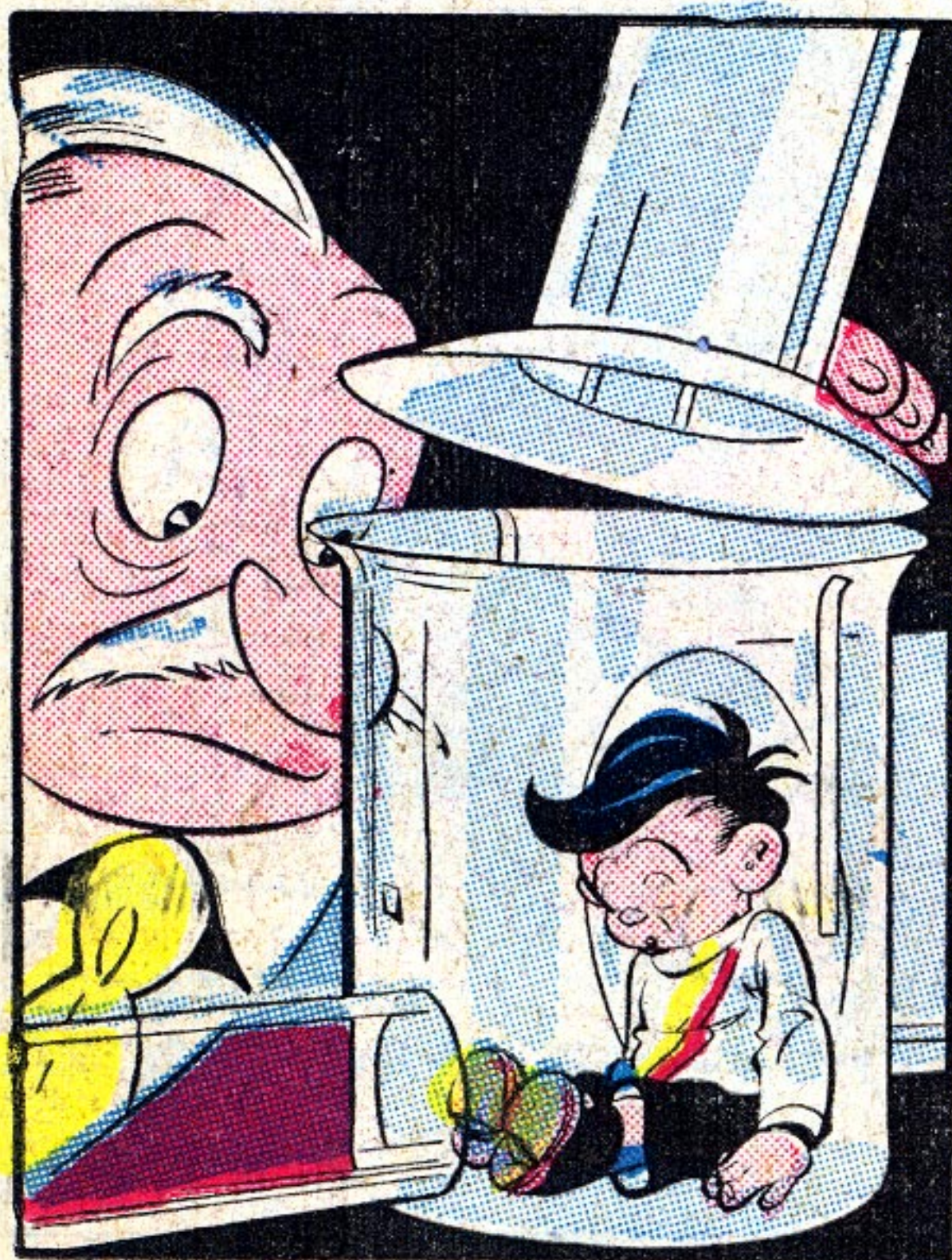




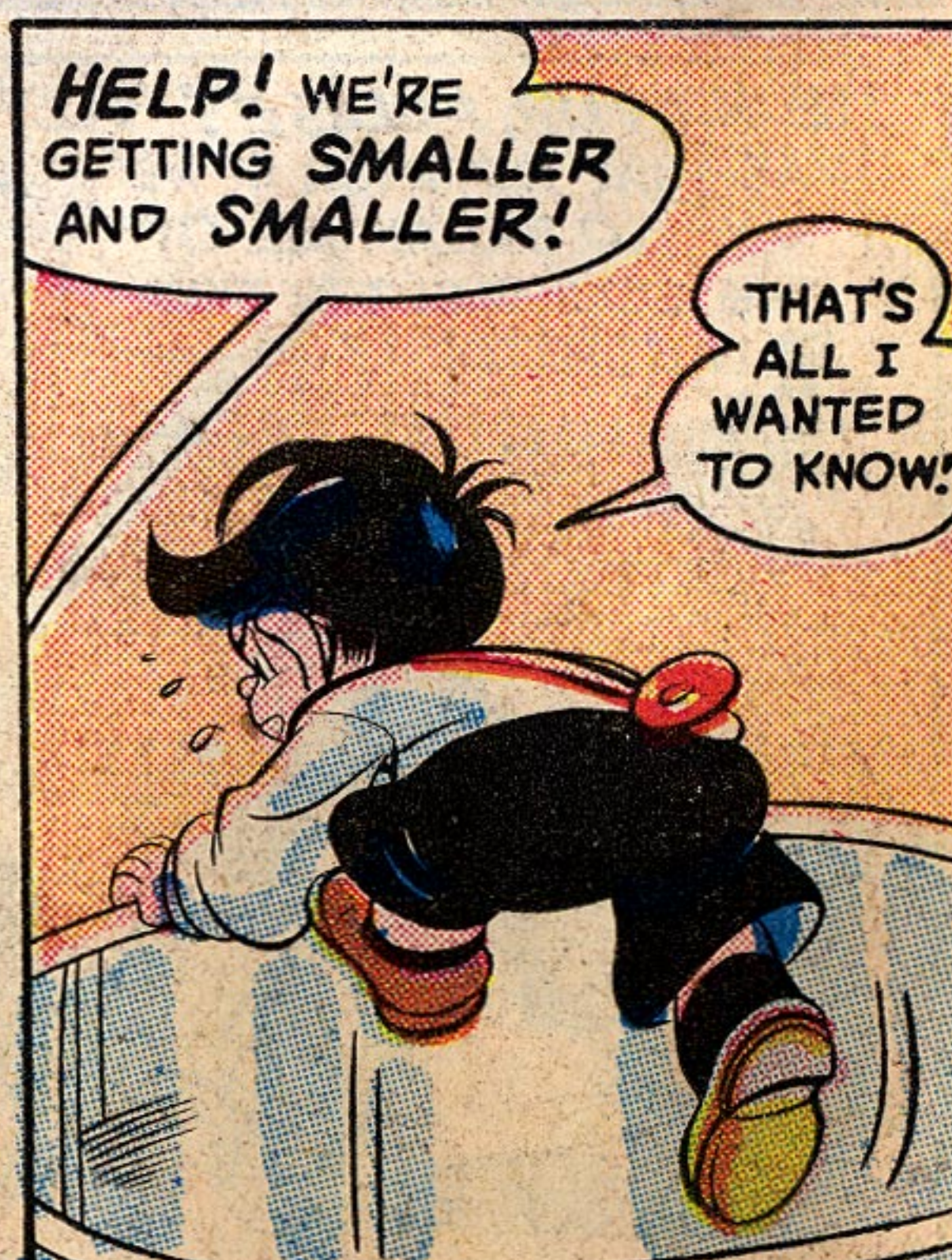
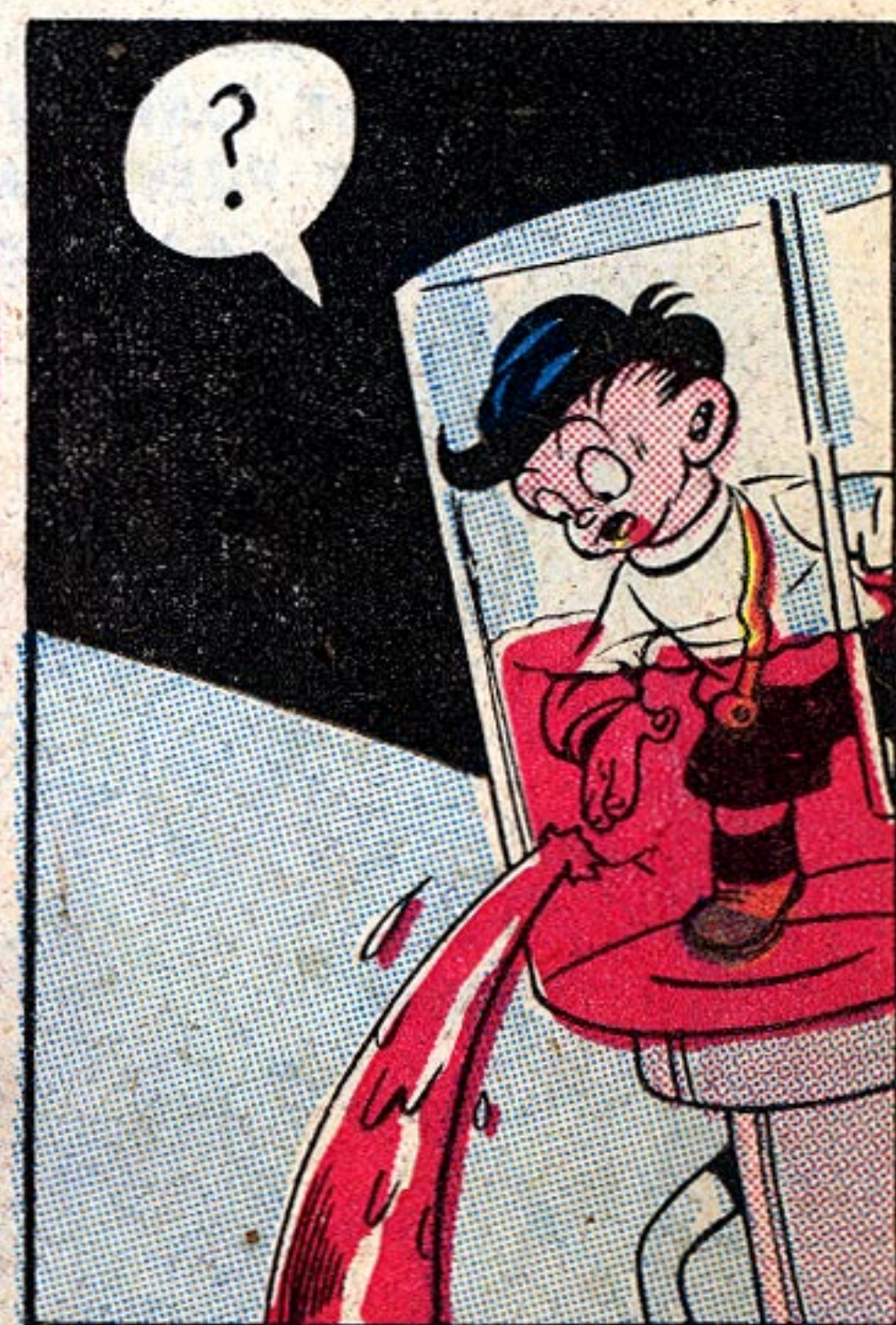
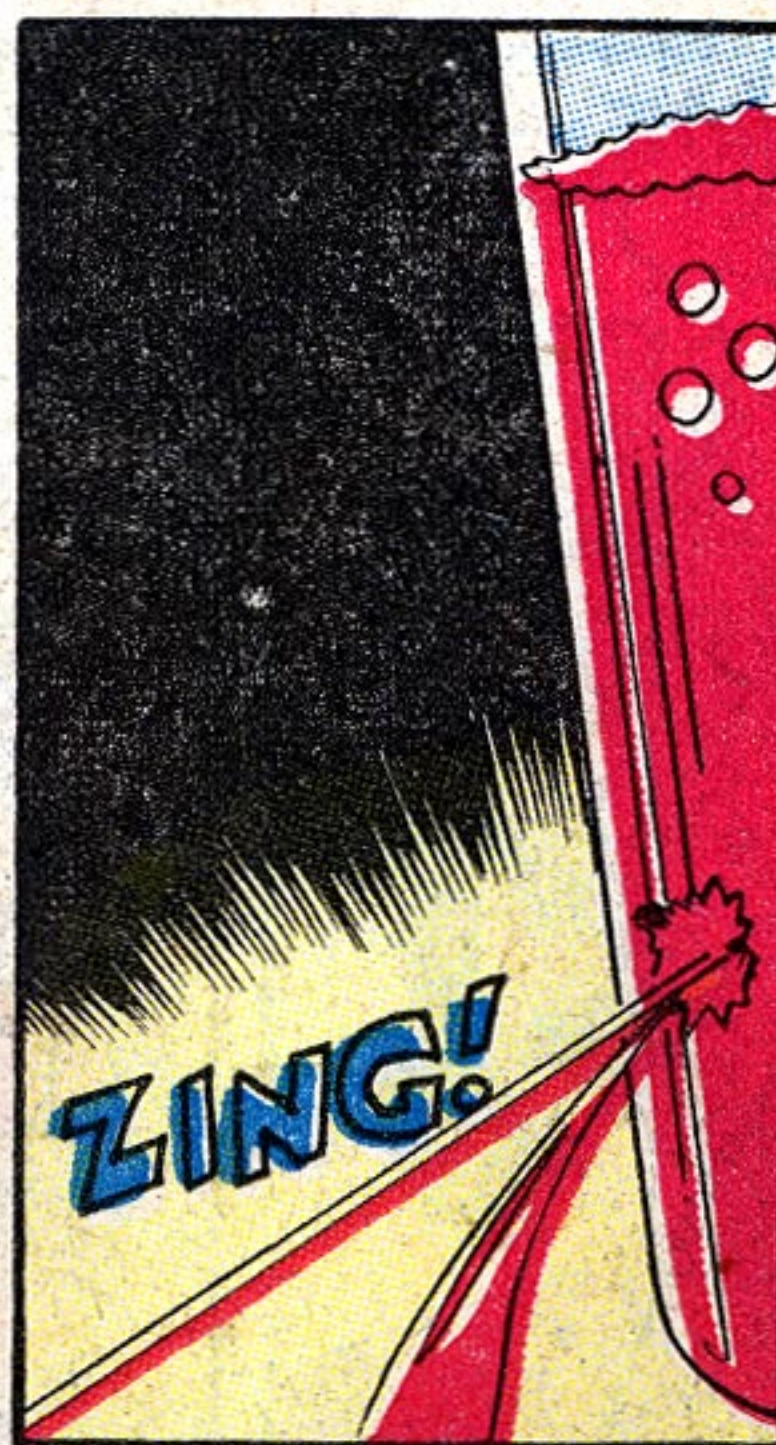
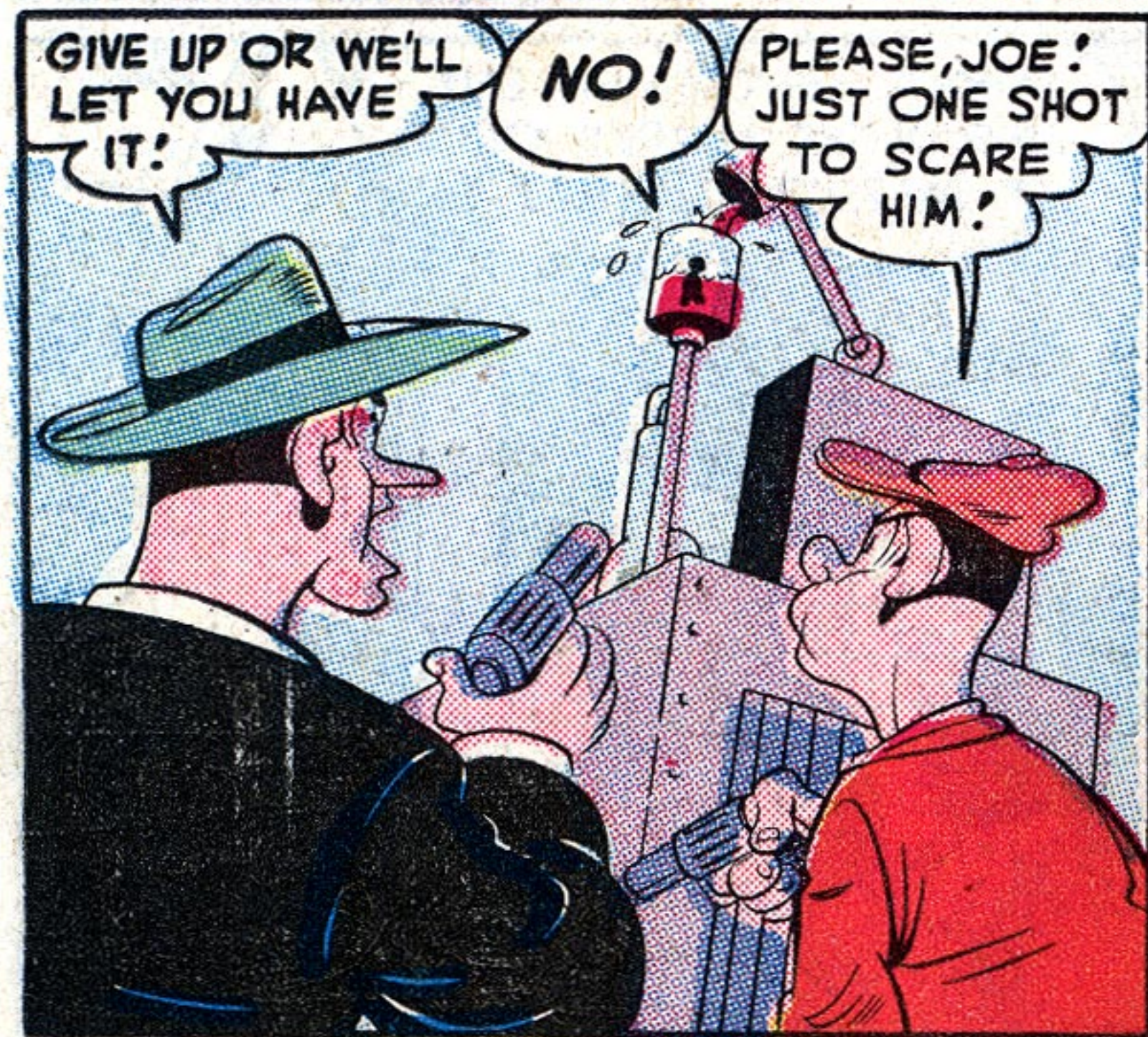
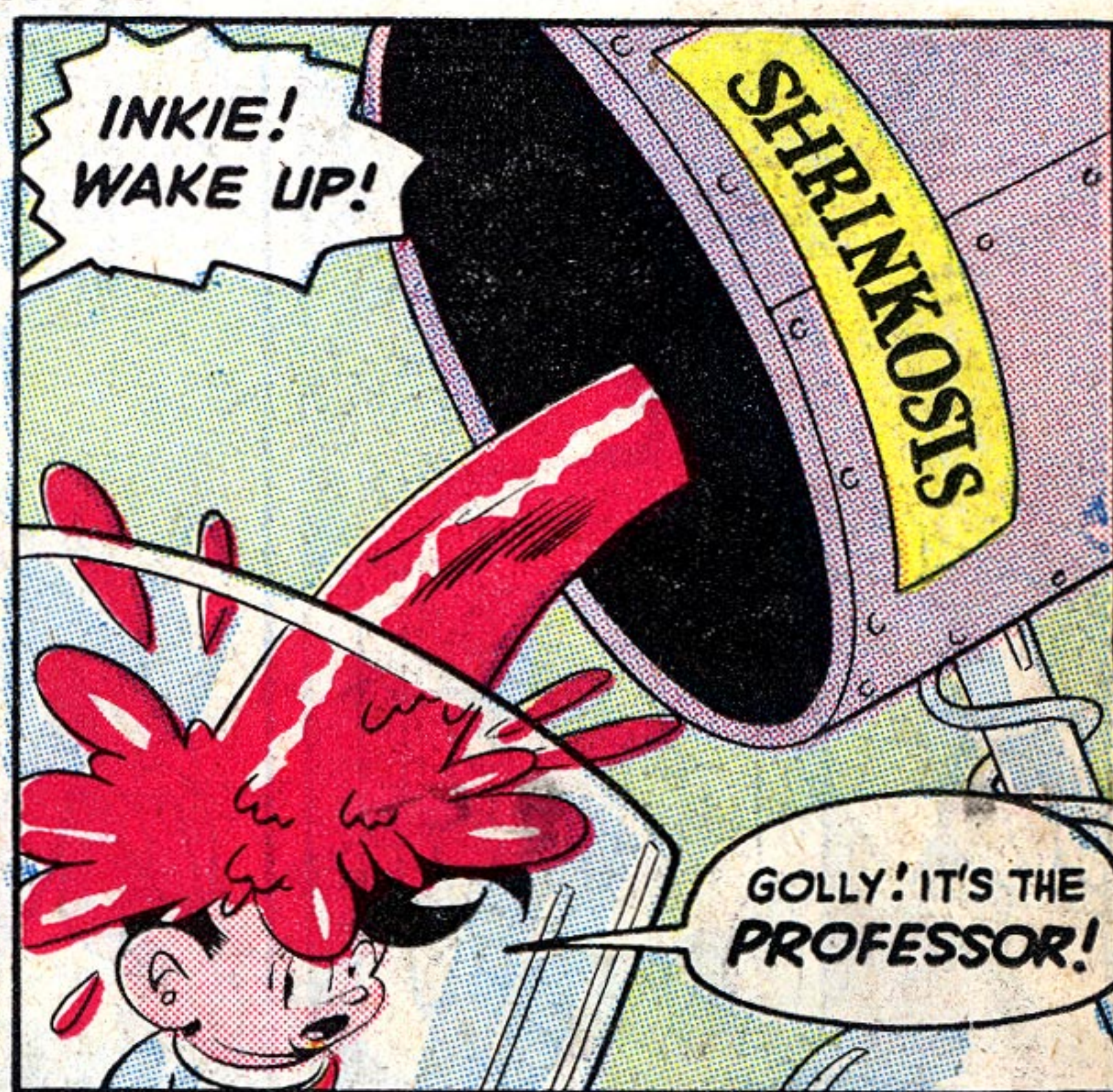
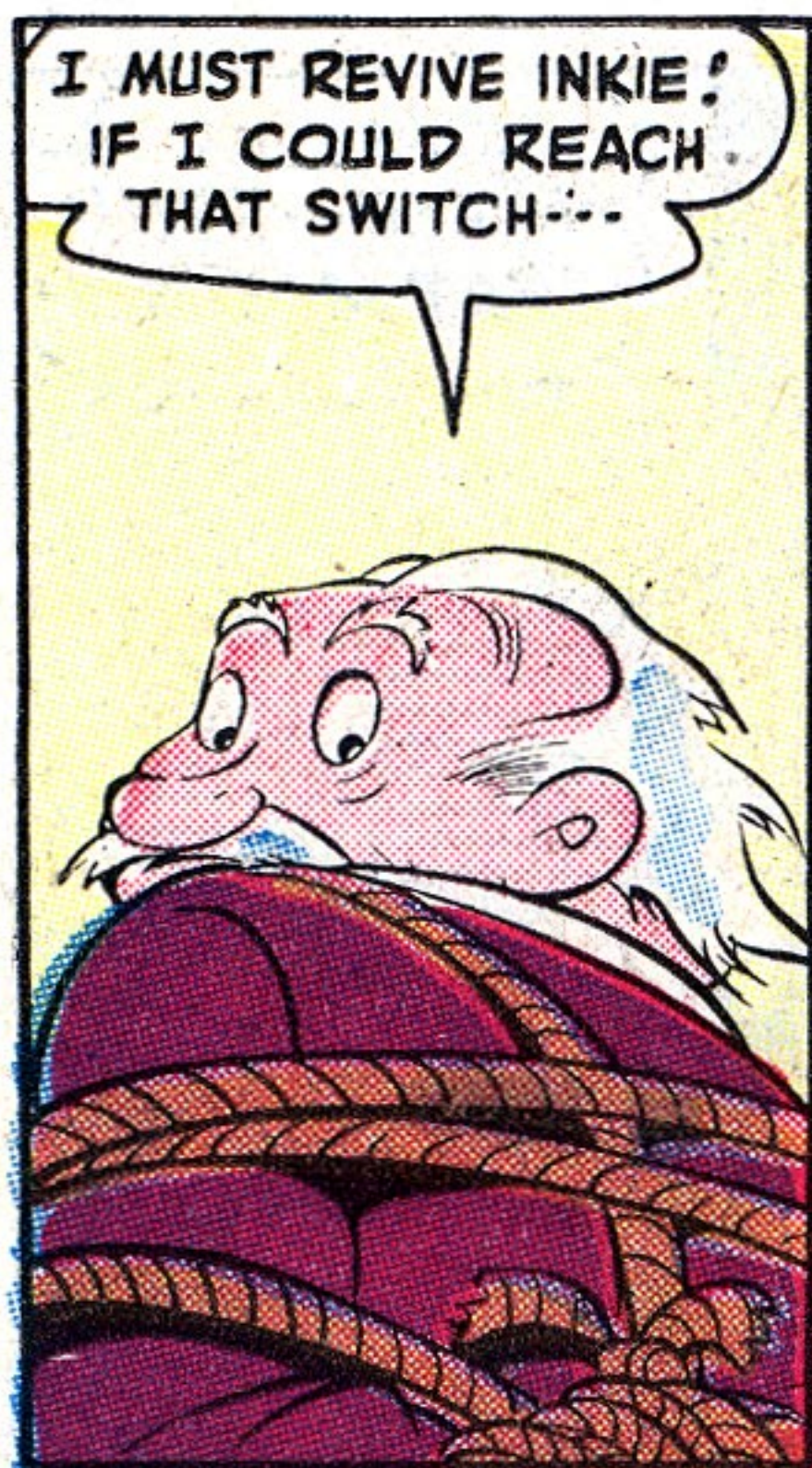




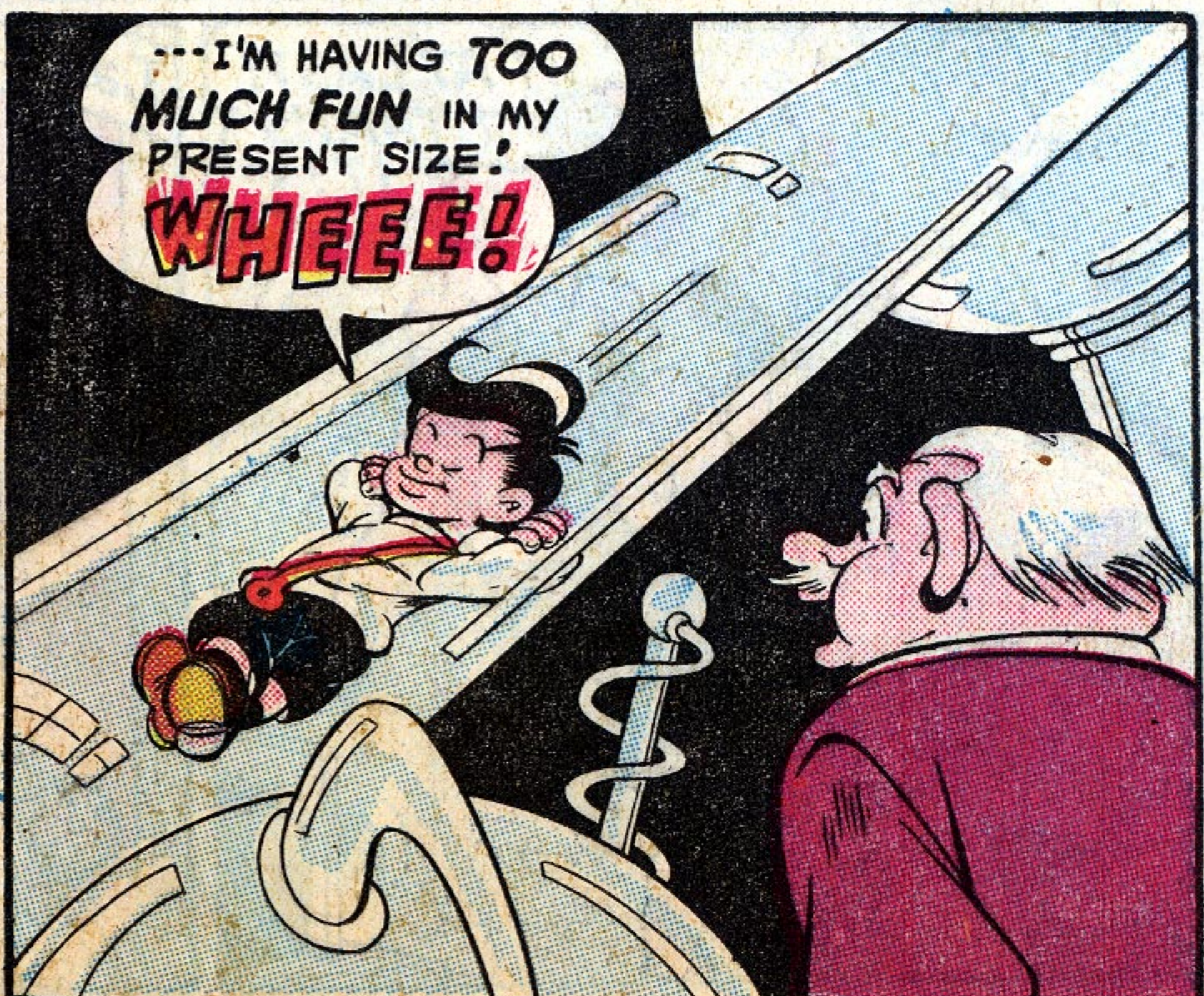
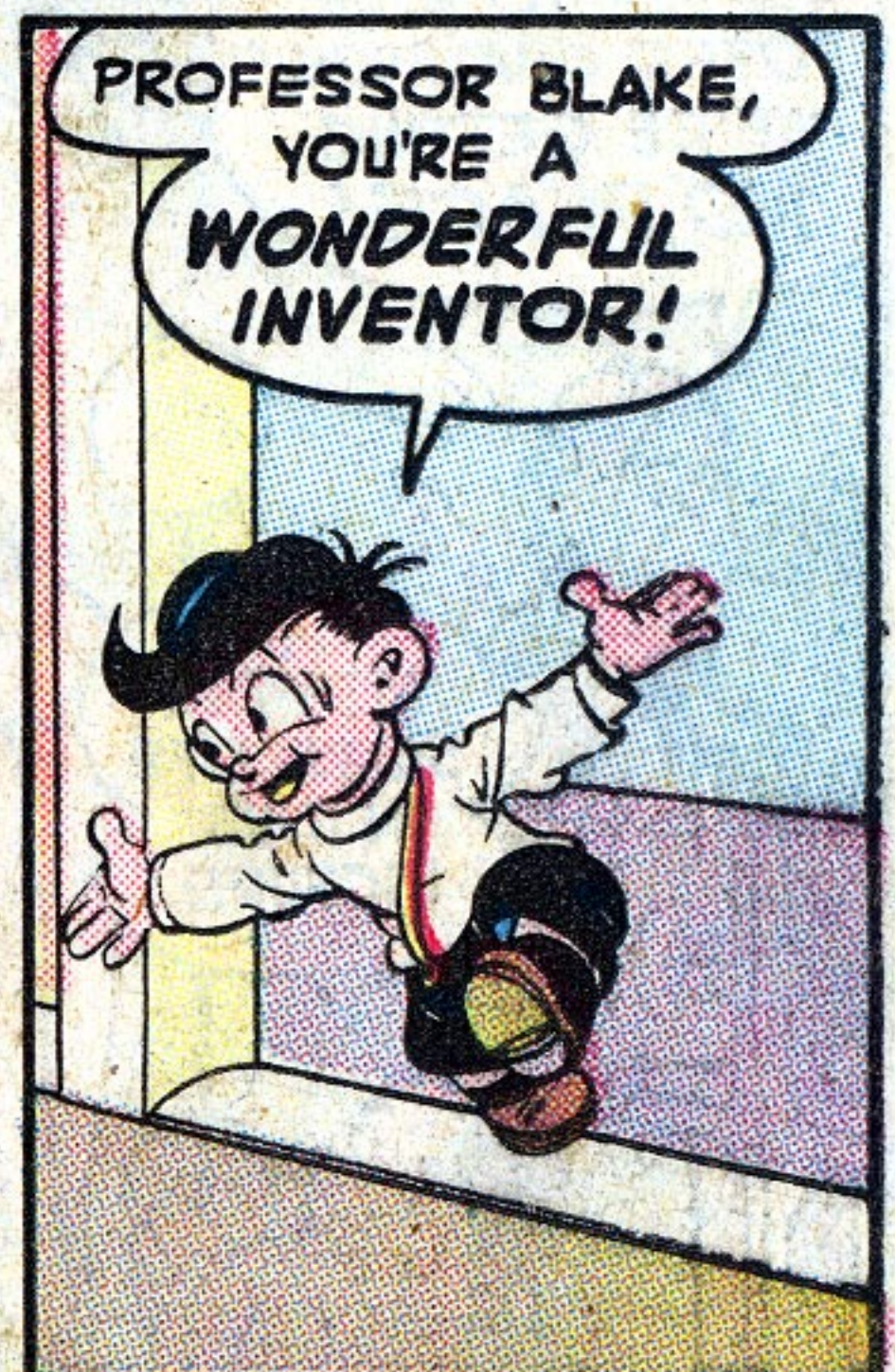
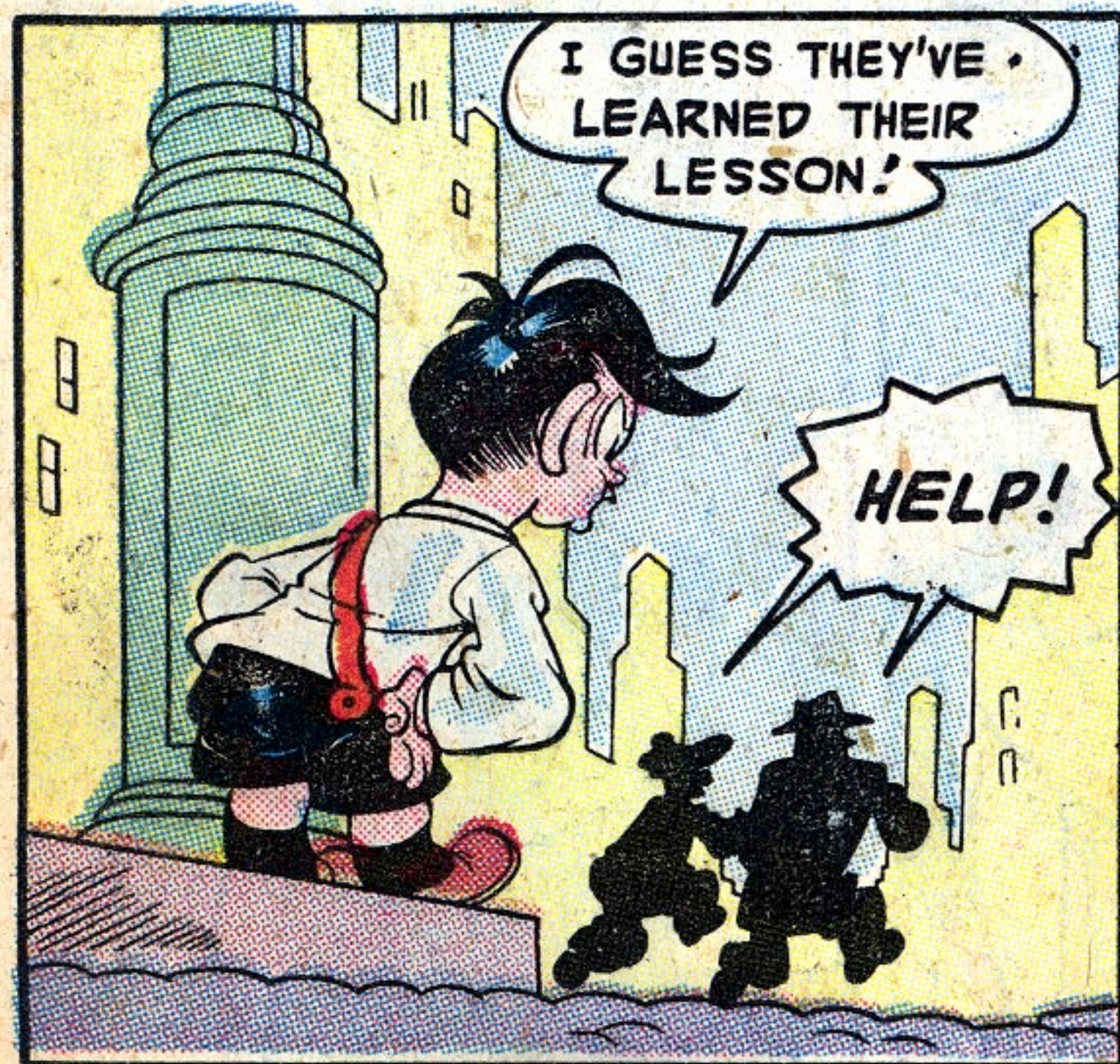
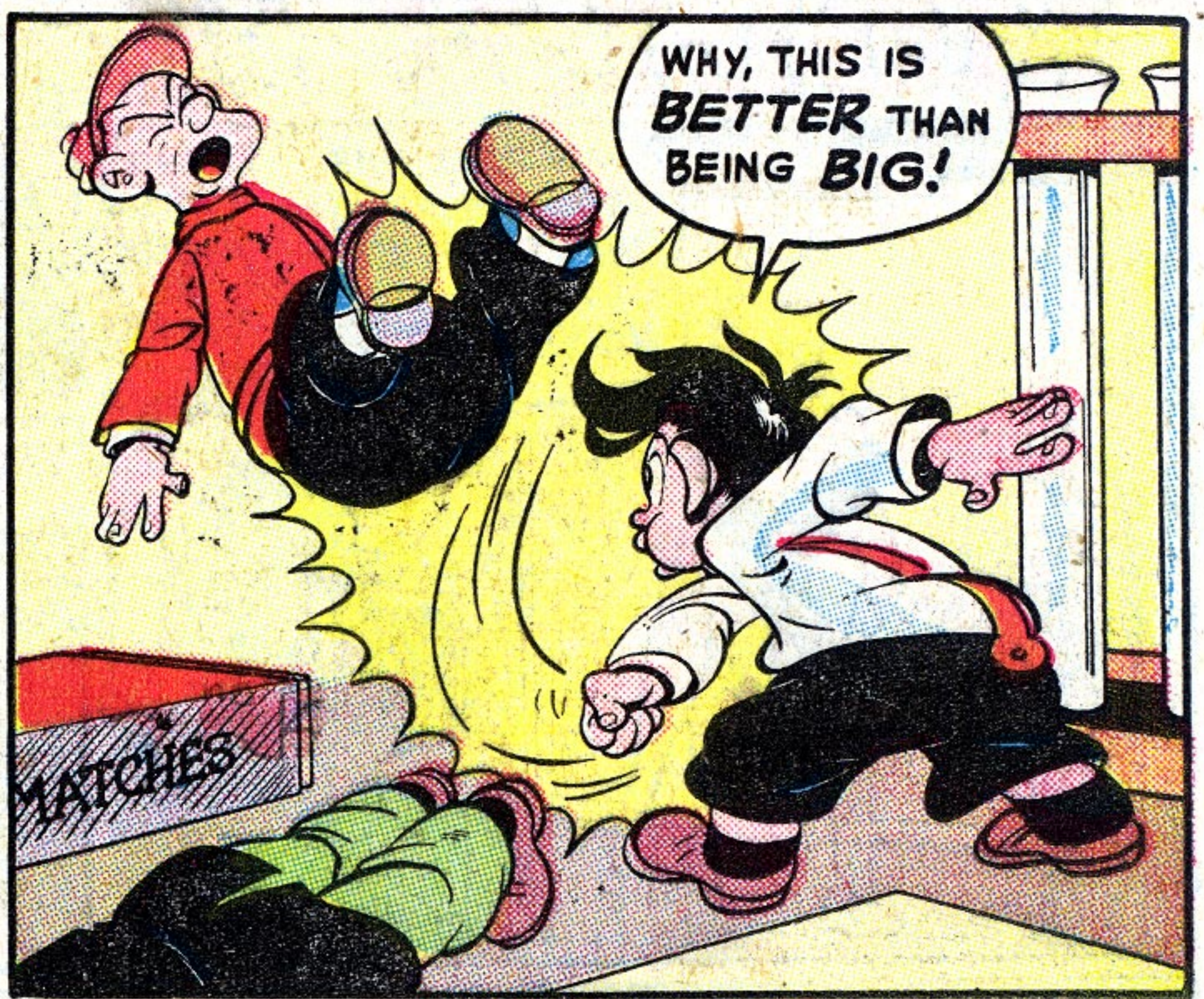
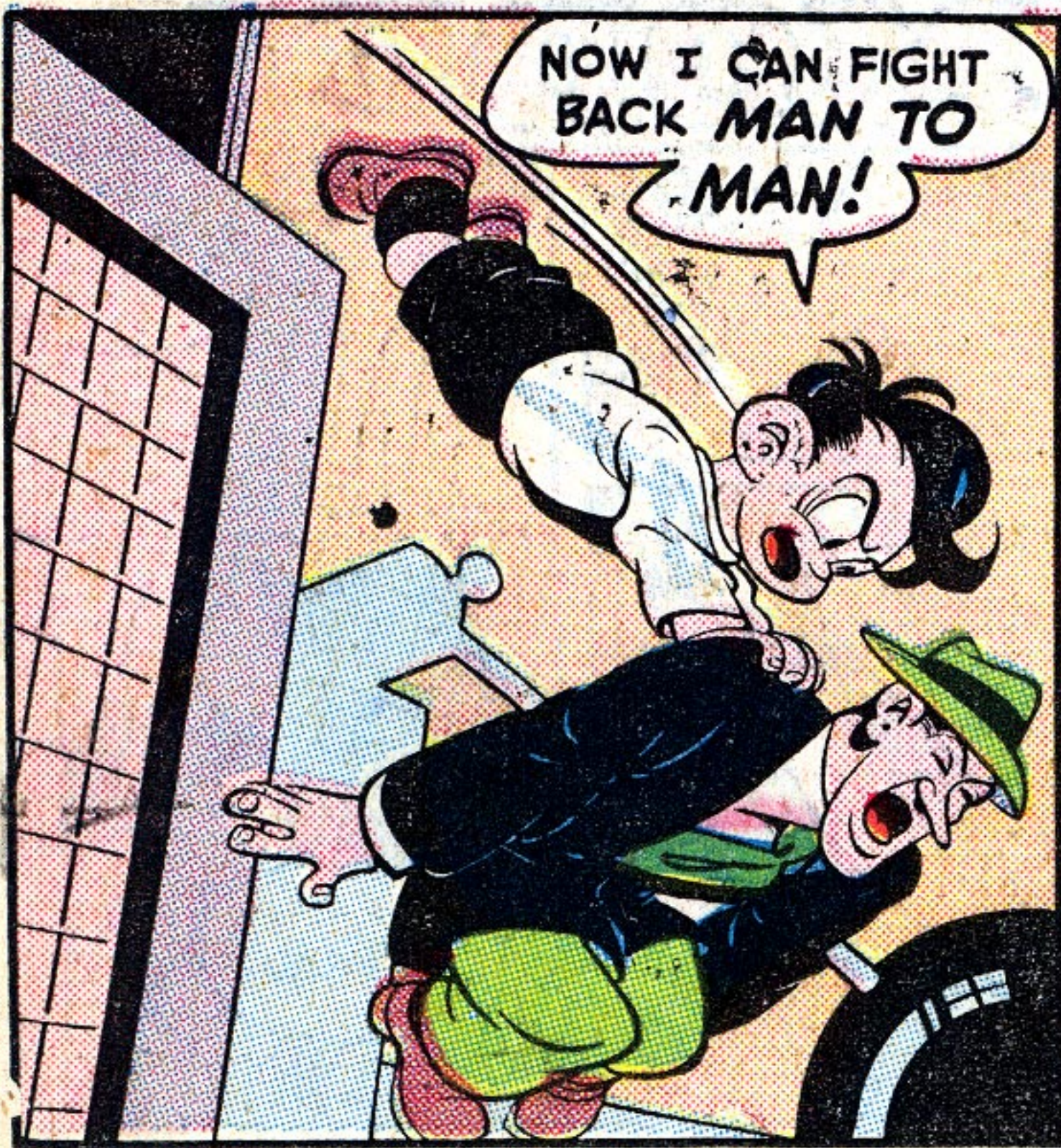






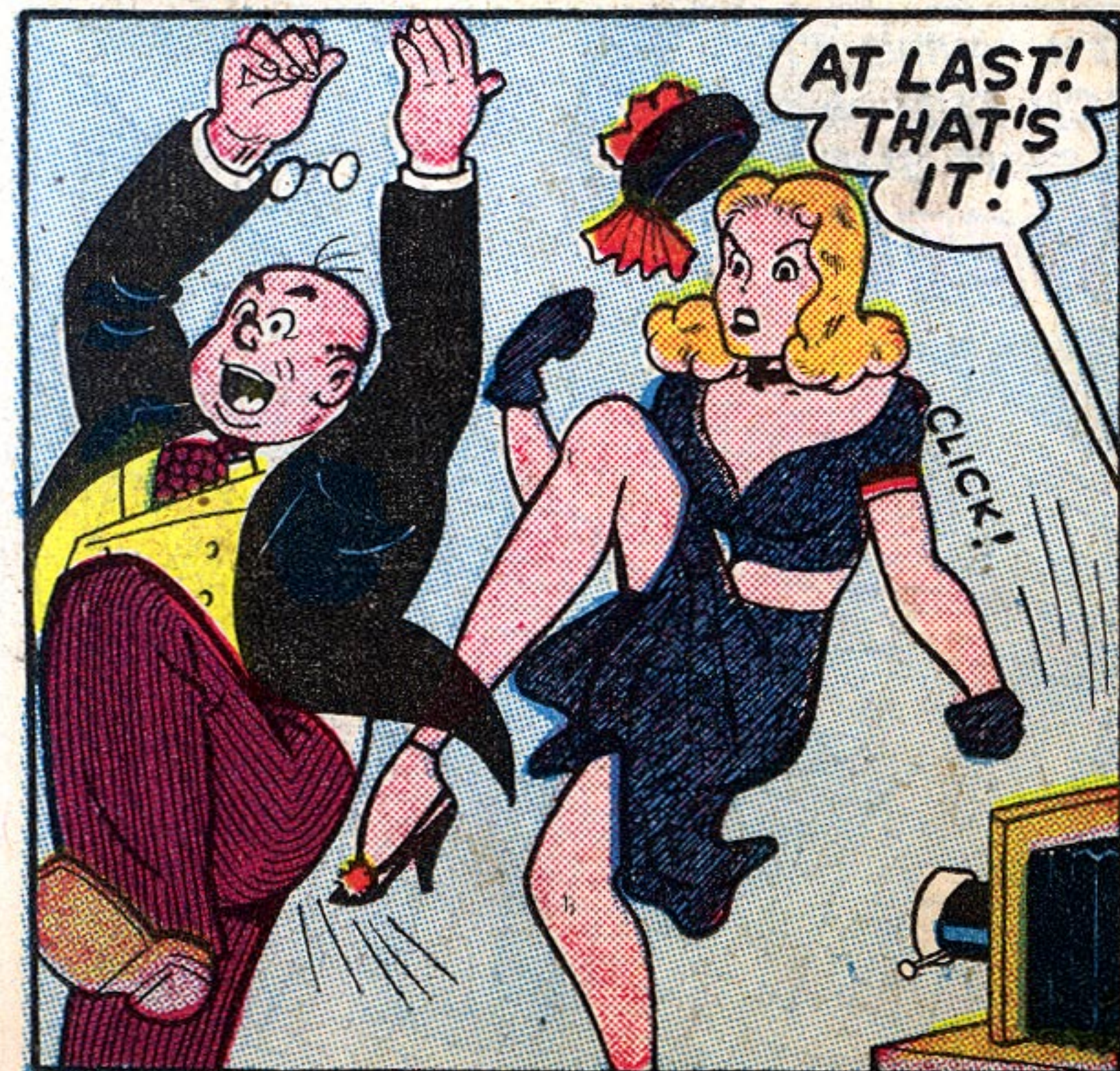
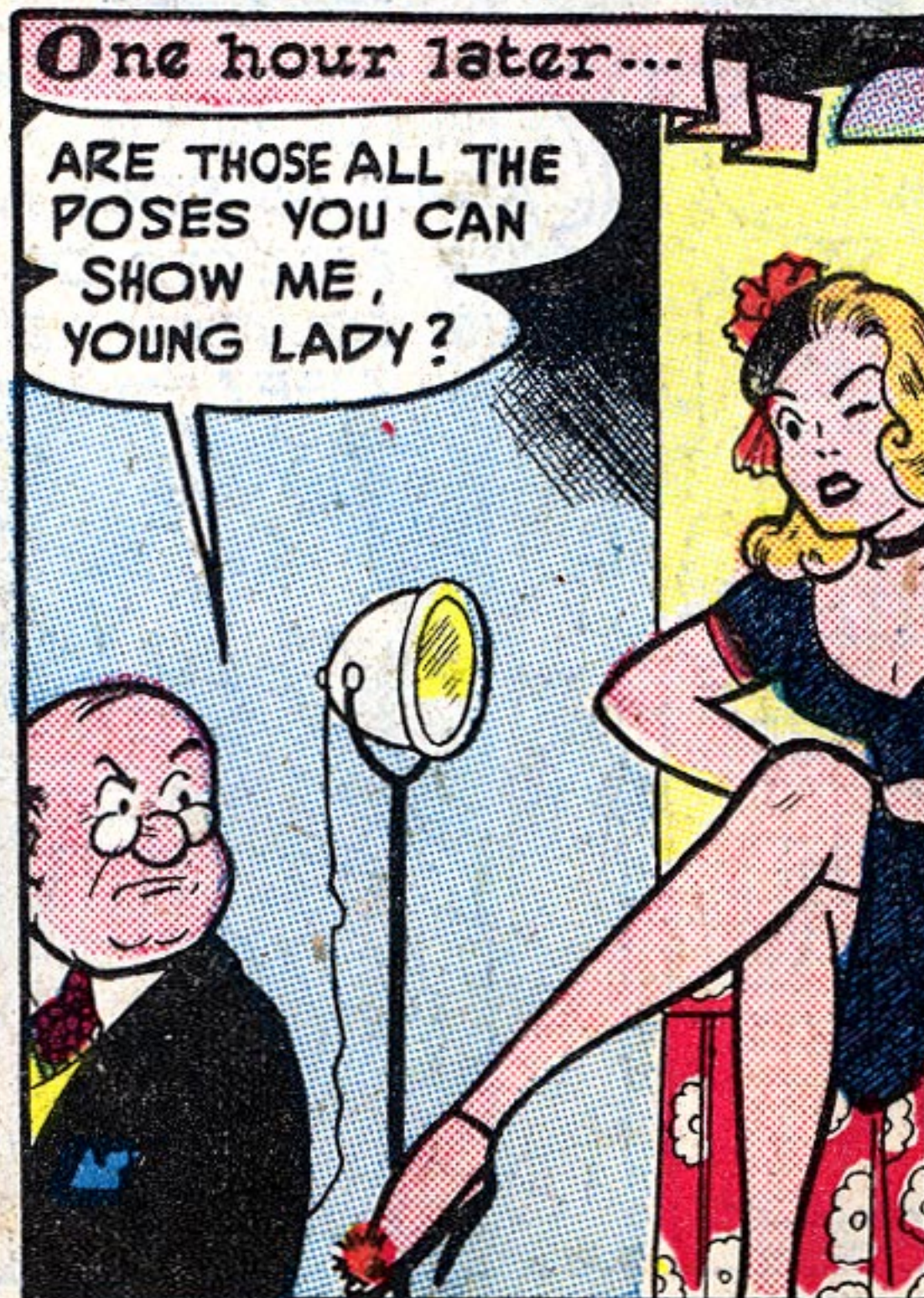
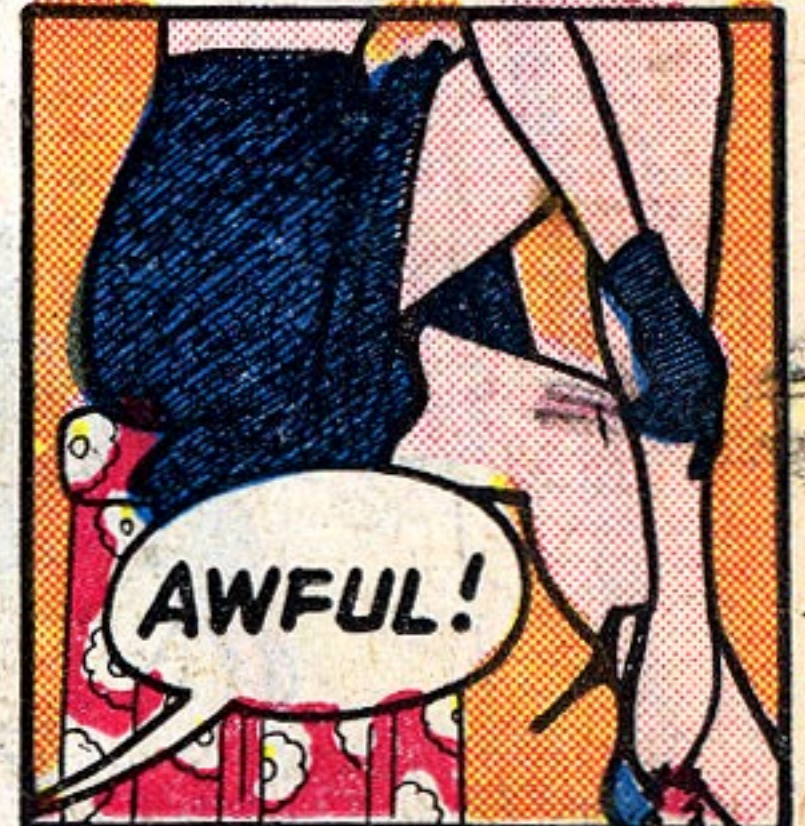
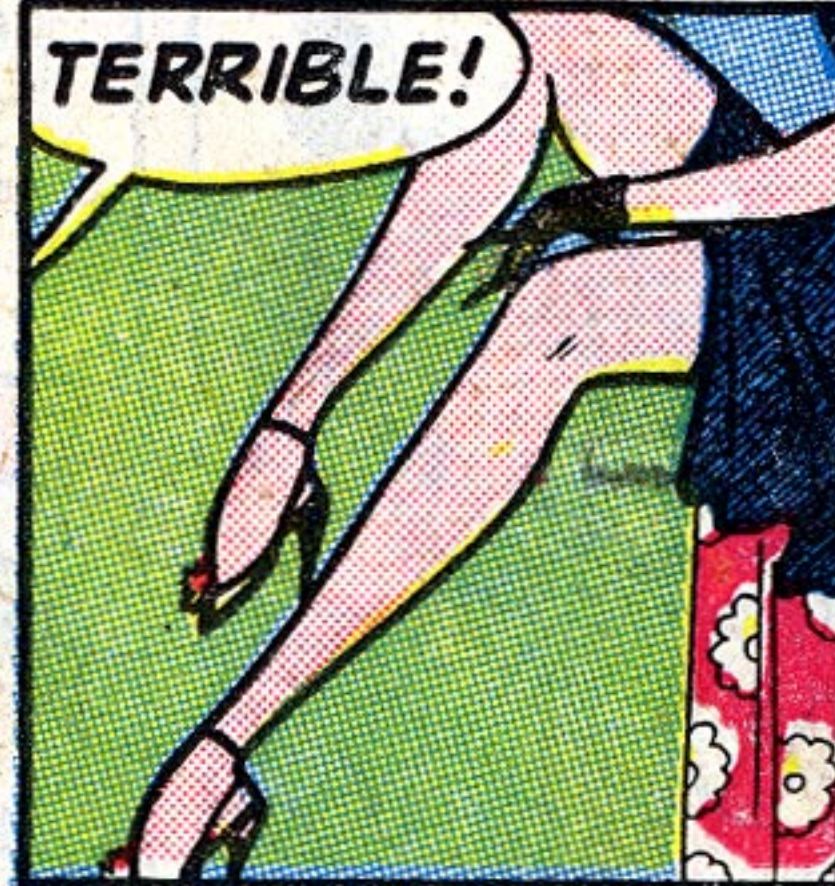
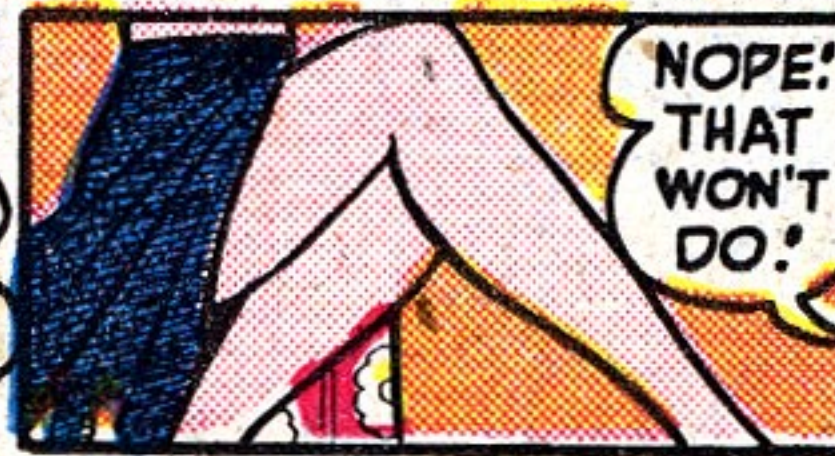
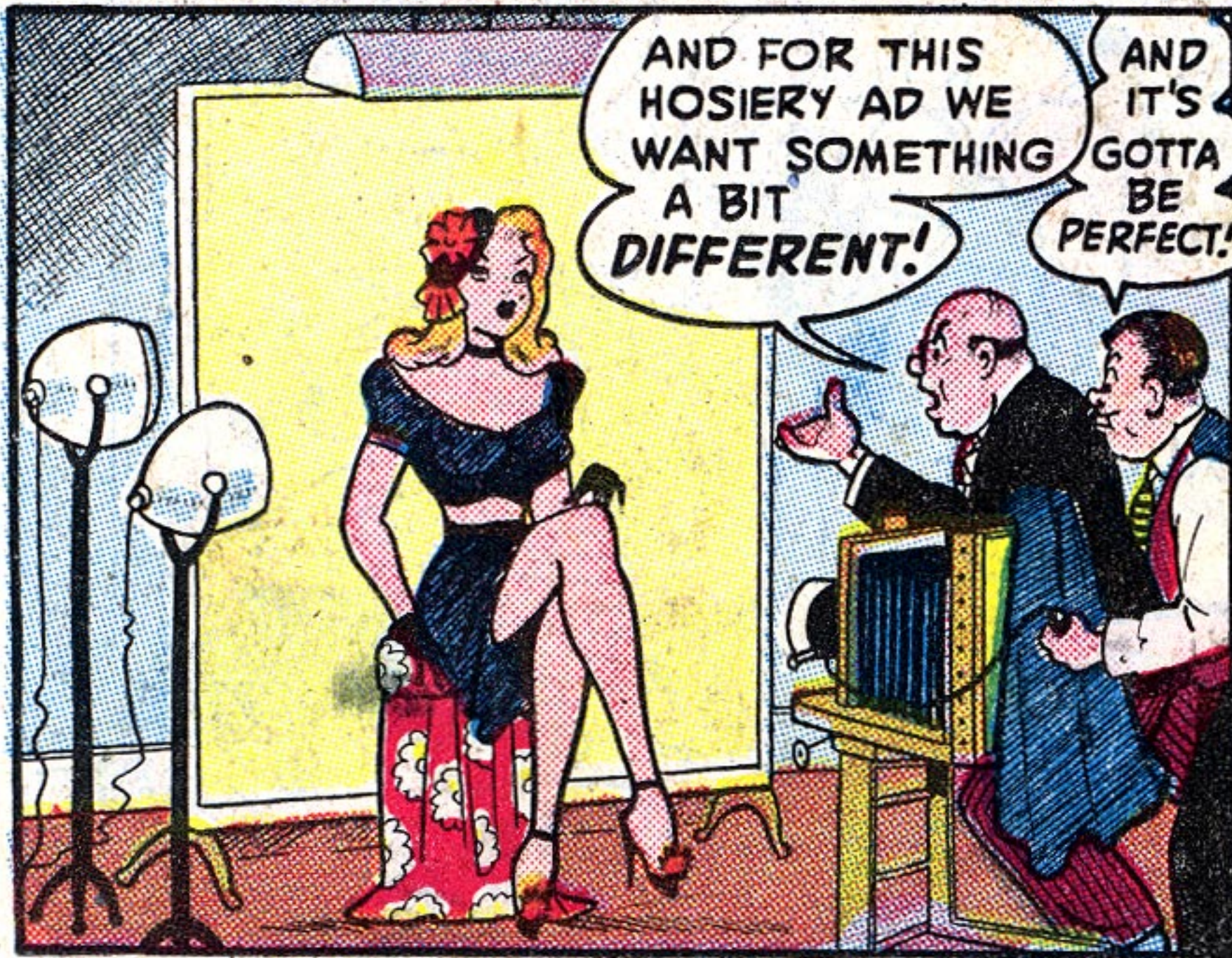






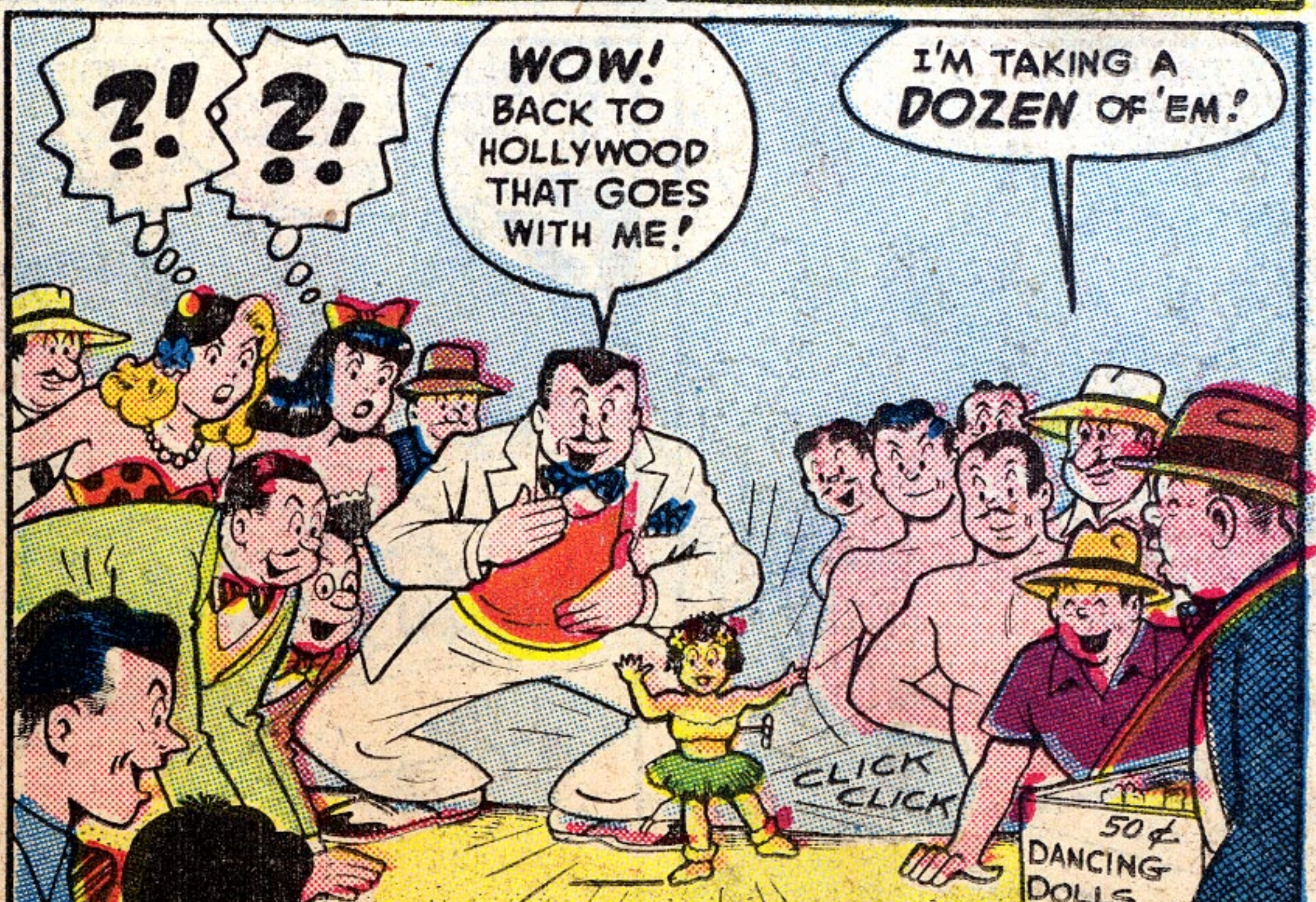
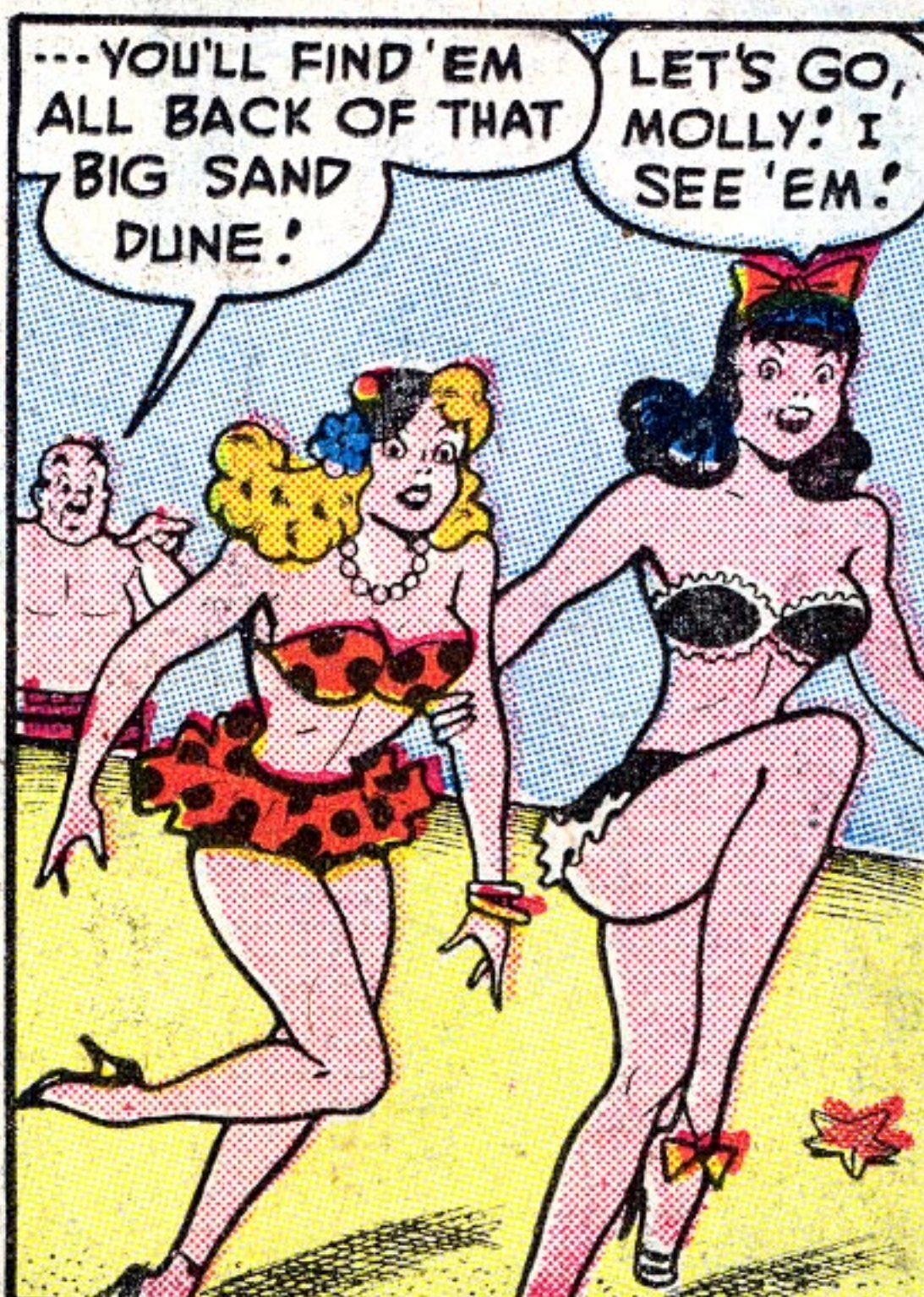
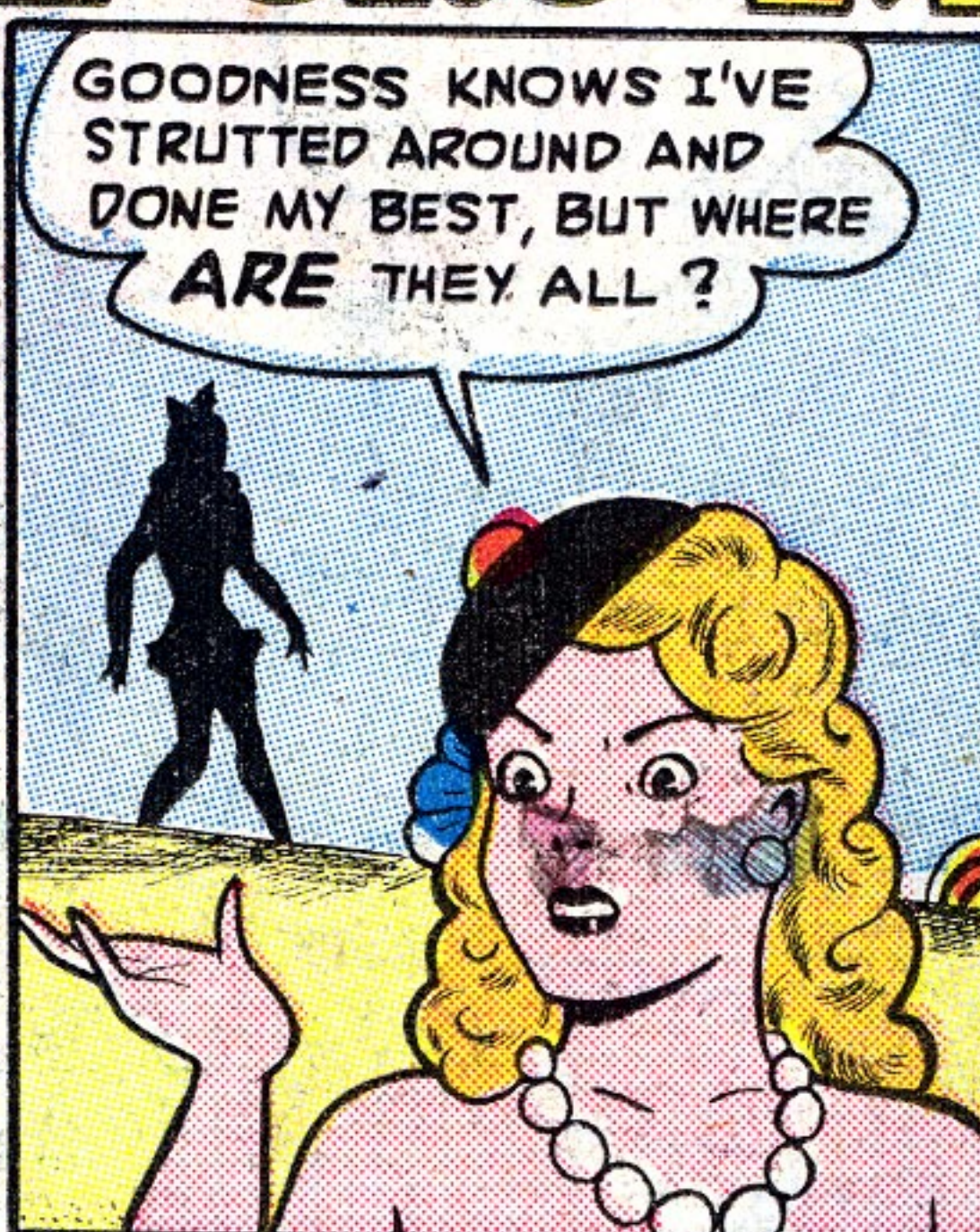
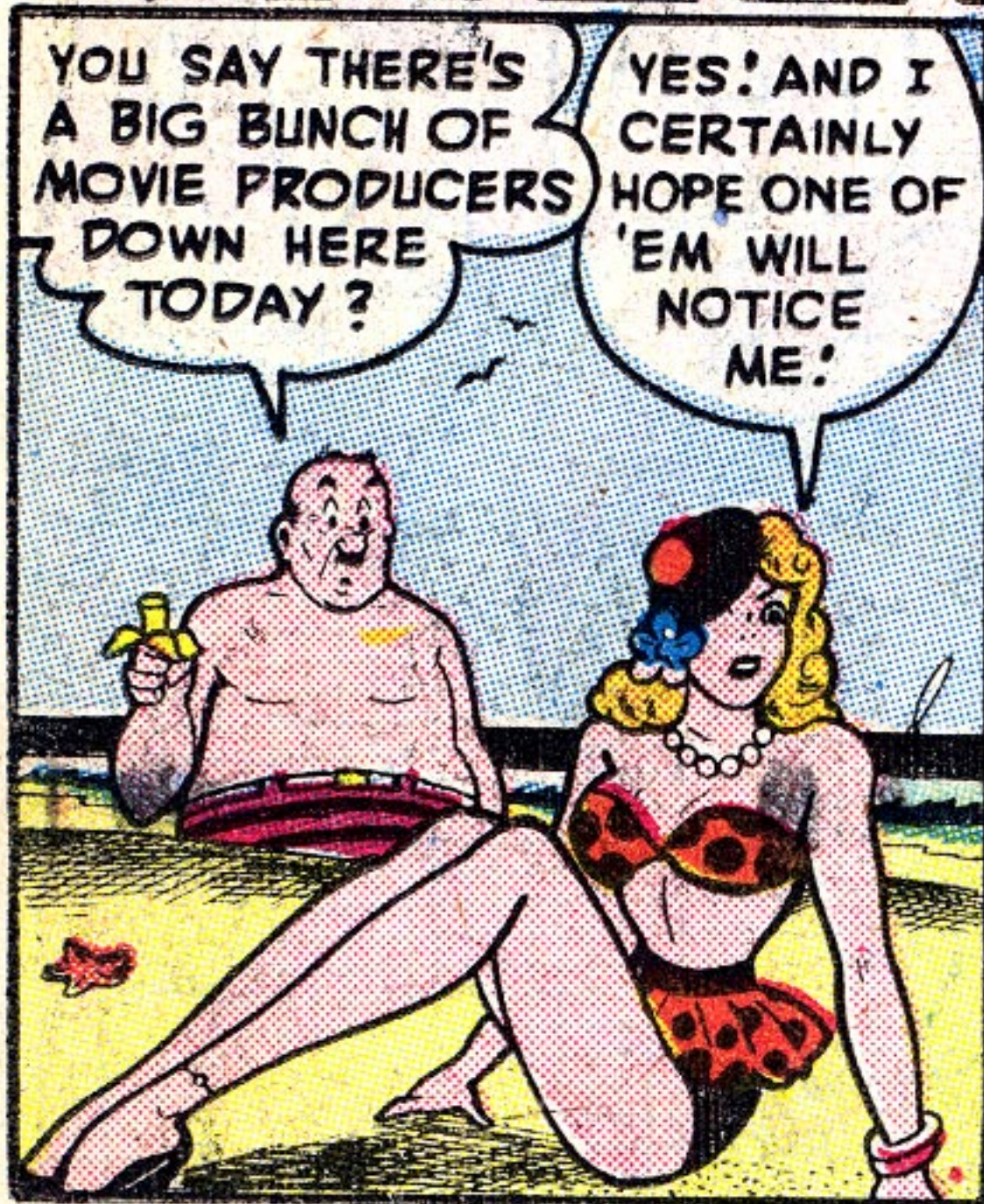


# MOLLY the MODEL



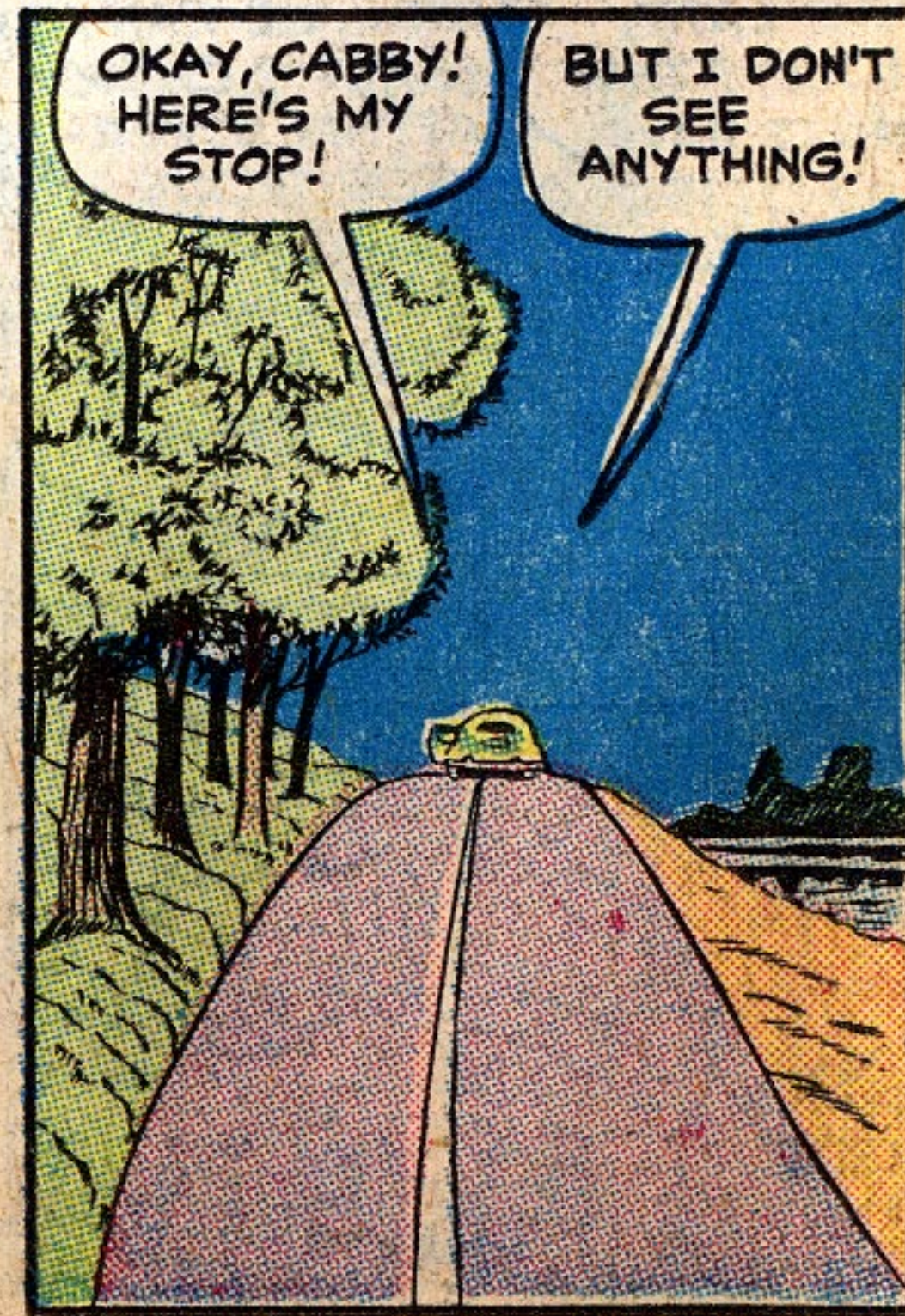
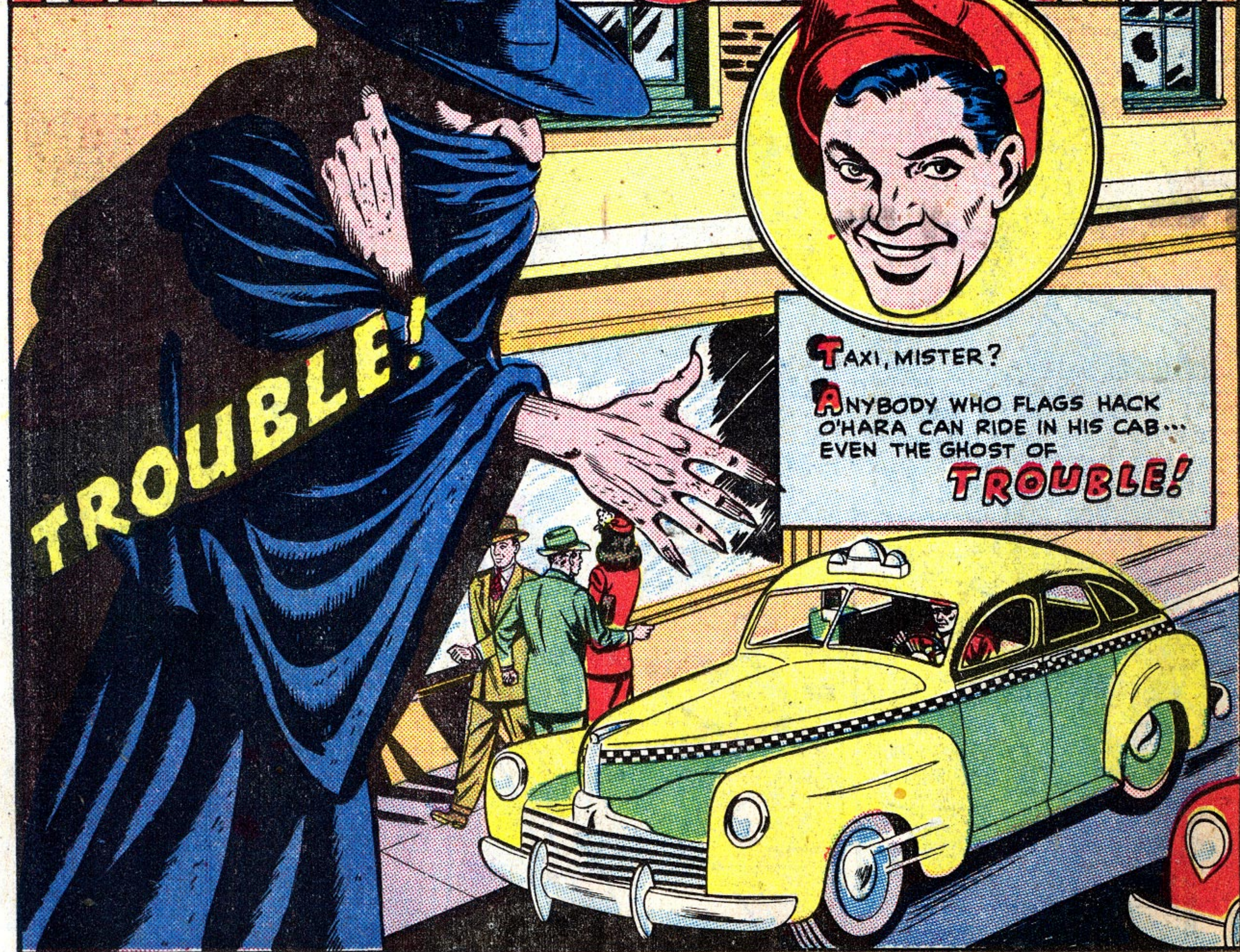


# MOLLY the MODEL

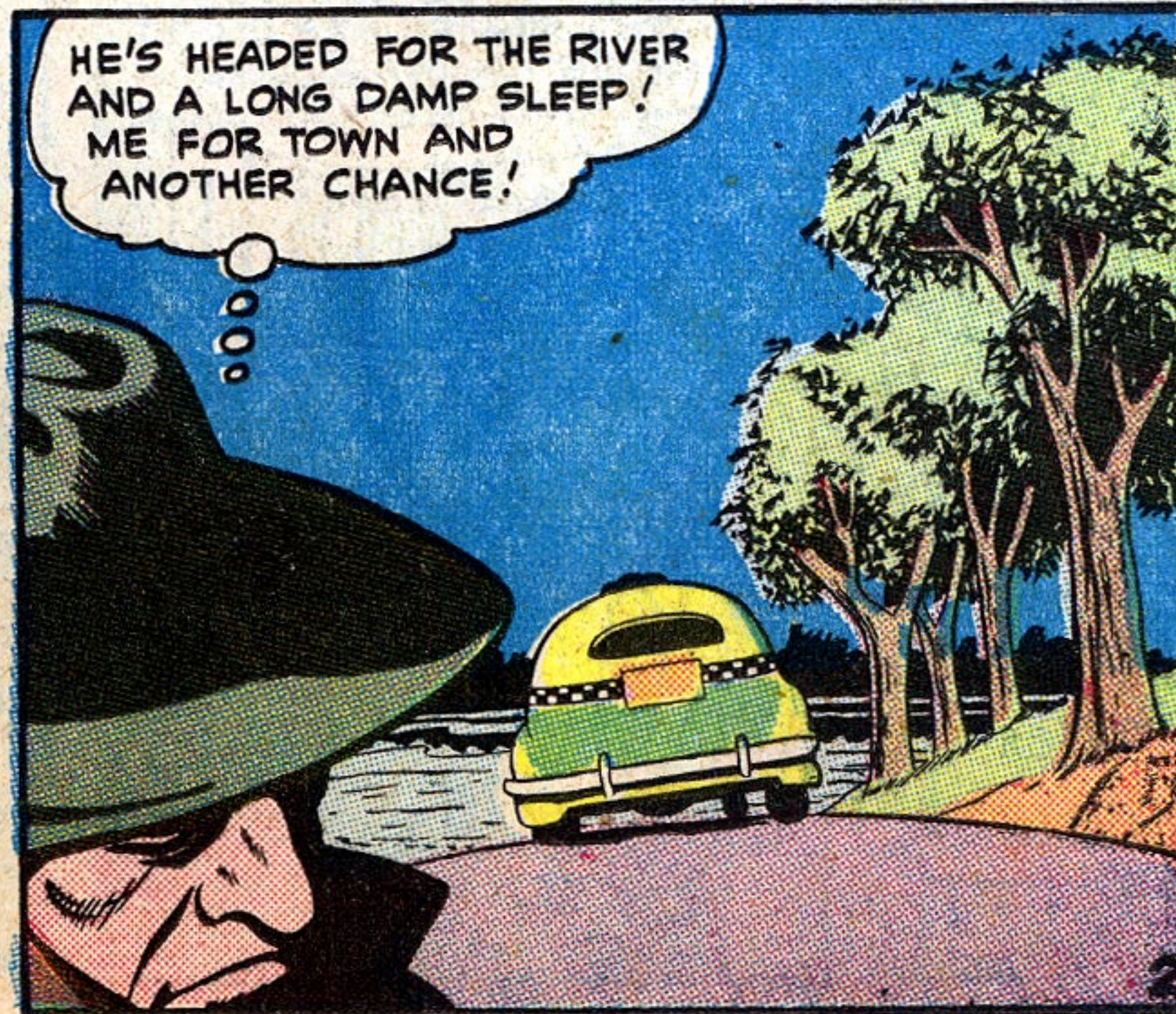
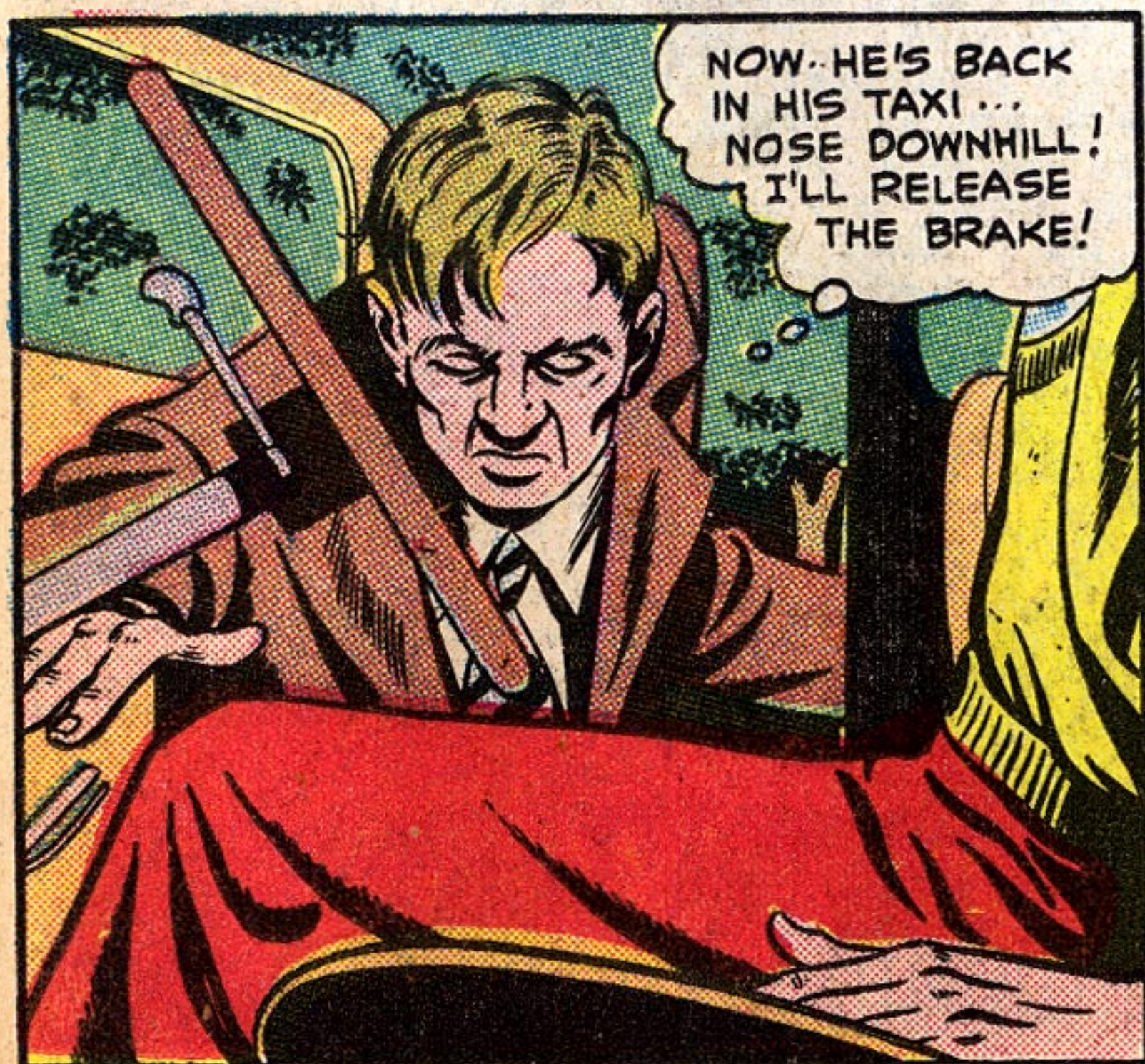
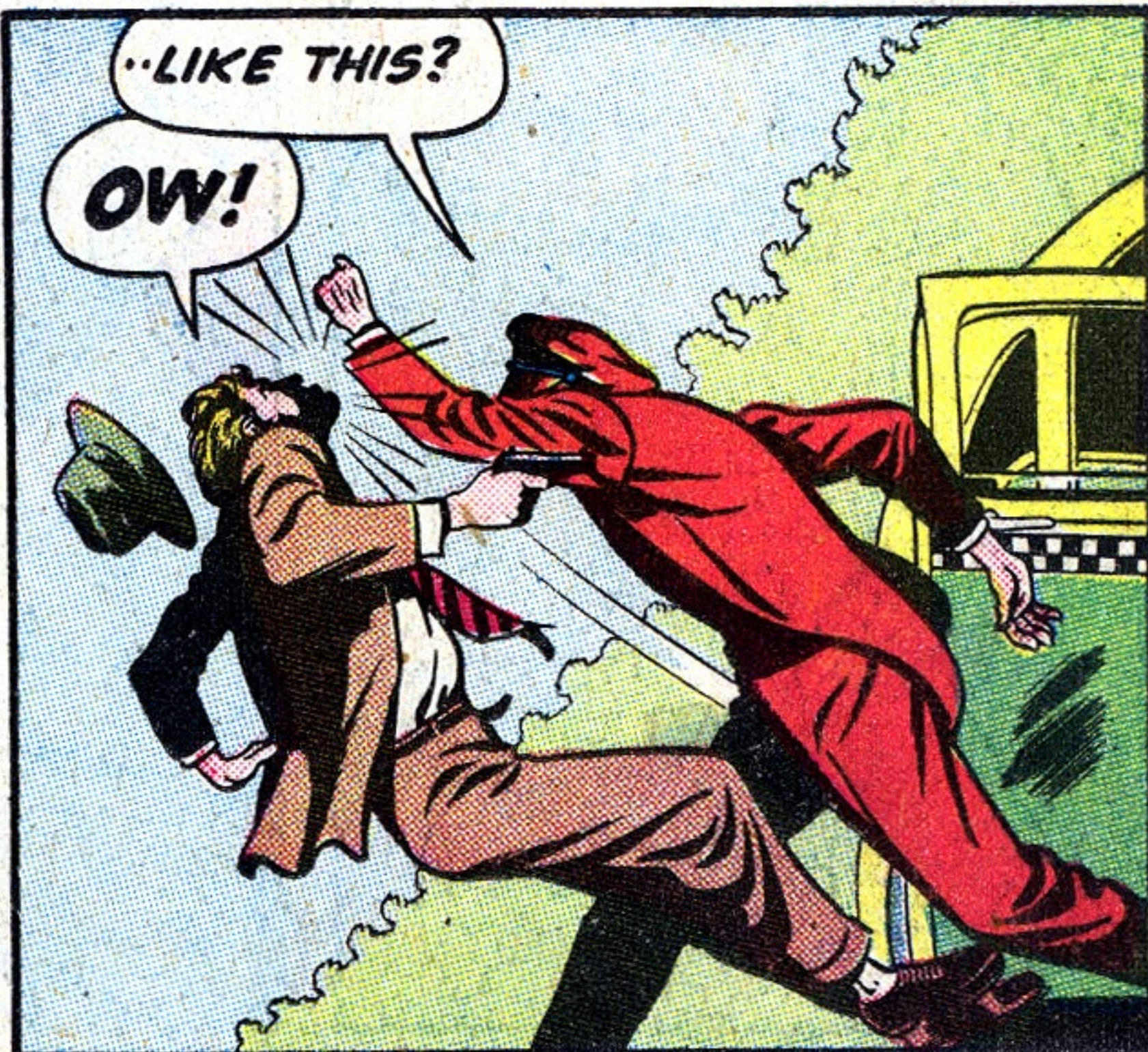




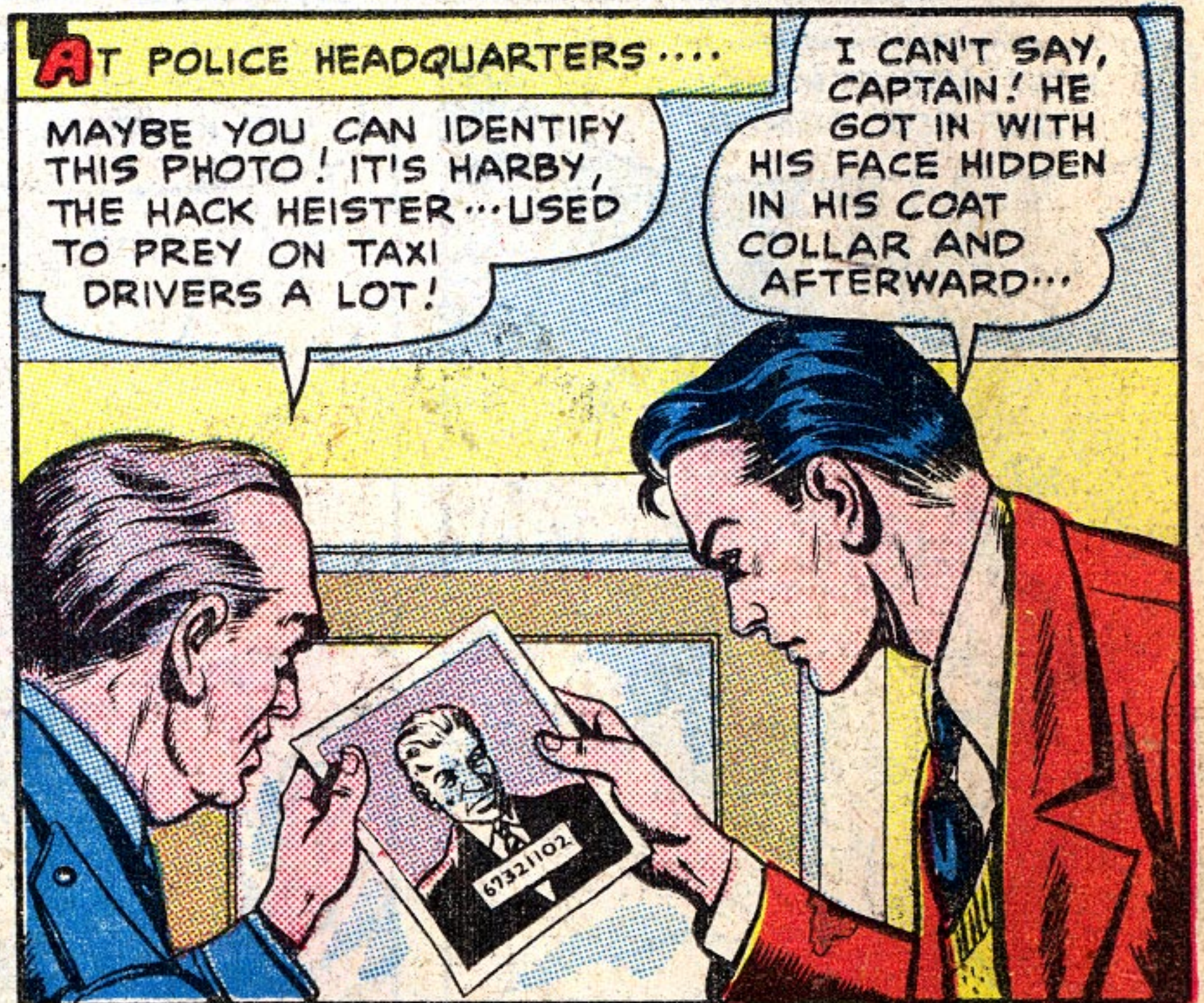
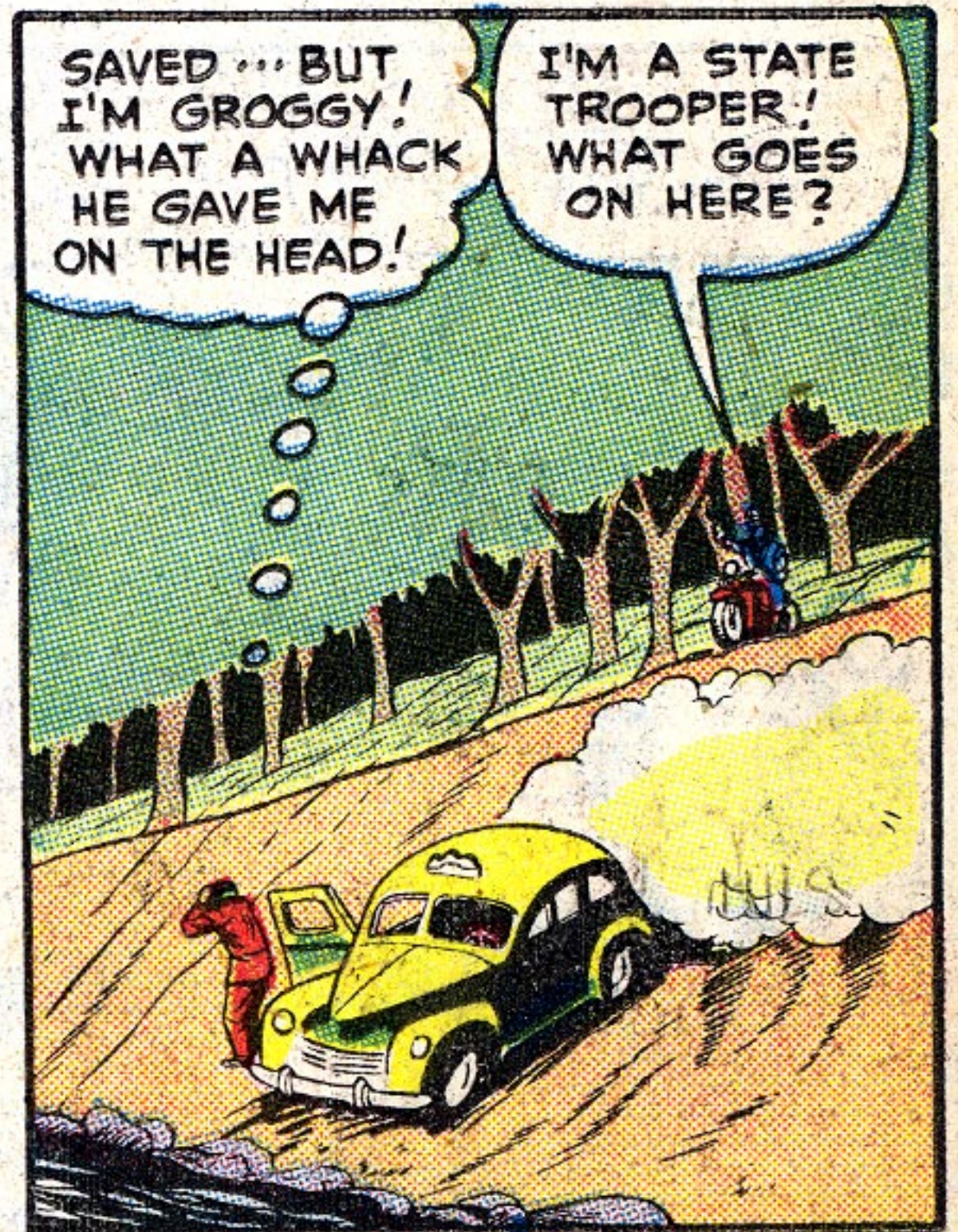
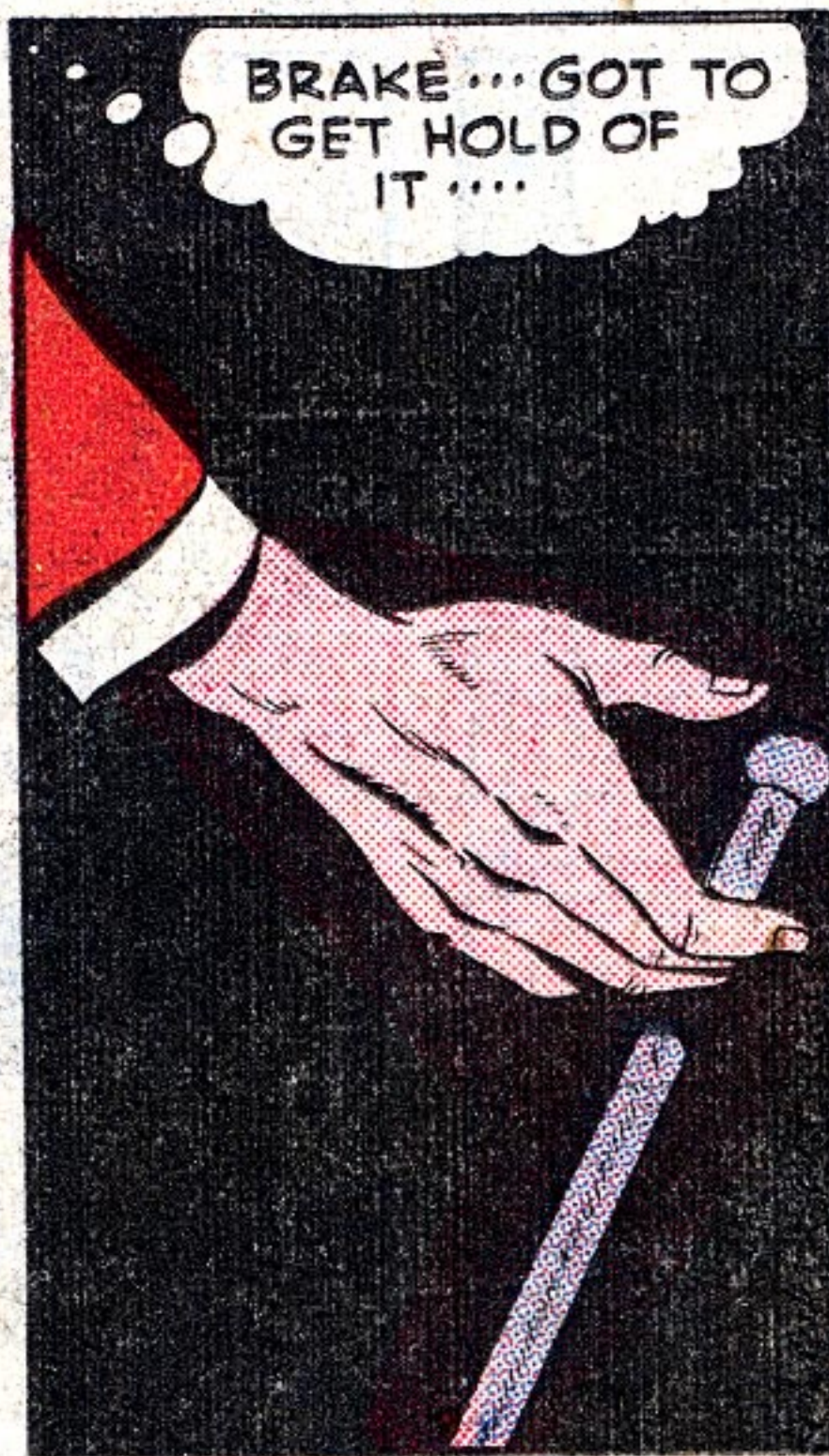
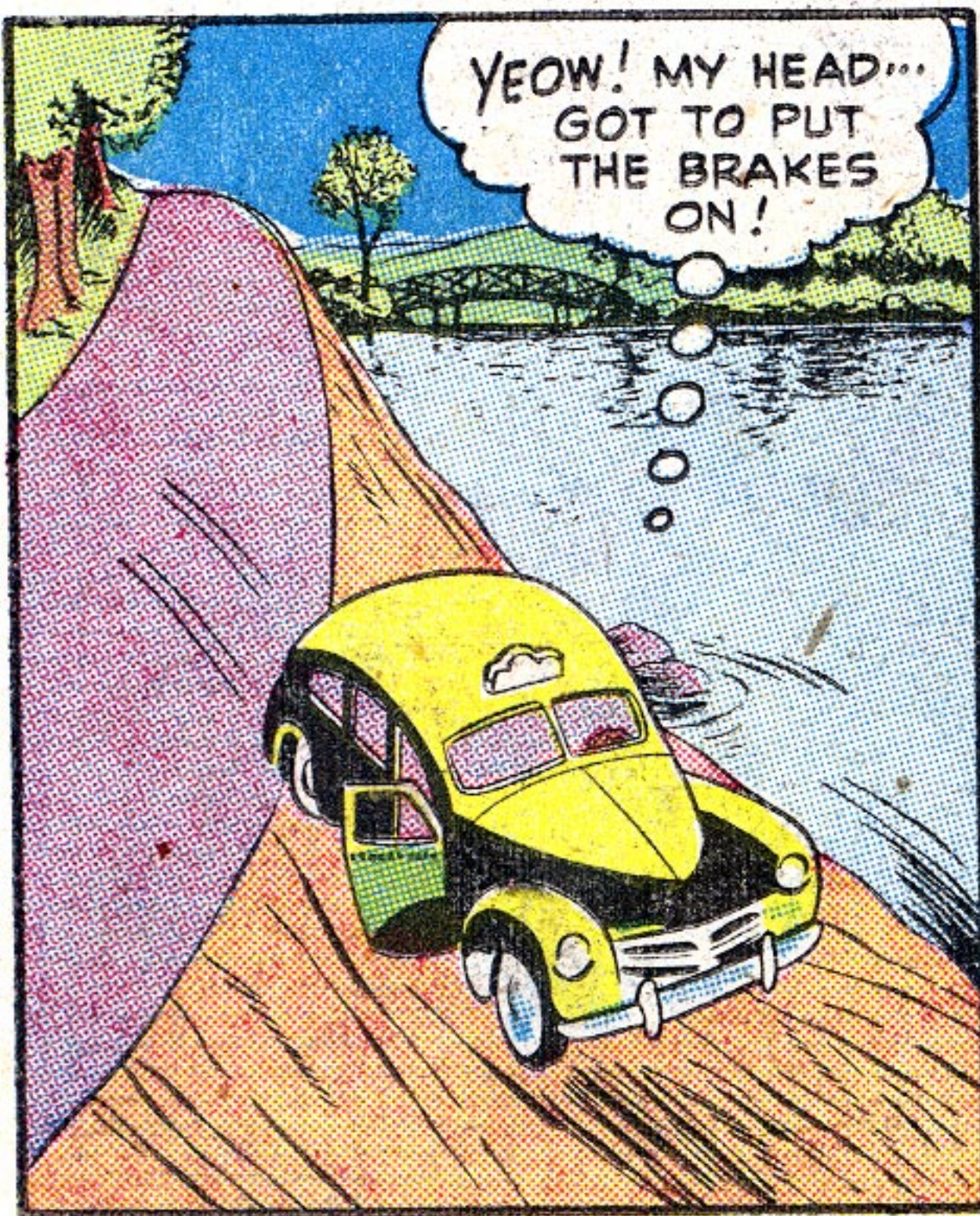
# HACK O'HARA



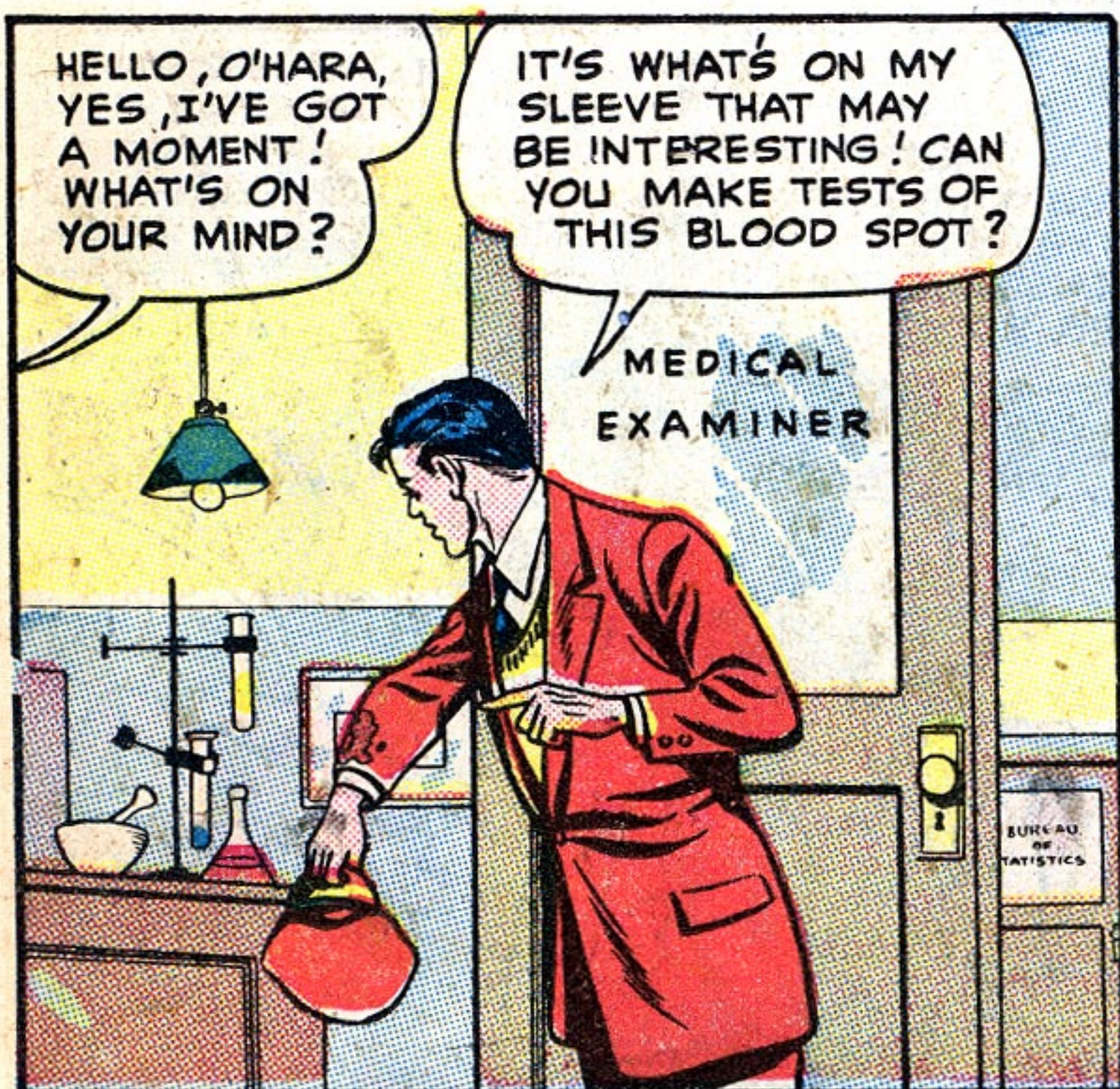








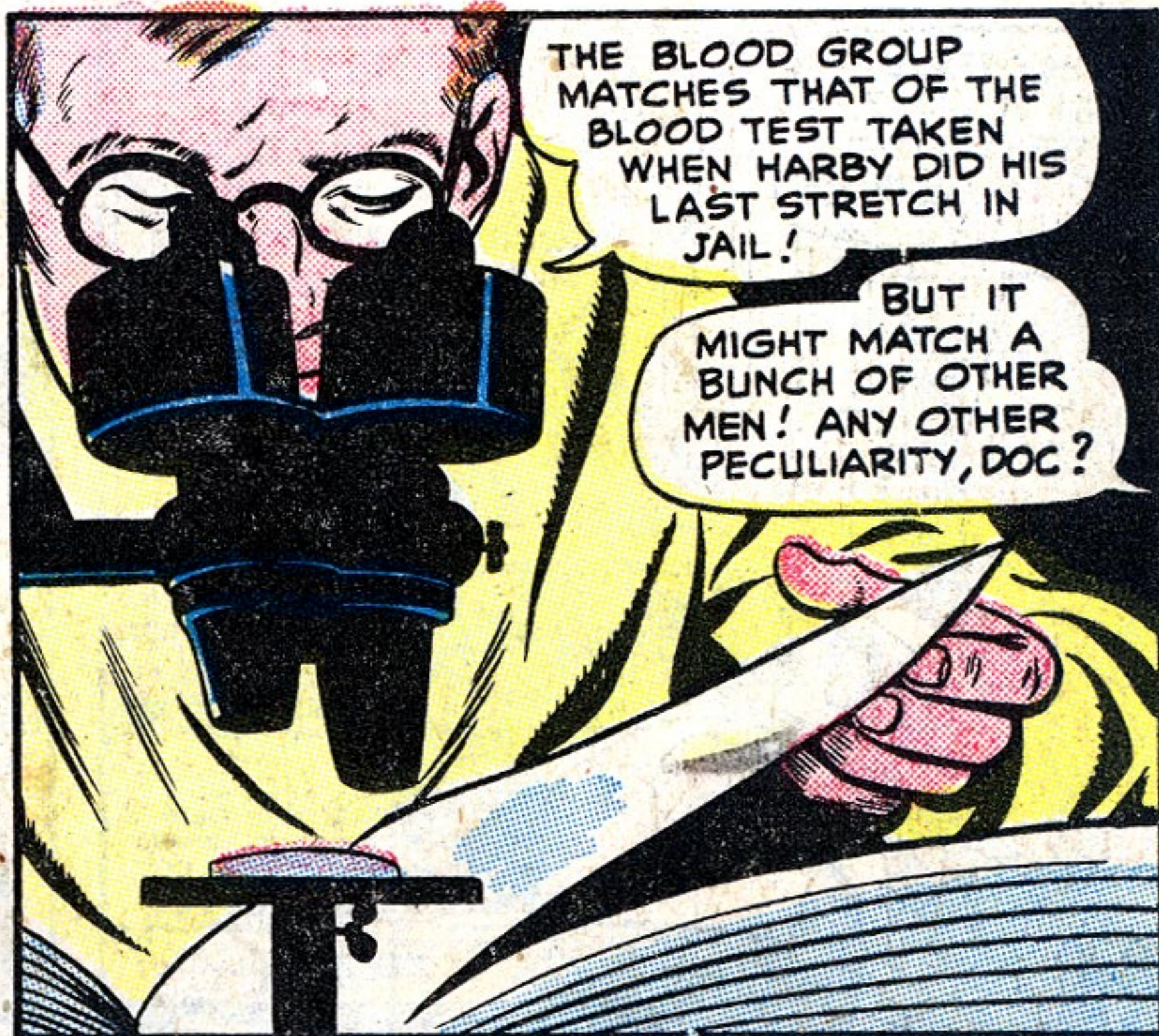




HELLO, O'HARA,  
YES, I'VE GOT  
A MOMENT!  
WHAT'S ON  
YOUR MIND?

IT'S WHAT'S ON MY  
SLEEVE THAT MAY  
BE INTERESTING! CAN  
YOU MAKE TESTS OF  
THIS BLOOD SPOT?

MEDICAL  
EXAMINER



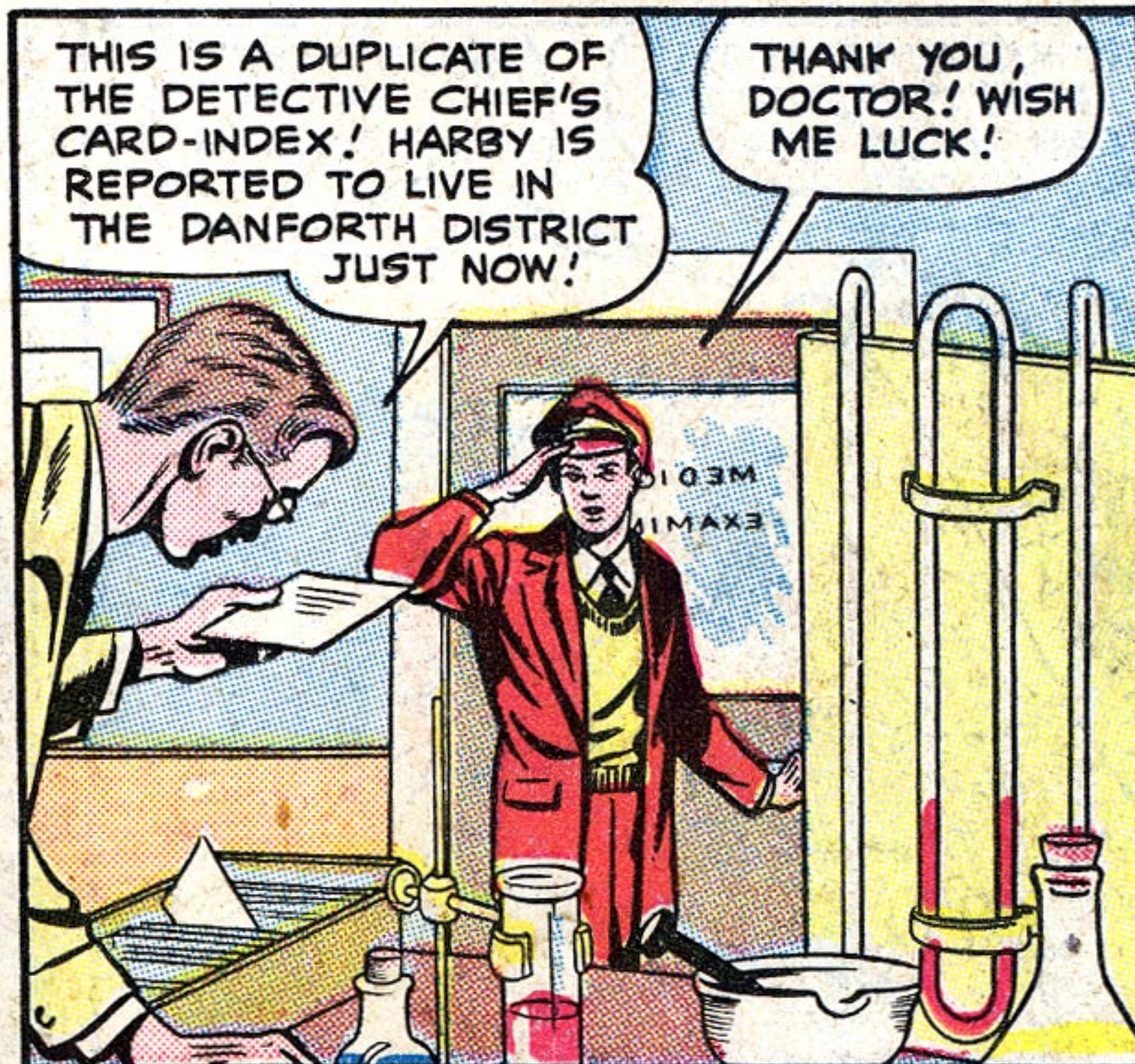
THE BLOOD GROUP  
MATCHES THAT OF THE  
BLOOD TEST TAKEN  
WHEN HARBY DID HIS  
LAST STRETCH IN  
JAIL!

BUT IT  
MIGHT MATCH A  
BUNCH OF OTHER  
MEN! ANY OTHER  
PECULIARITY, DOC?



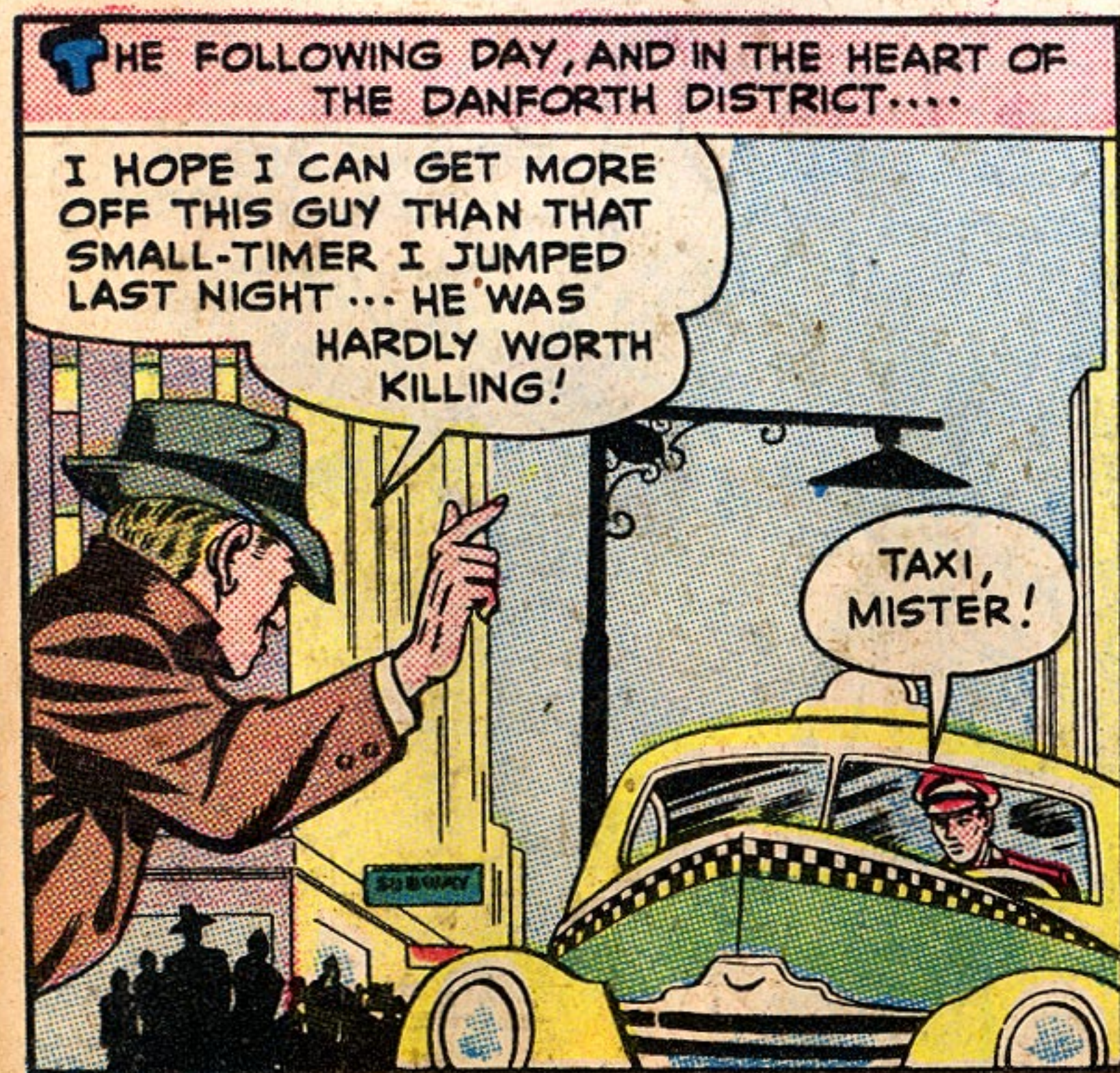
AND I GET TRACES OF  
MALARIA! HARBY HAD A  
CASE OF THAT A YEAR  
OR SO AGO! ONE OR  
TWO OTHER SIMILARITIES,  
TOO! WHY NOT TAKE  
THIS TO THE POLICE?

I'D KIND OF  
LIKE TO SETTLE  
WITH HIM MY  
OWN WAY! WHERE  
DOES HE HANG  
OUT?



THIS IS A DUPLICATE OF  
THE DETECTIVE CHIEF'S  
CARD-INDEX! HARBY IS  
REPORTED TO LIVE IN  
THE DANFORTH DISTRICT  
JUST NOW!

THANK YOU,  
DOCTOR! WISH  
ME LUCK!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AND IN THE HEART OF  
THE DANFORTH DISTRICT....

I HOPE I CAN GET MORE  
OFF THIS GUY THAN THAT  
SMALL-TIMER I JUMPED  
LAST NIGHT ... HE WAS  
HARDLY WORTH  
KILLING!

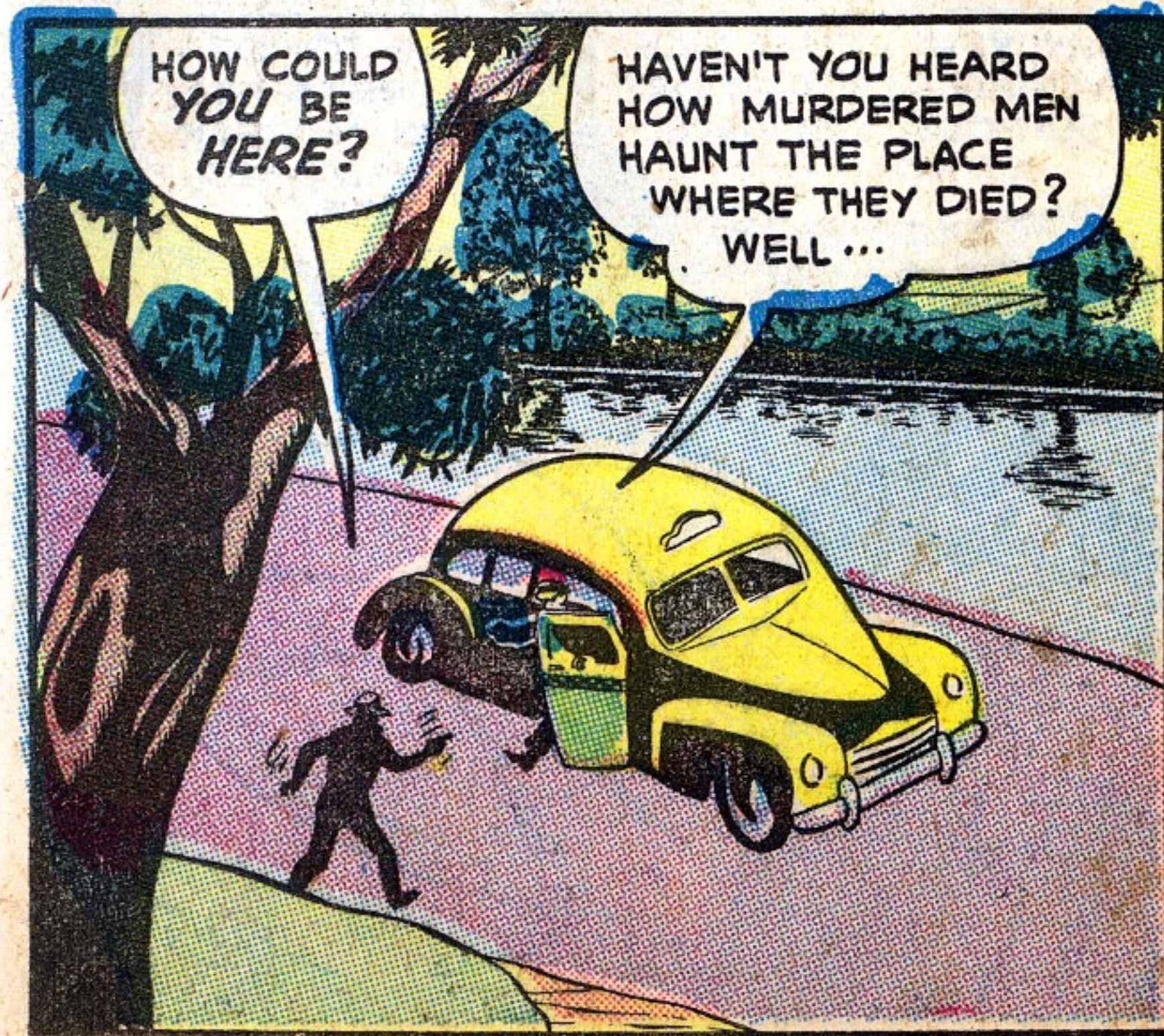
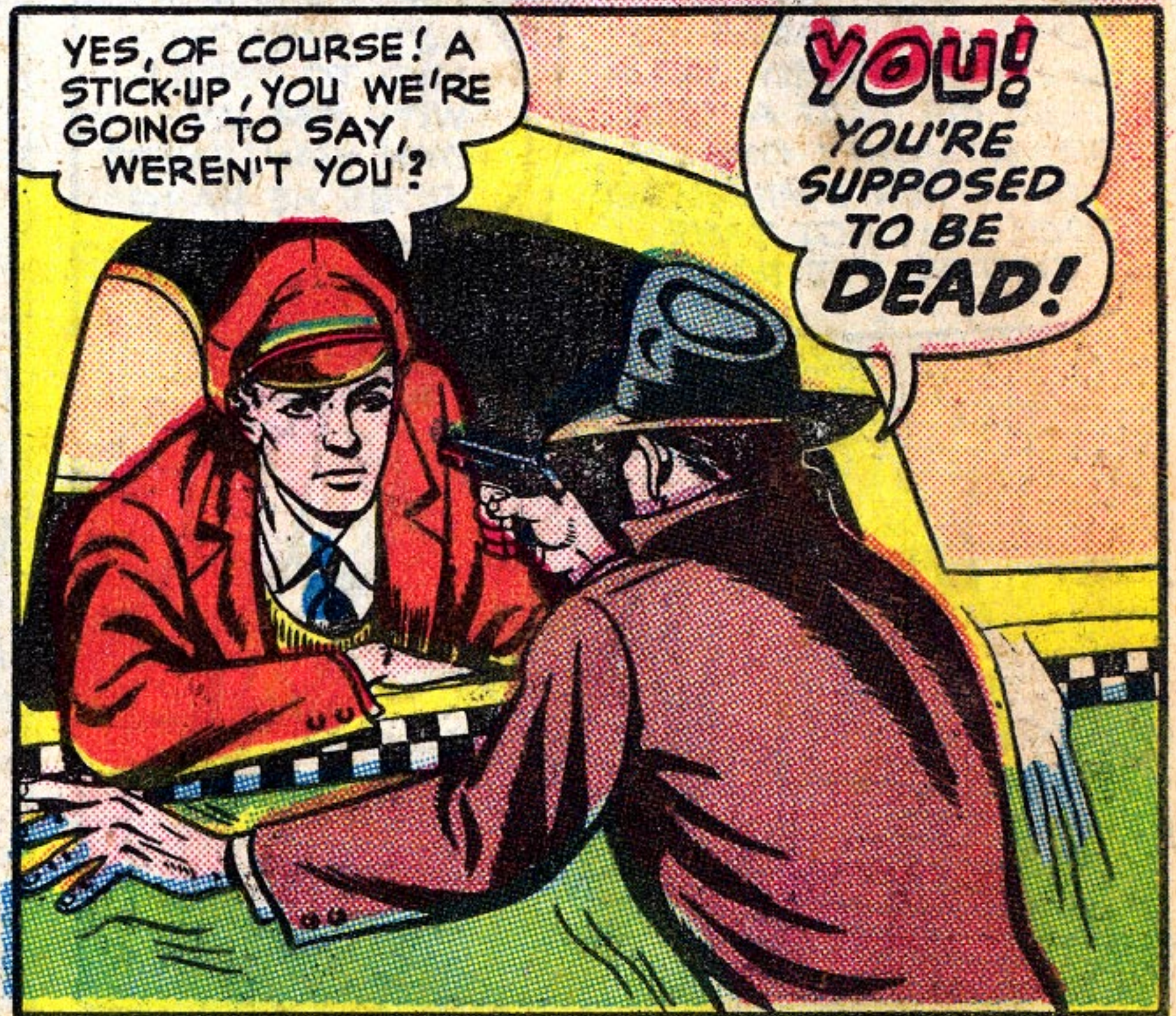
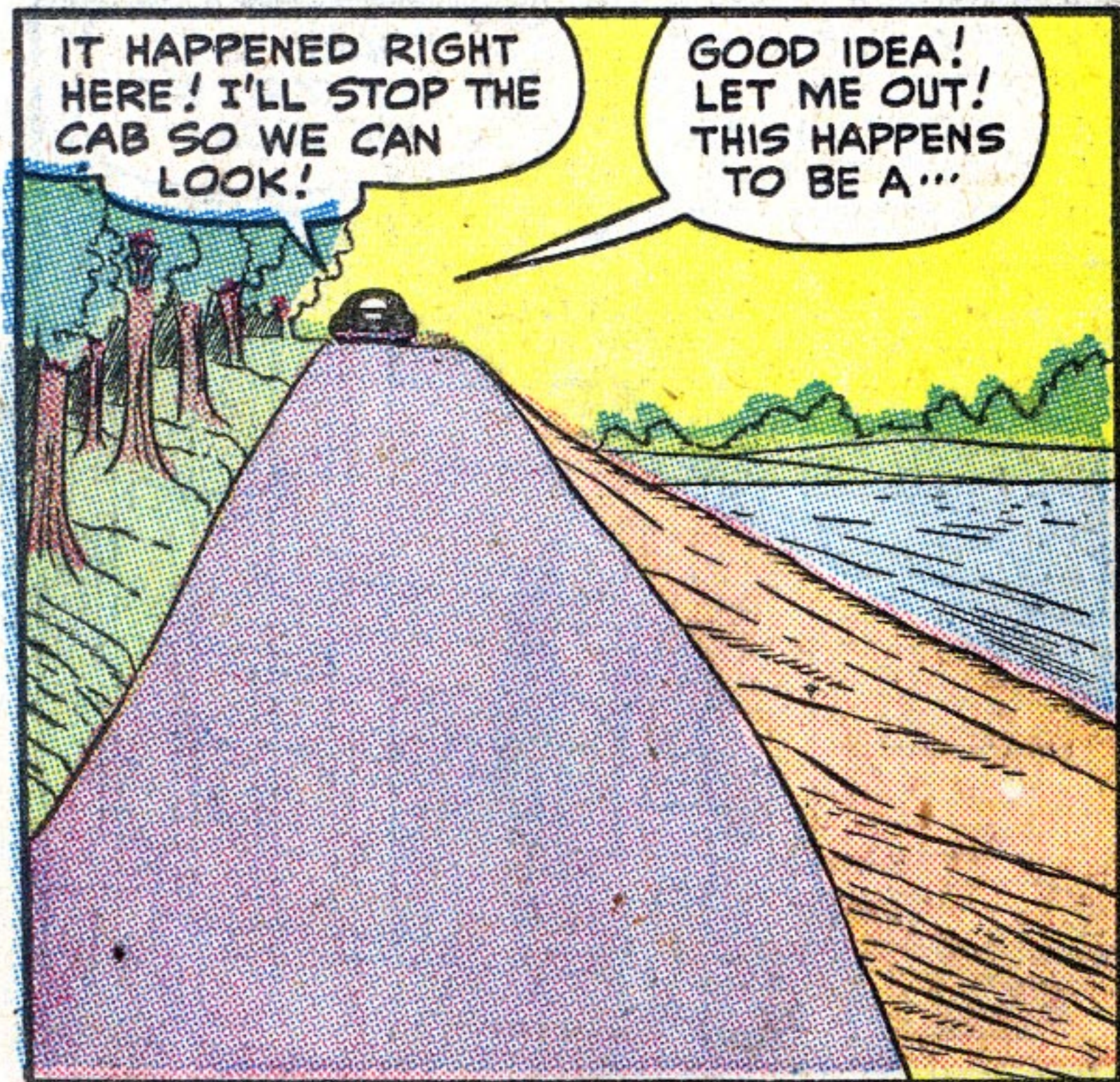
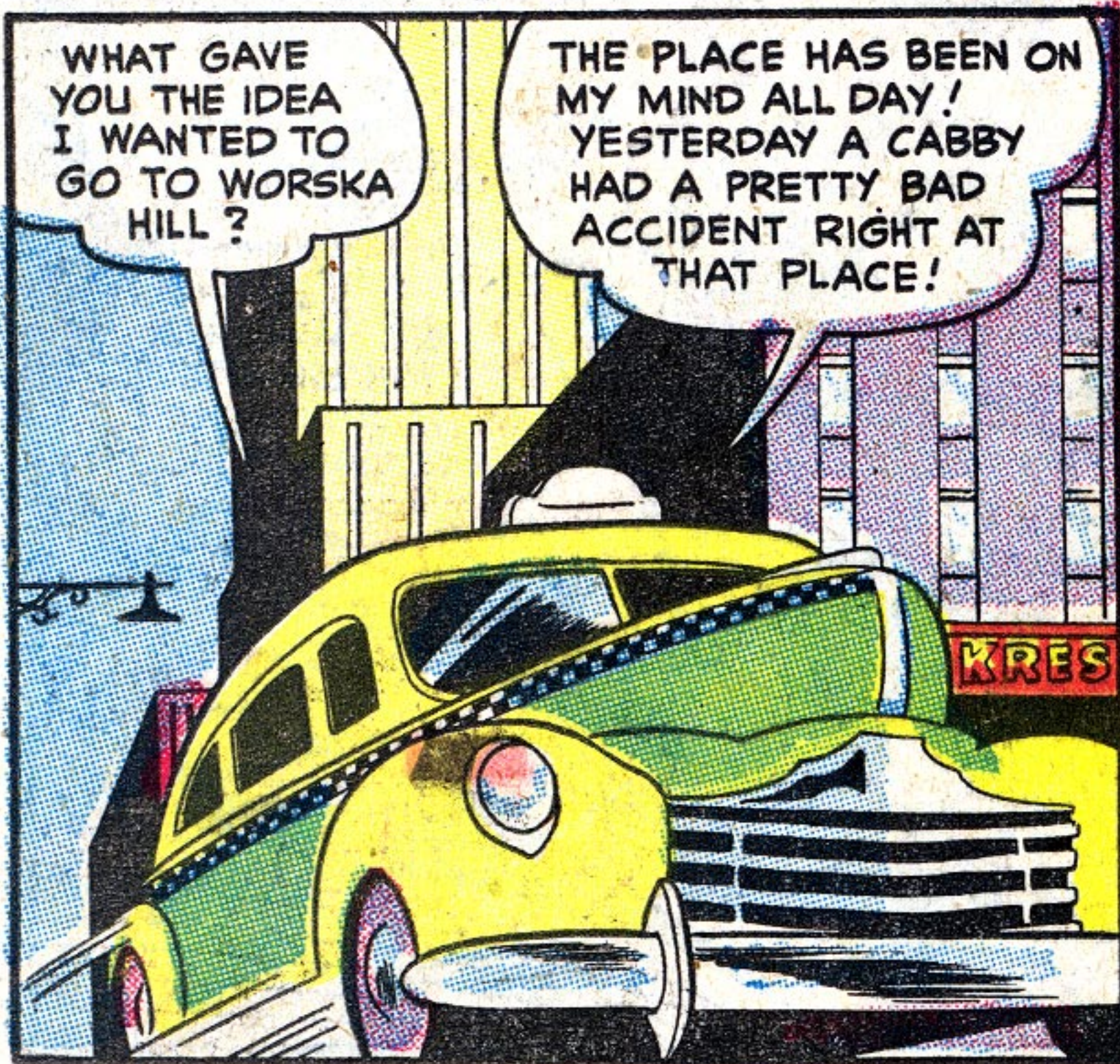
TAXI,  
MISTER!



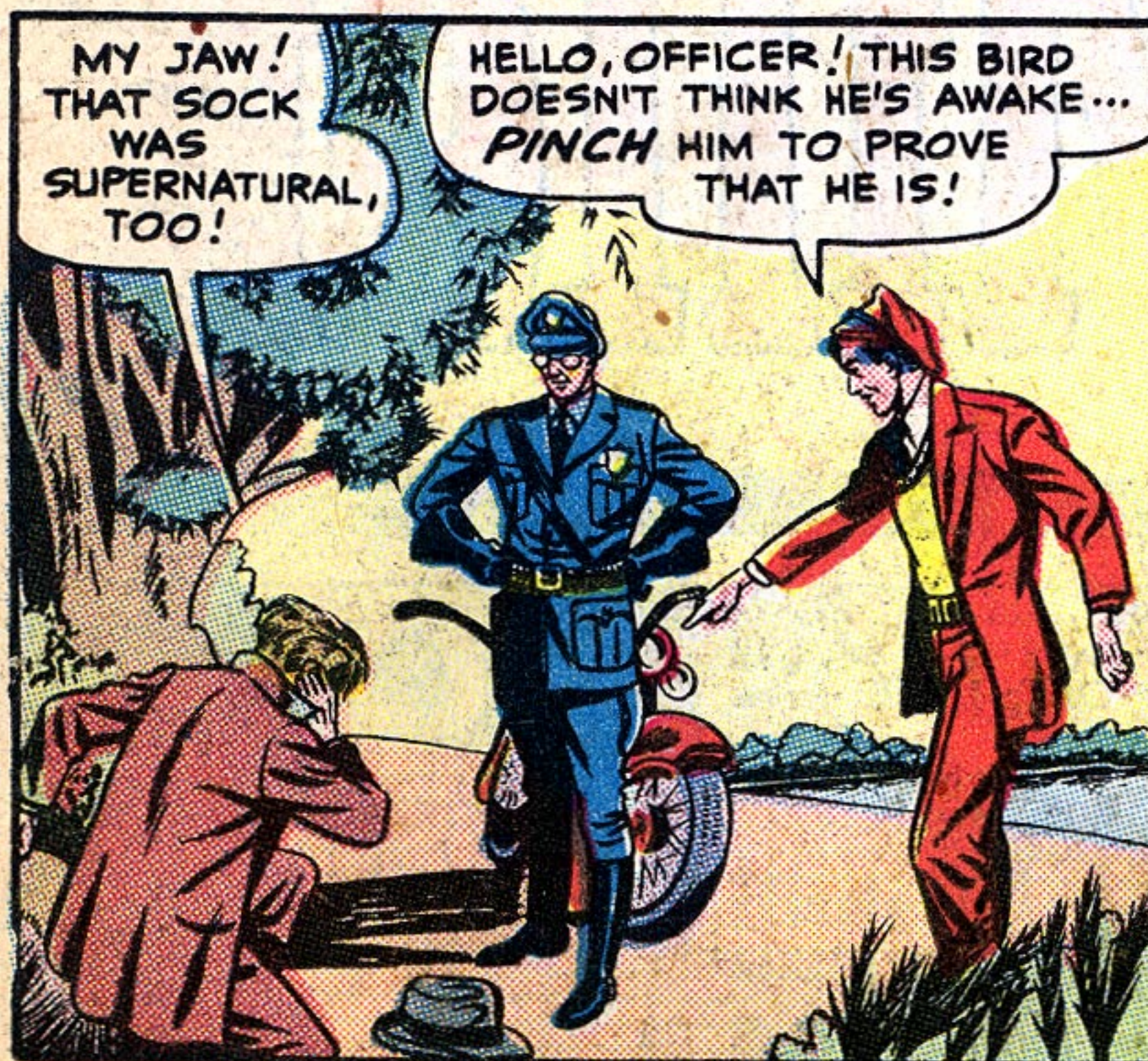
WHY, YES. IT'S A NICE  
EVENING FOR A DRIVE!  
SUPPOSE YOU TAKE  
ME TO ....

THE TOP OF  
WORSKA HILL  
ON MORGAN  
ROAD? YES,  
SIR!











THERE IT IS, CHOP... ANOTHER LINK  
IN THE CHAIN TIGHTENING AROUND  
SPIKE MARLIN'S NECK! HOW  
DO YOU LIKE IT?

WHEW! STILP  
PLENTY HOT, MIST'  
MILLER! ME LIKE IT  
FINE, BUT SPIKE  
MARLIN NO LIKE  
ONE BIT!

# Pen Miller

By Klaus

ONE MORE INSTALLMENT, AND MR.  
MARLIN'S SMUGGLING DAYS ARE  
OVER! DROP THE STRIP OFF AT THE  
OFFICE, WILL YOU, CHOP?

OKAY!

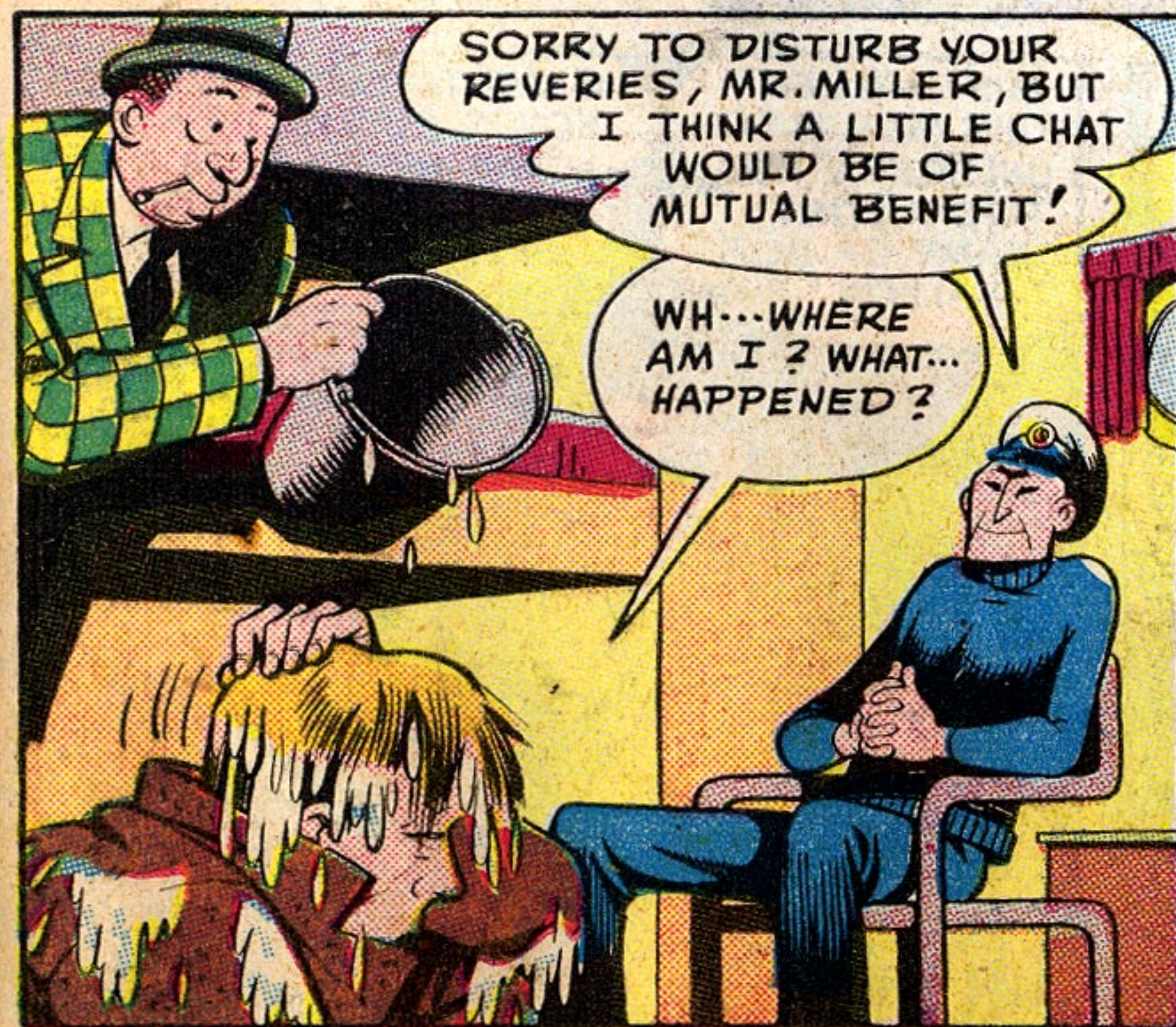
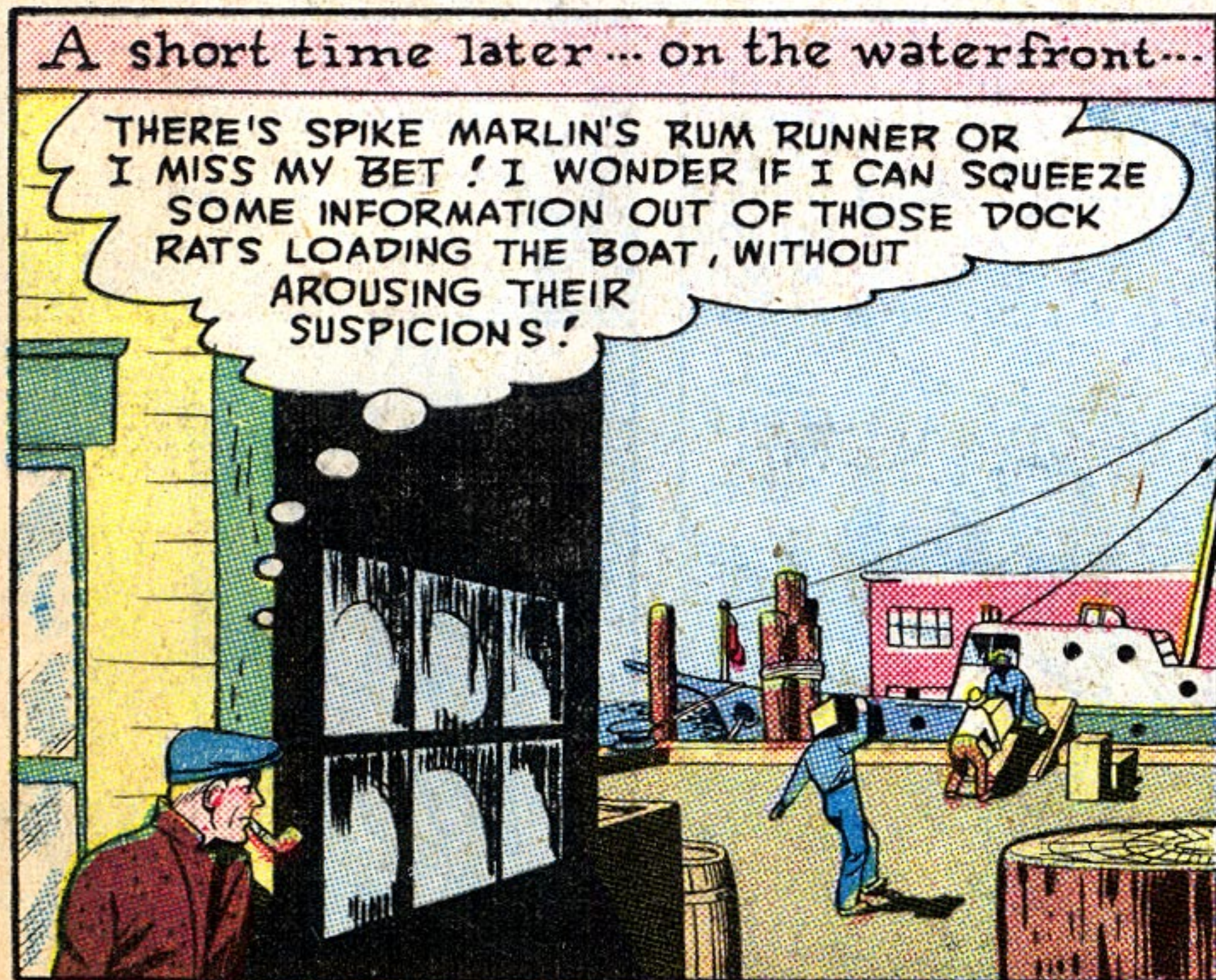
HERE HE COMES NOW,  
CHUCK! NOW DON'T  
FORGET... TAG 'IM ONCE,  
AND NO NOISE!  
GET IT?

YOU JUST HANDLE  
YOUR END, PETE!  
WHEN IT COMES TO  
SLUGGIN', I KNOW  
MY BUSINESS!

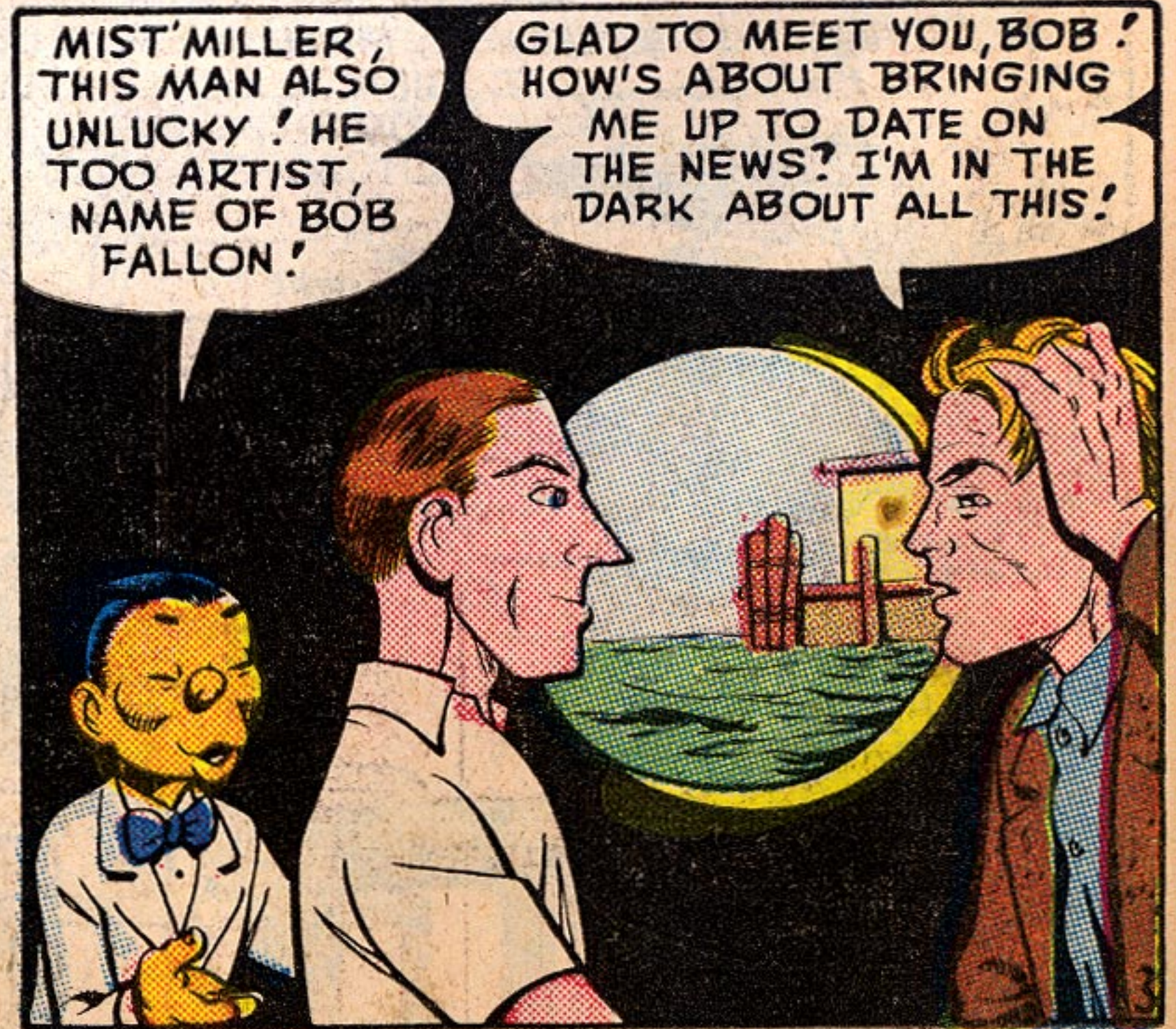
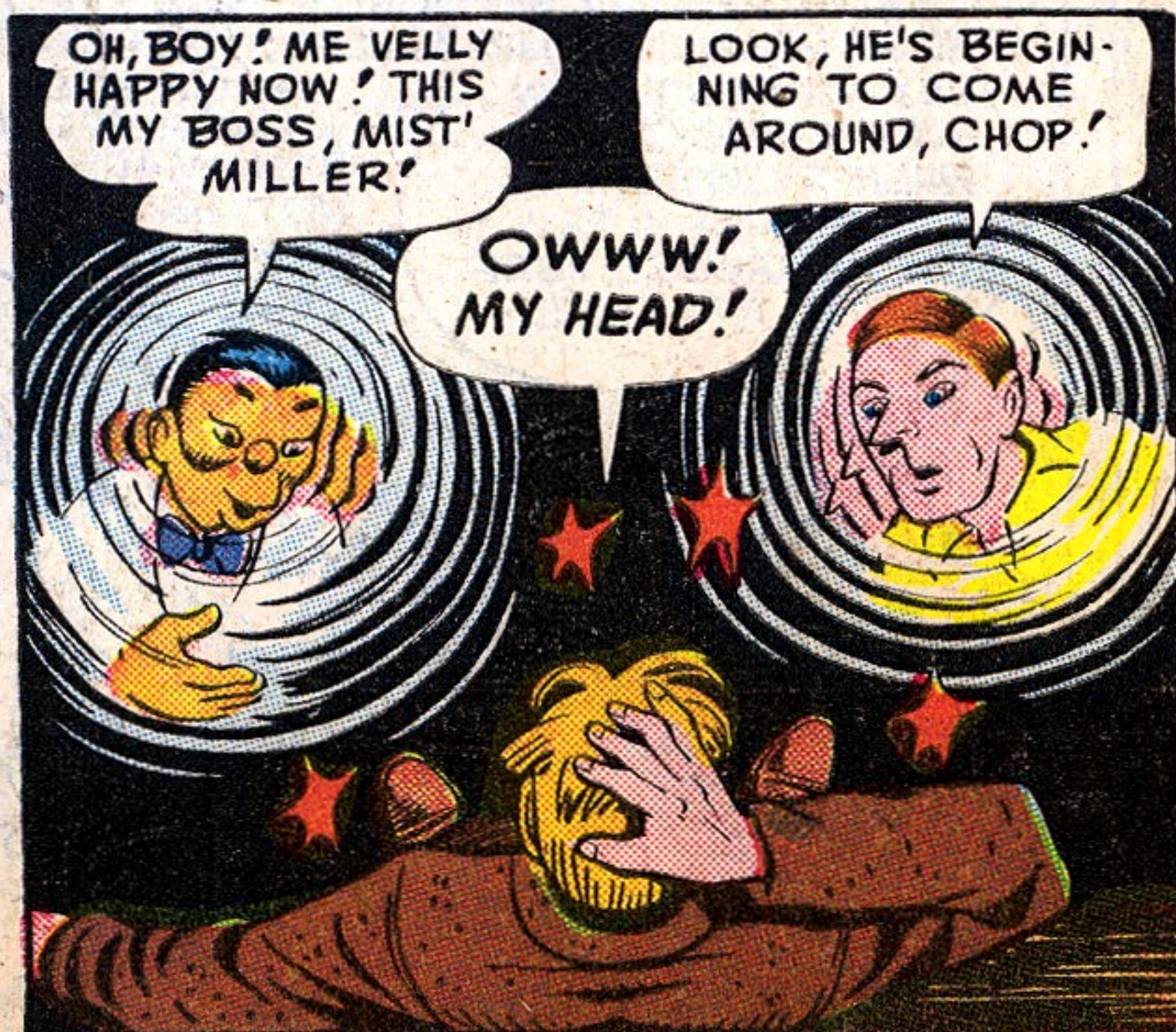
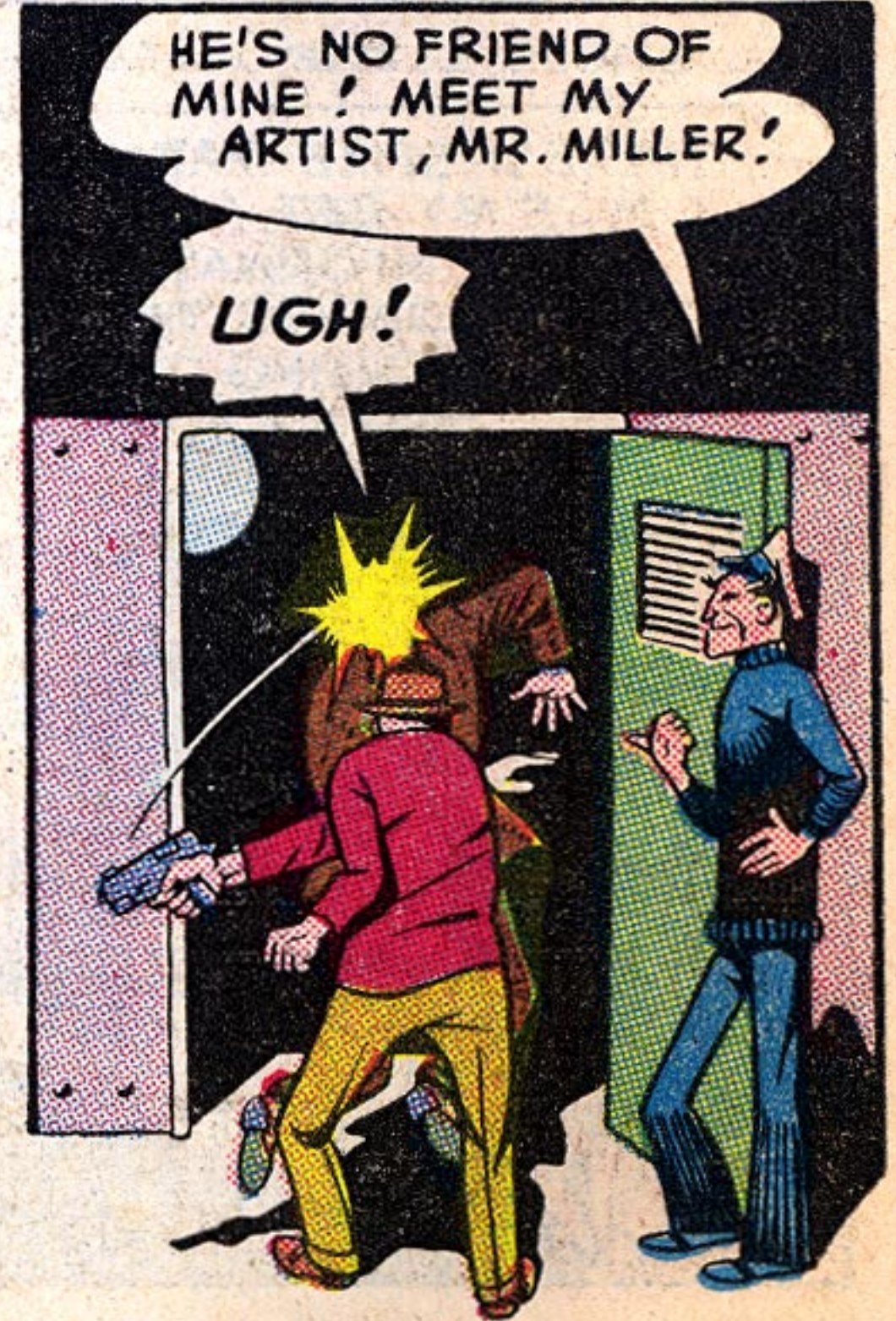
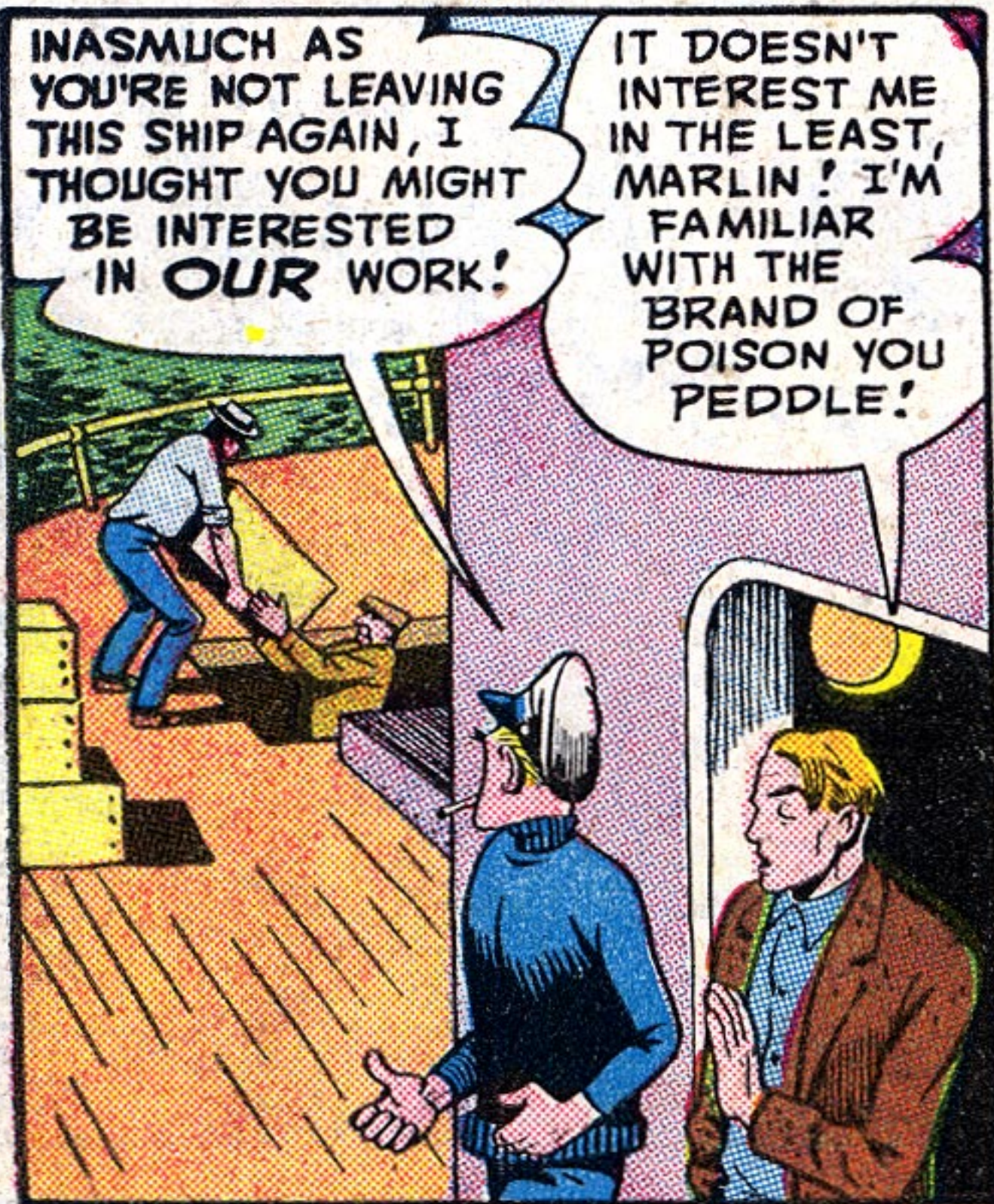
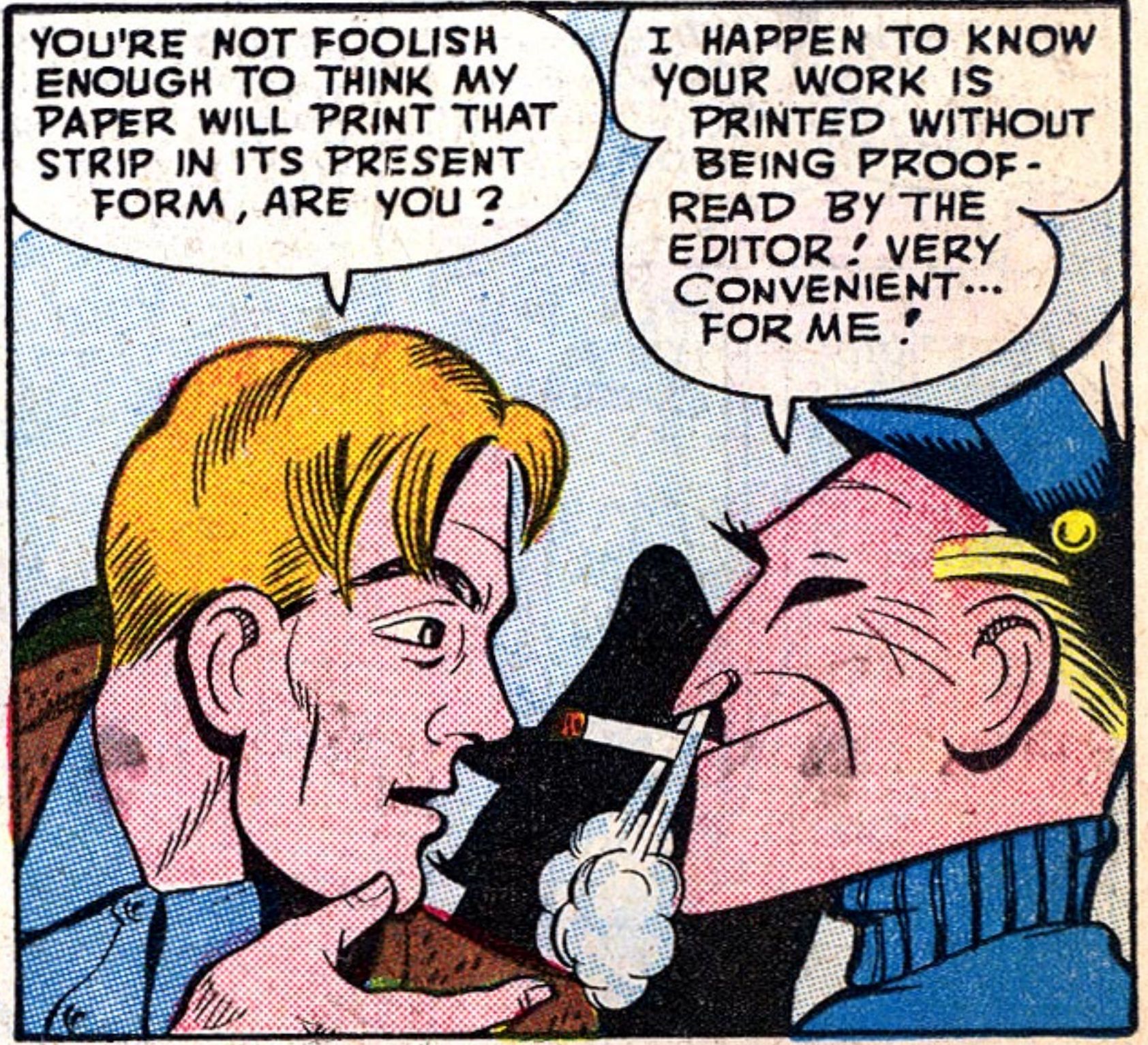
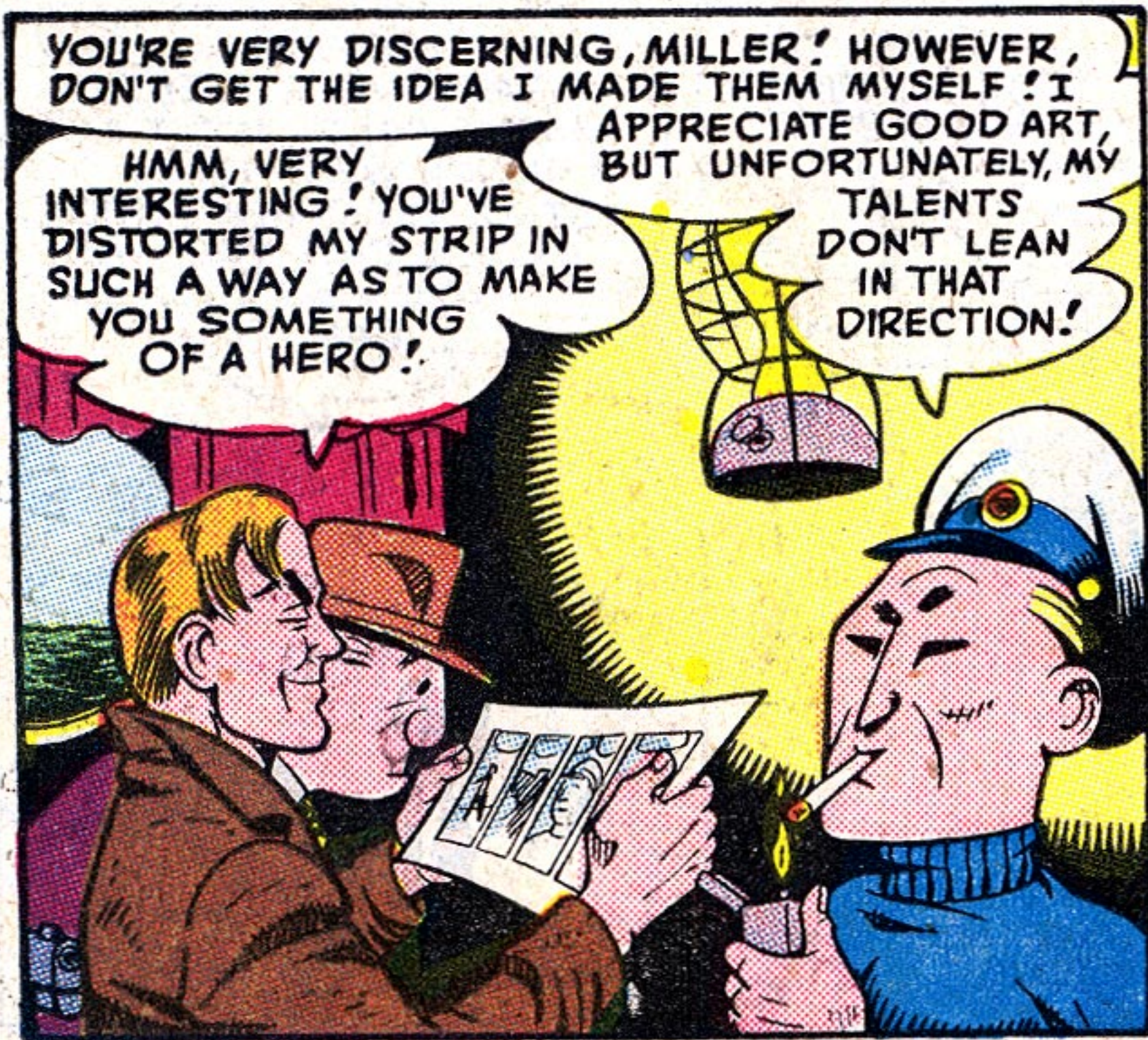
HEY, BUDDY, HOW  
DO I GET TO  
PIER 6?

WHAT?  
...OH, SURE!



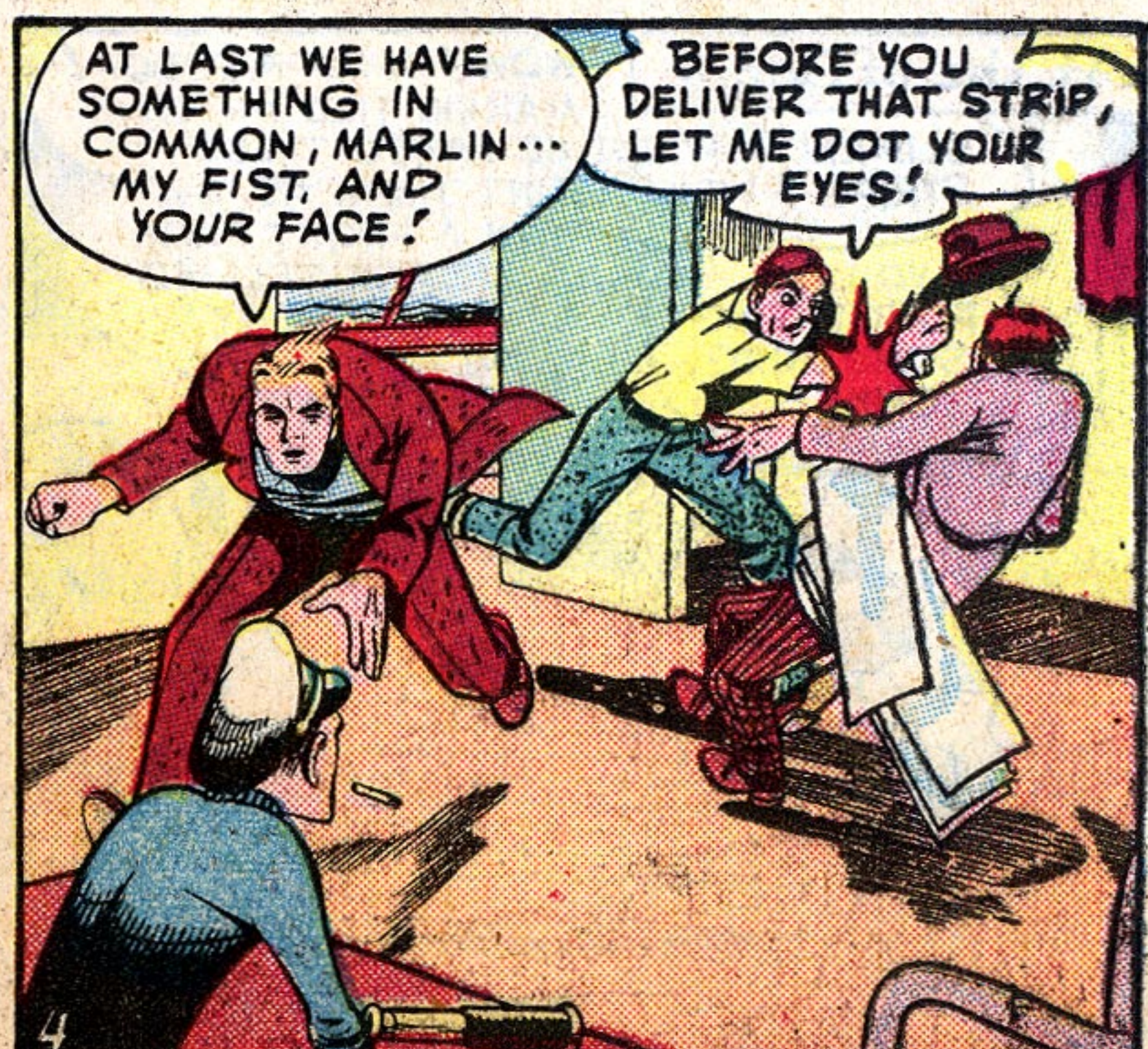
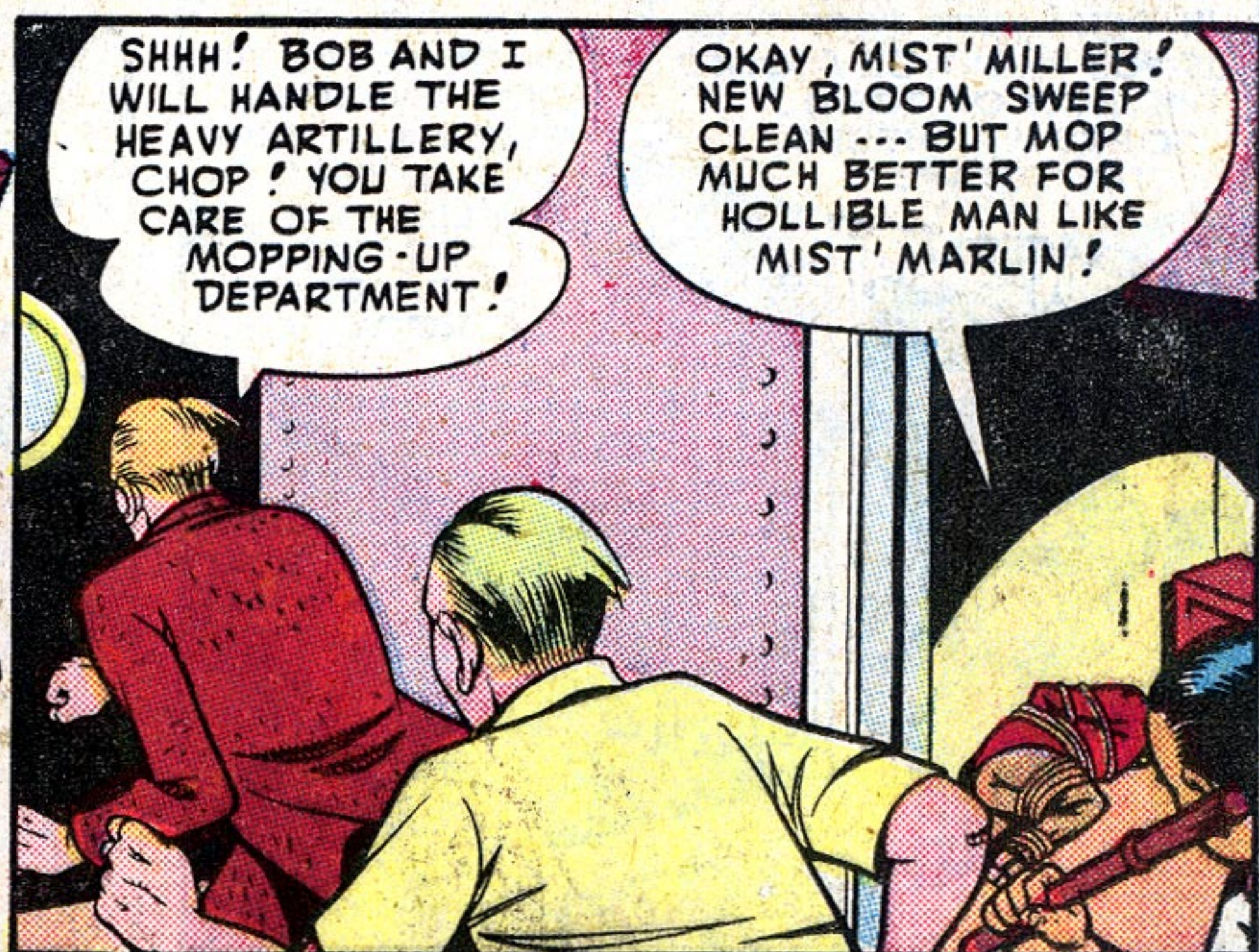
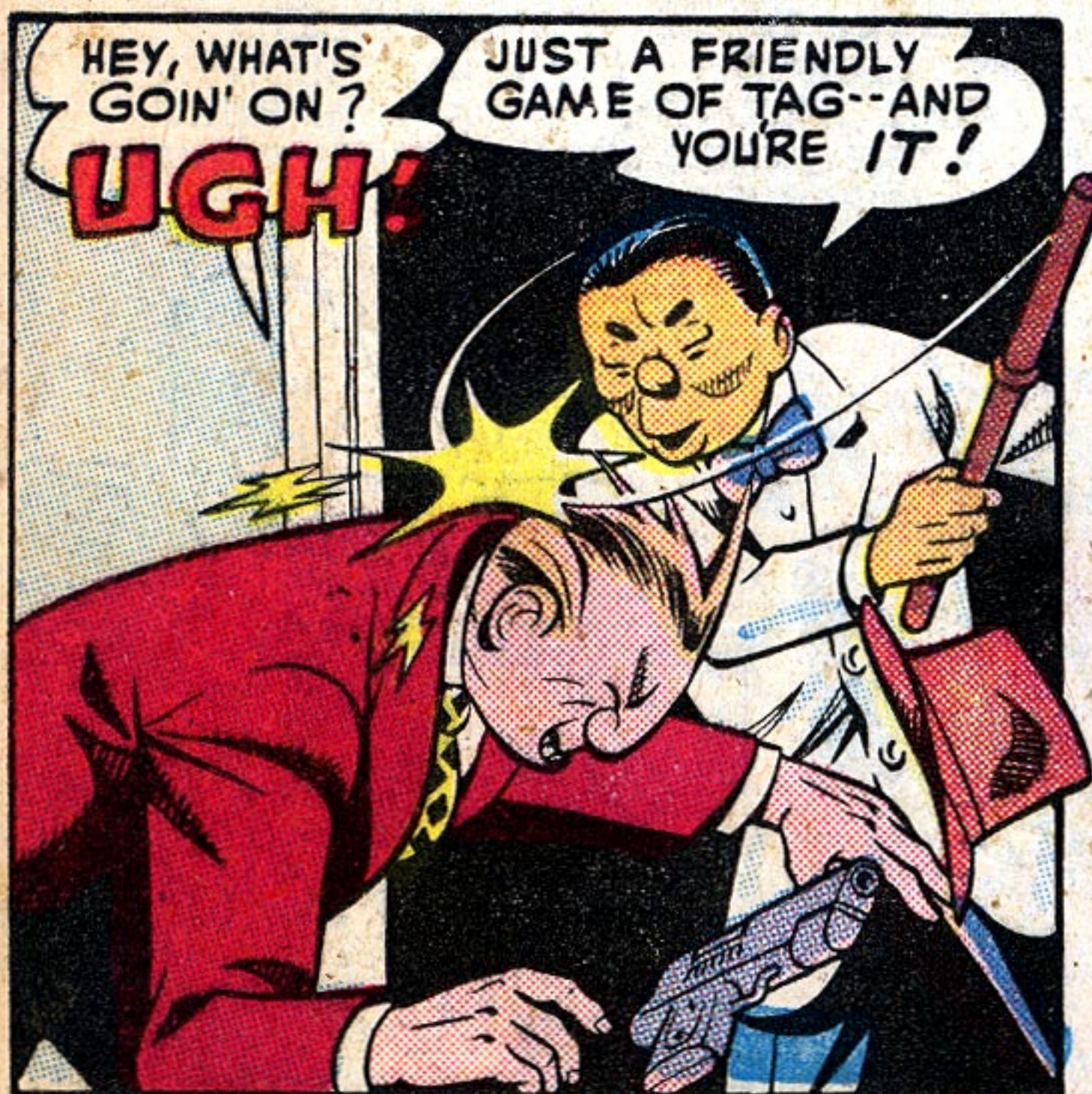
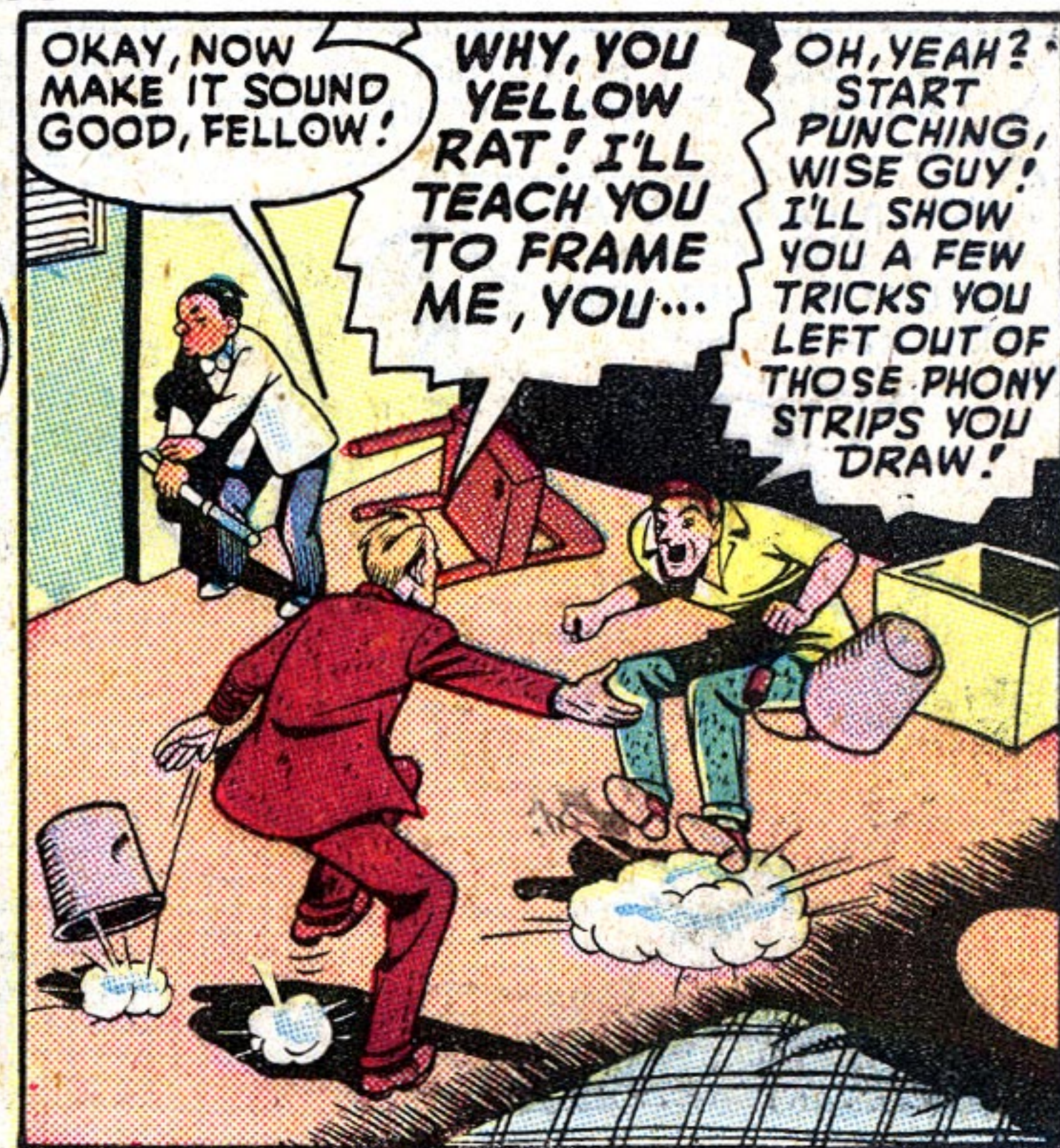




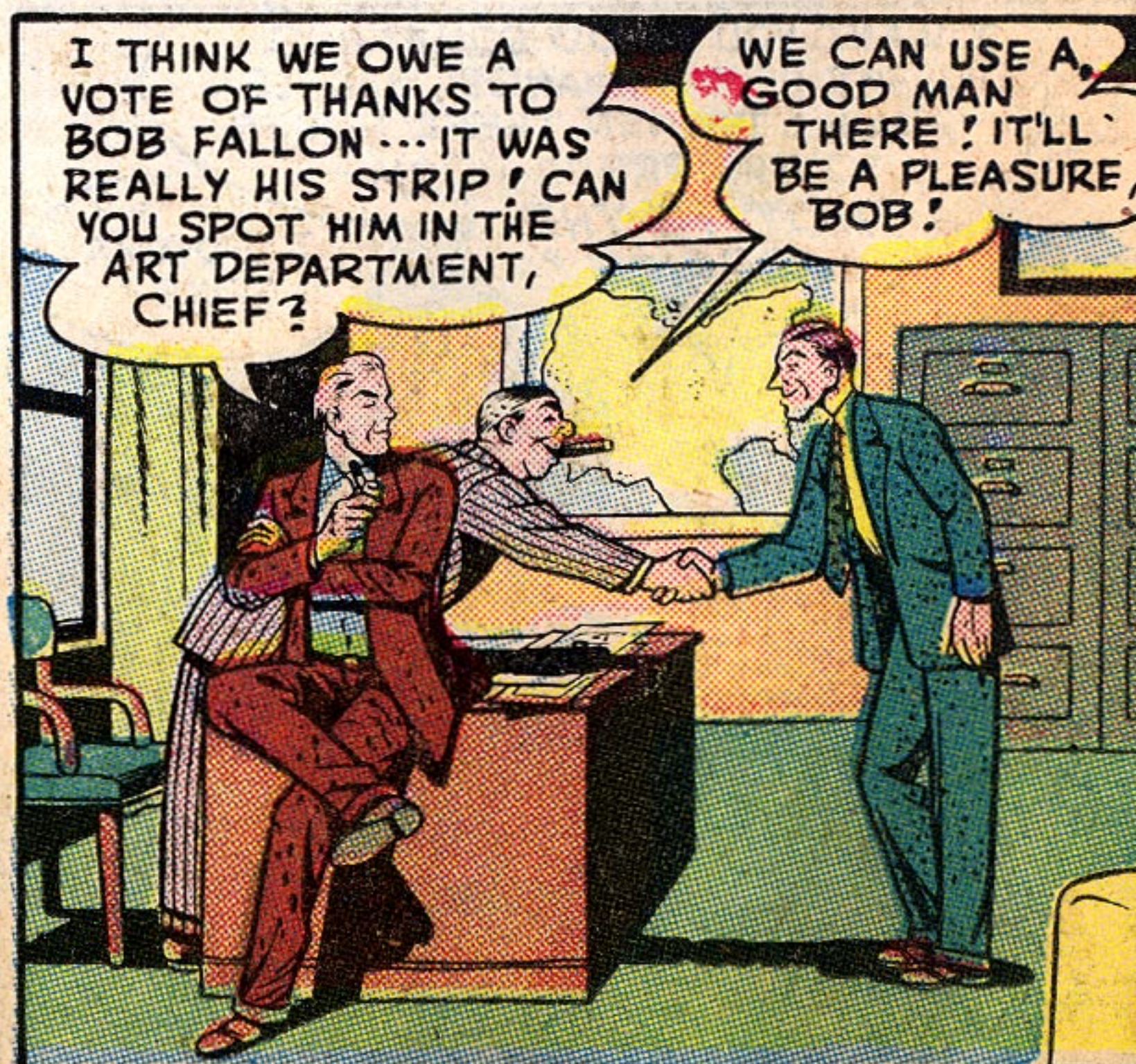
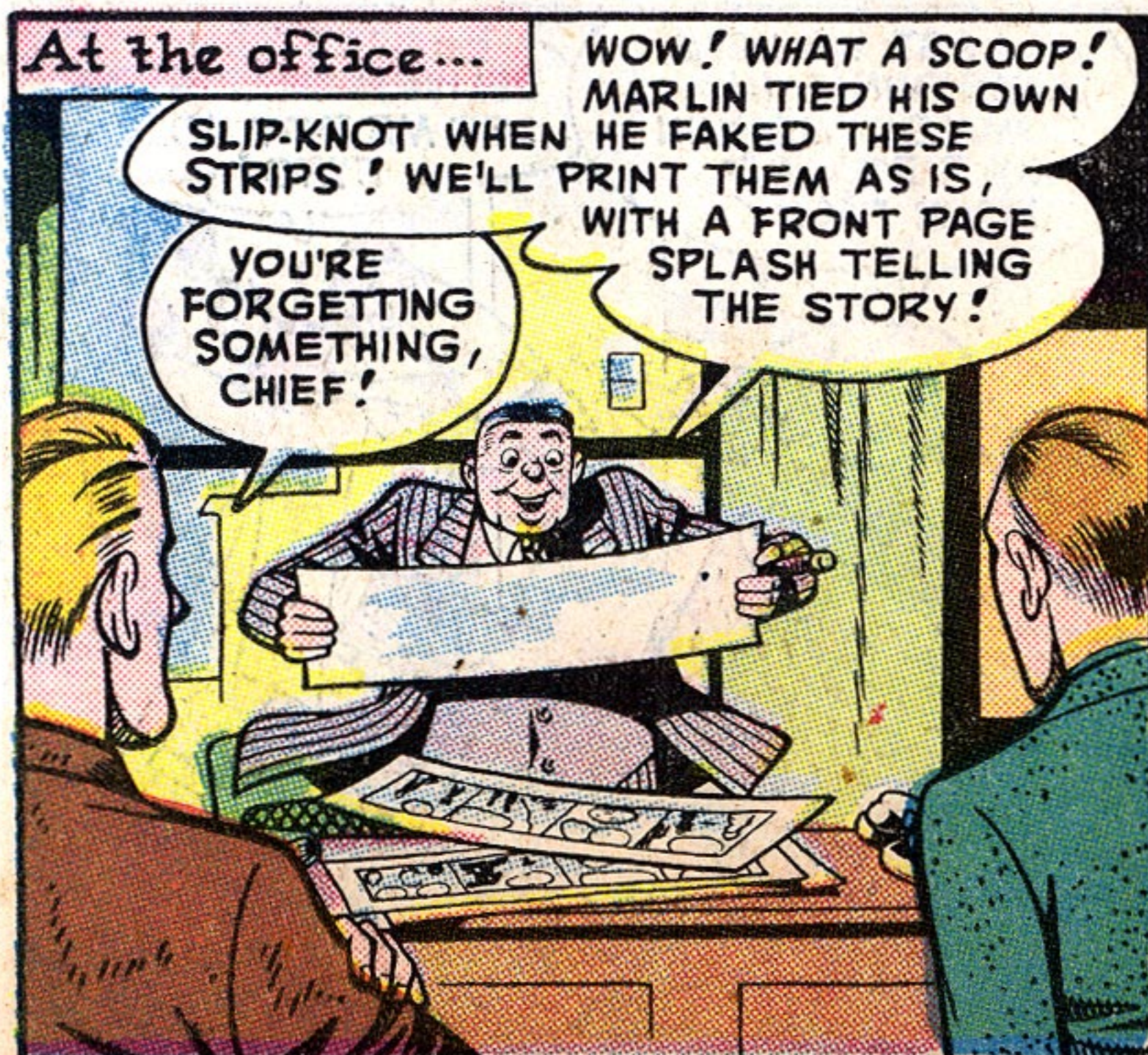
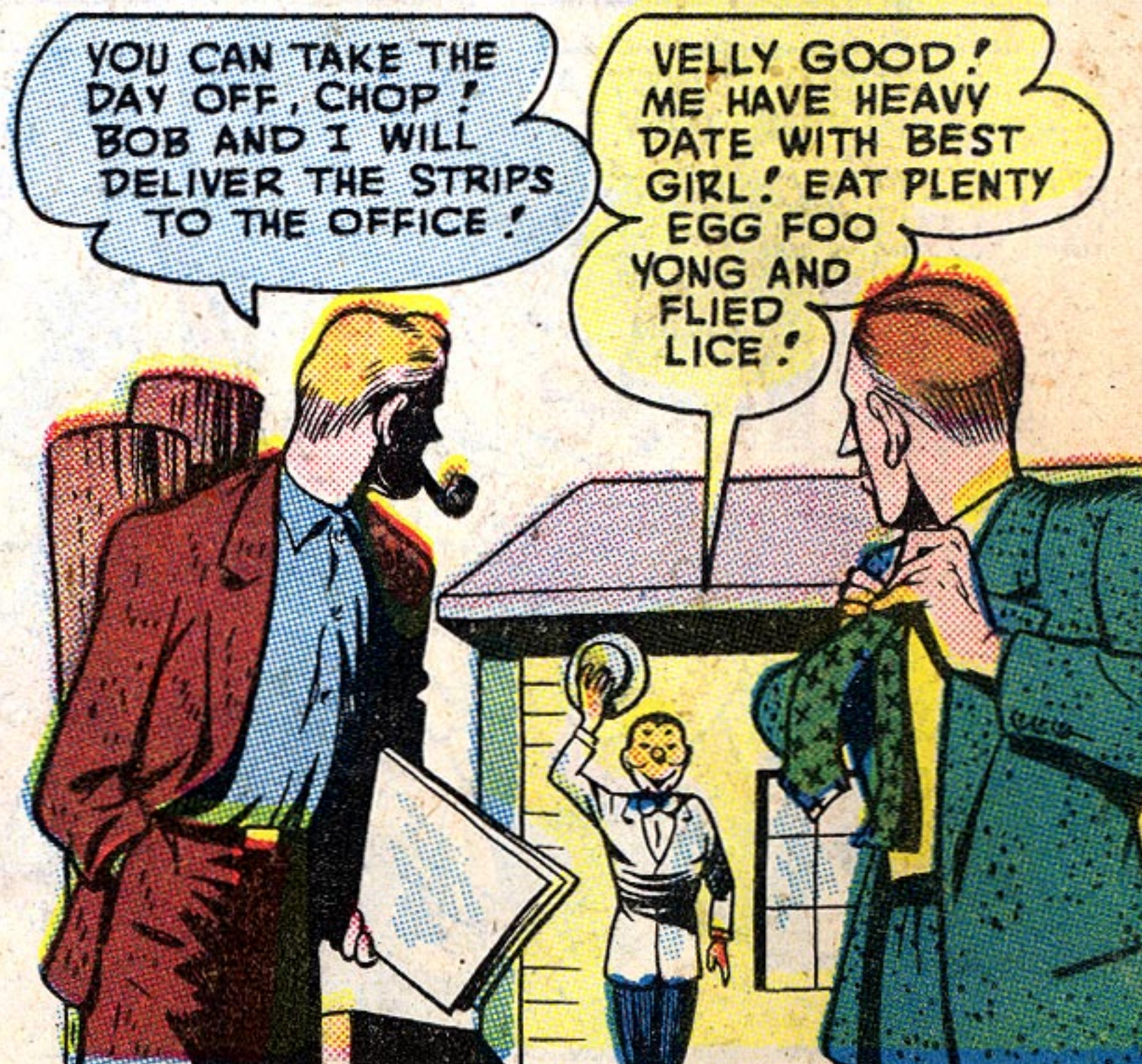
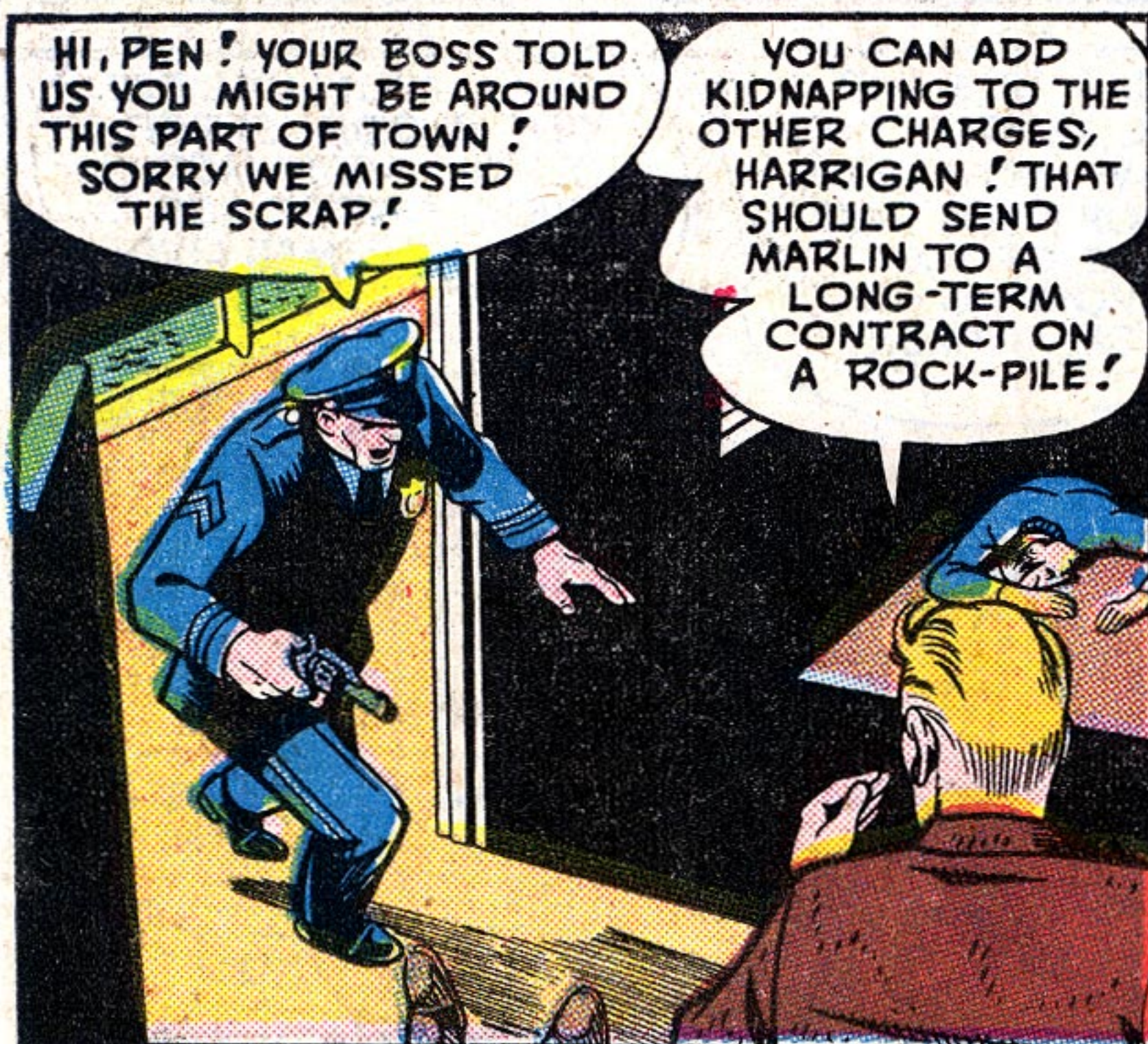
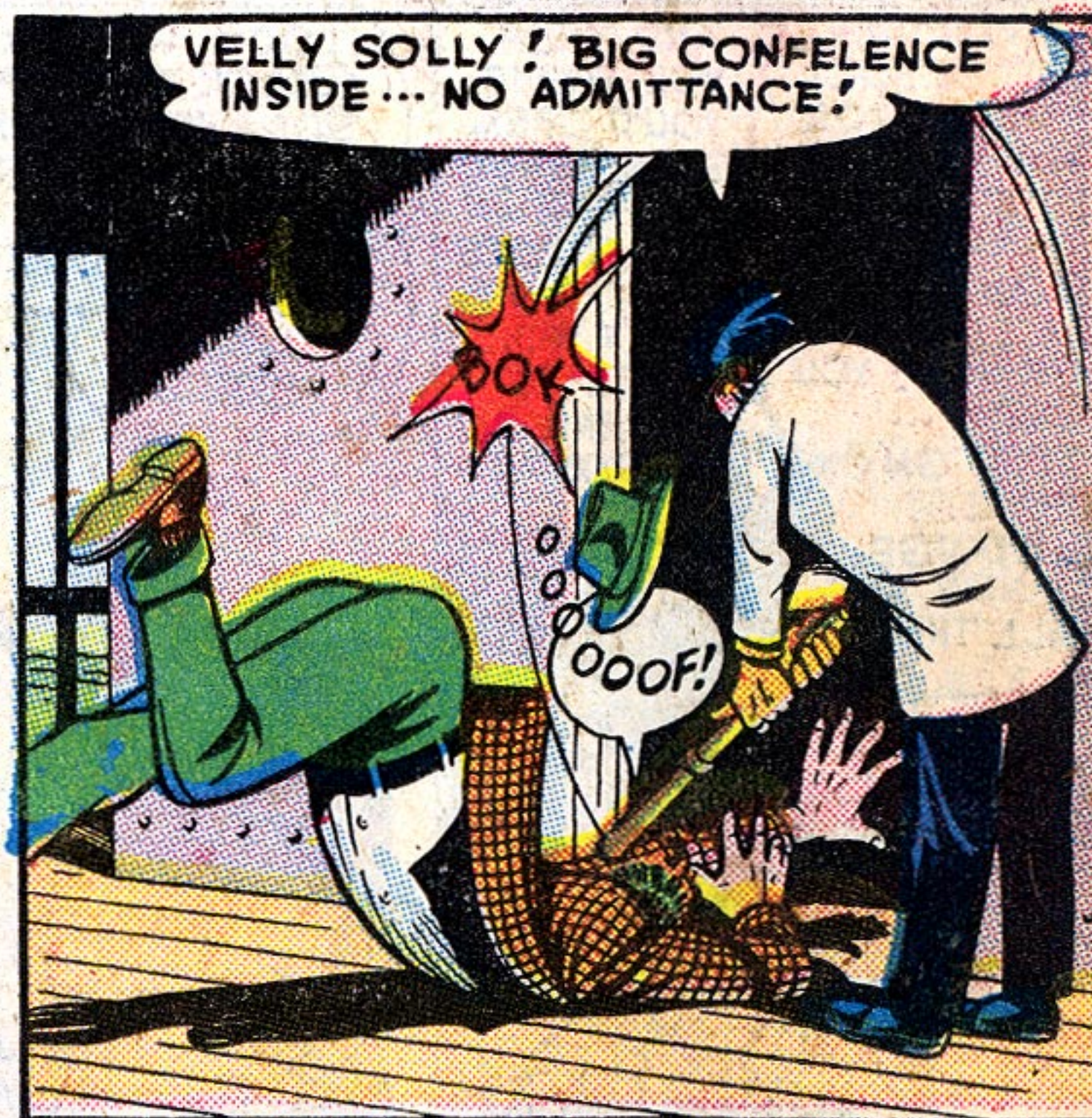
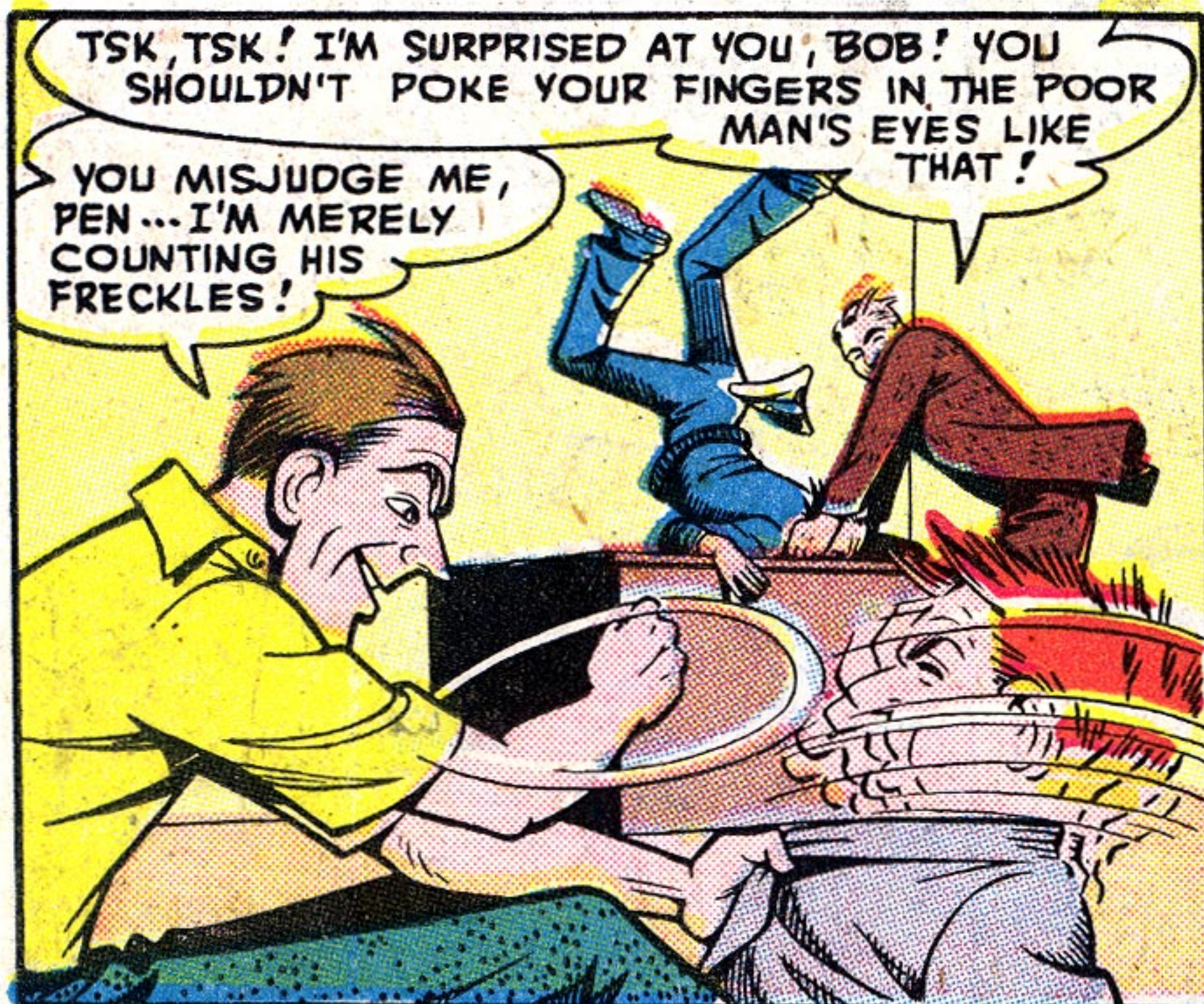




# CRACK COMICS



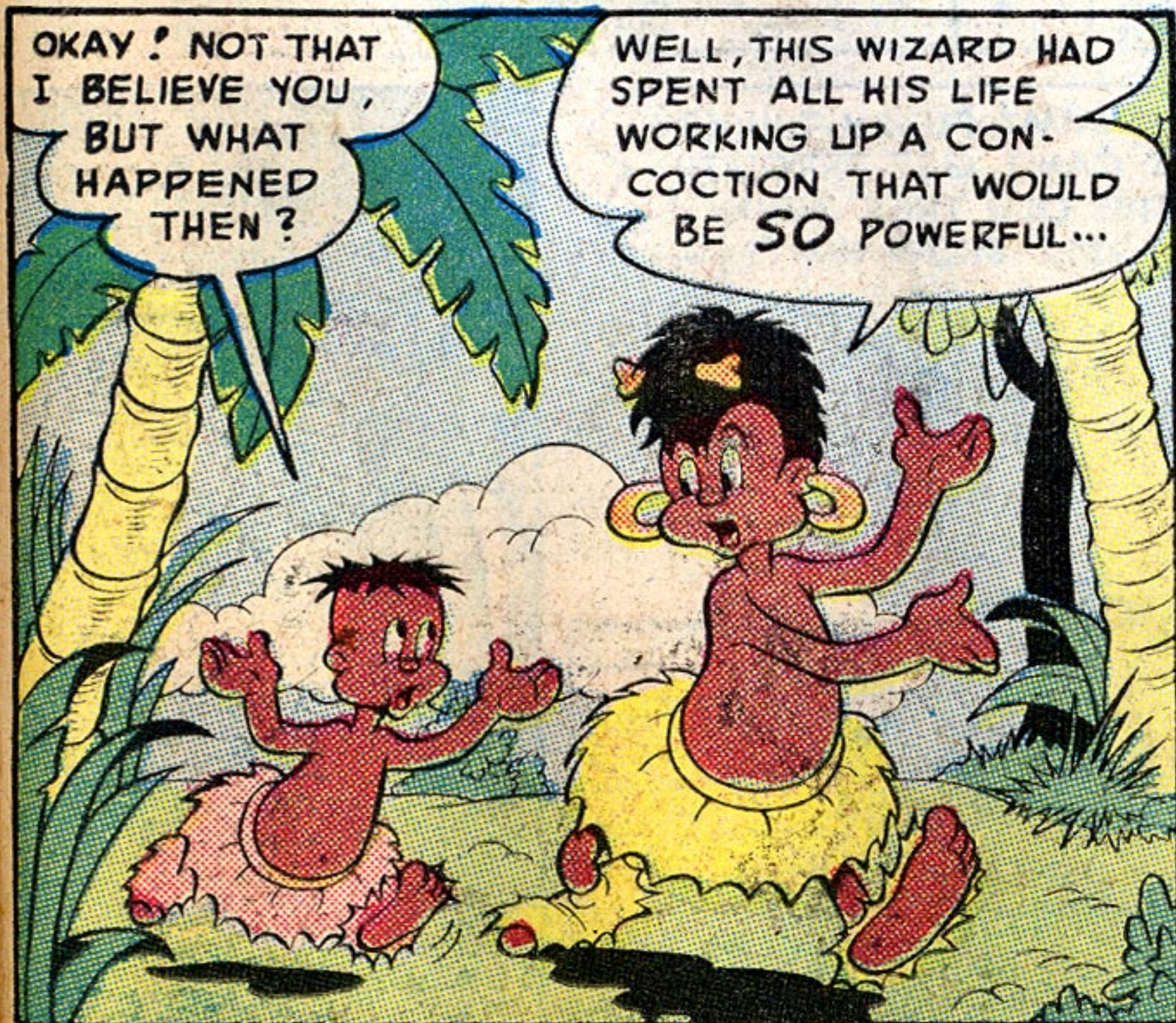
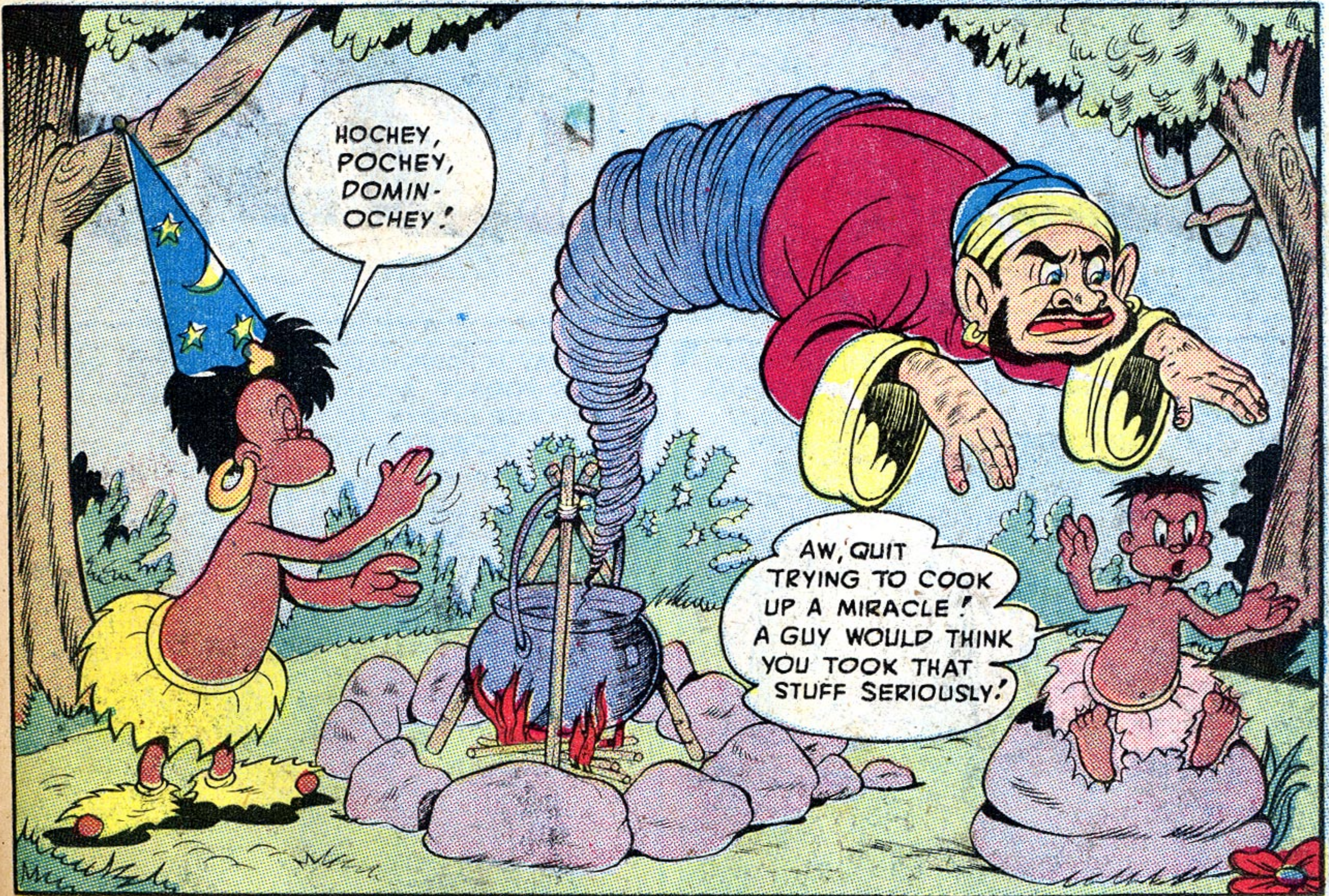






# FLOOGY

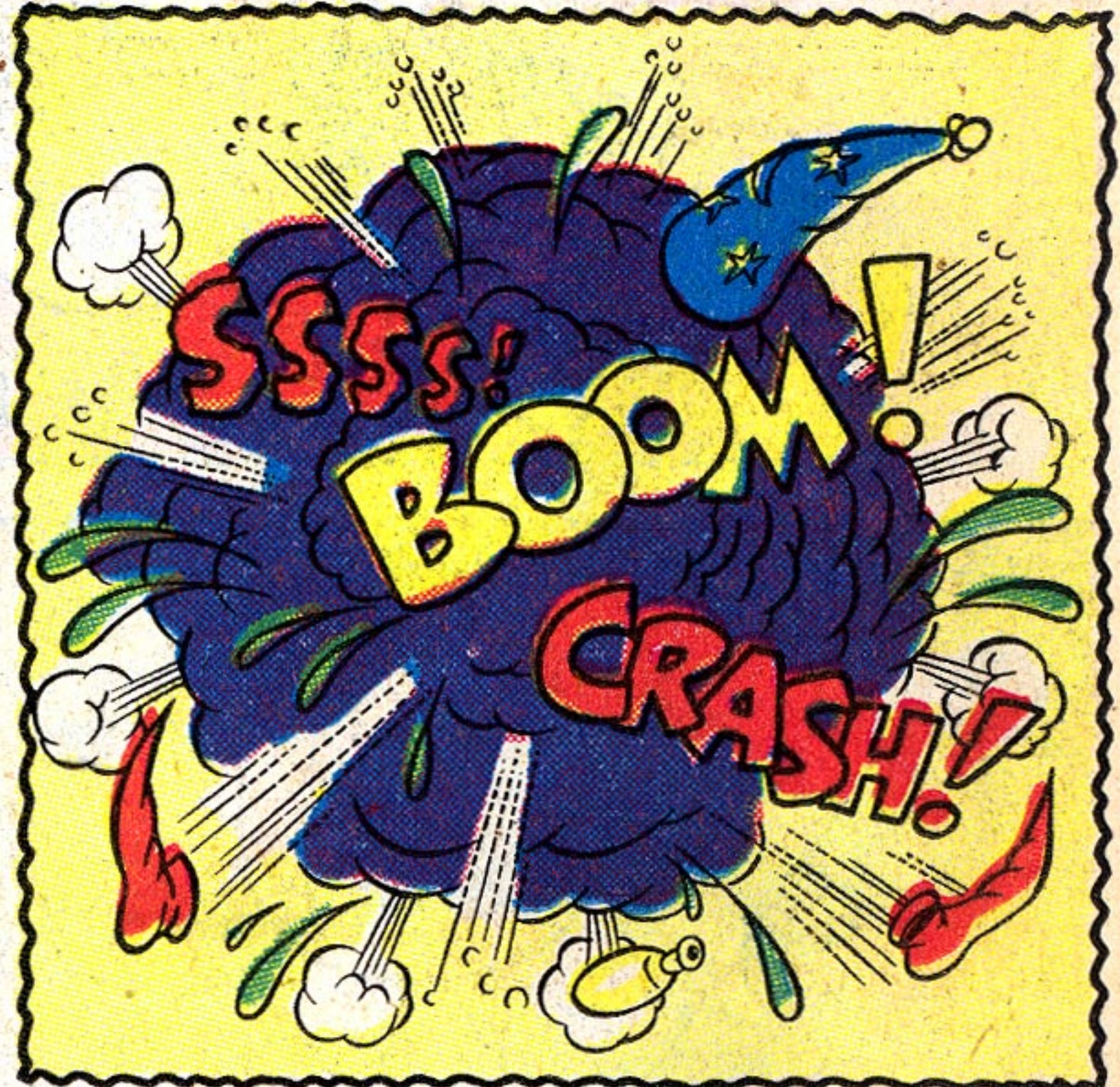
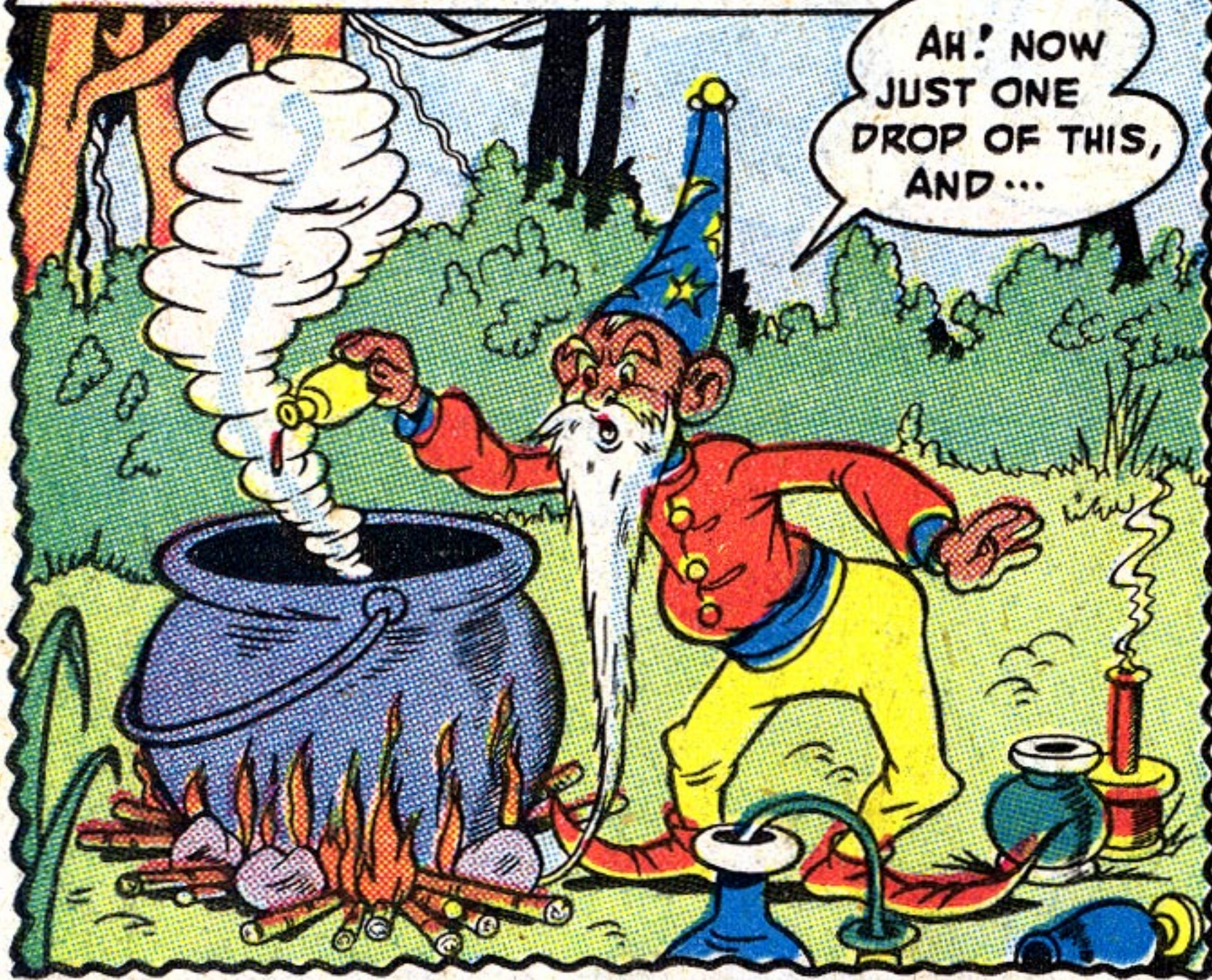
The FIJI





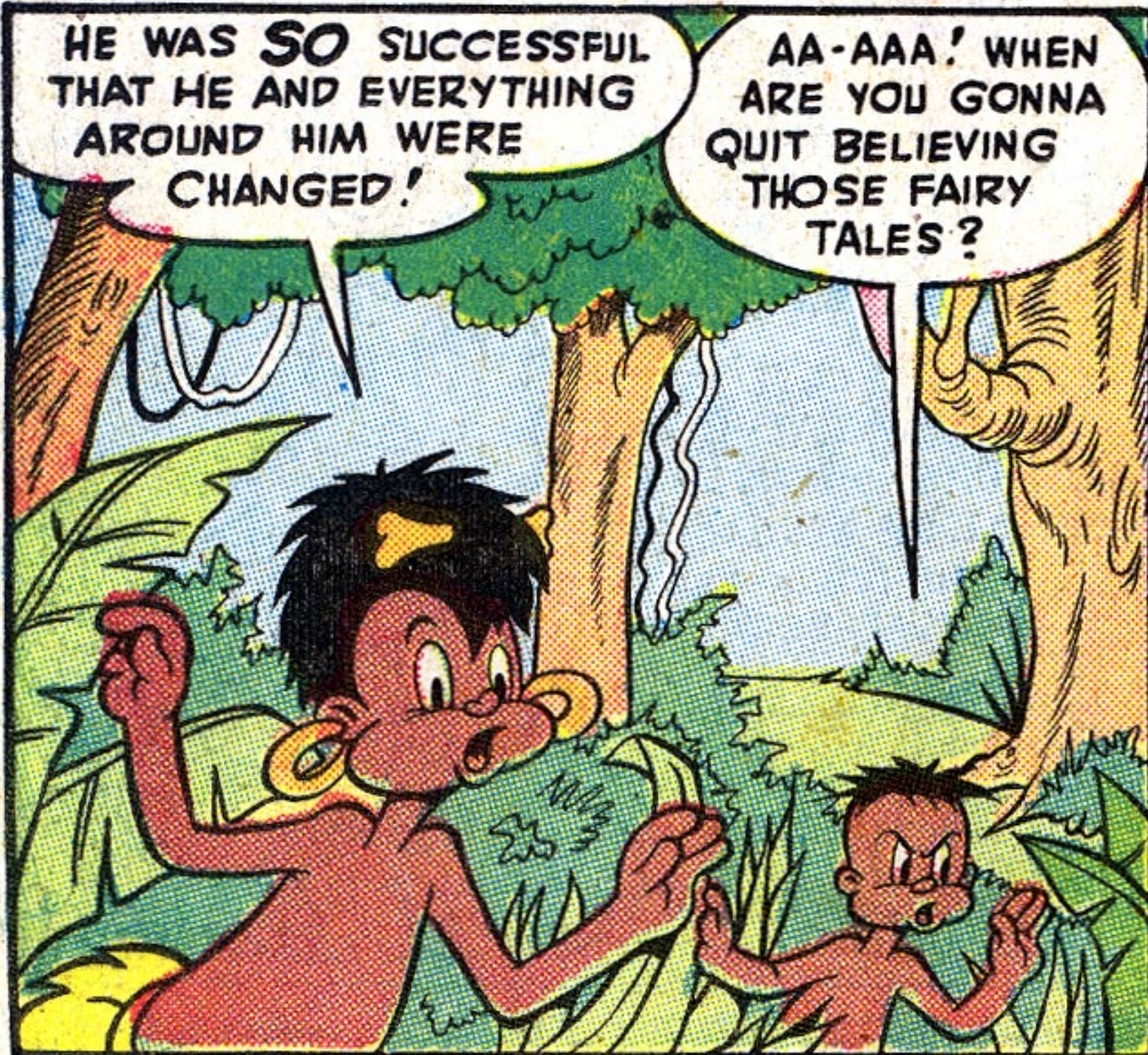
And one day he succeeded...

AH! NOW  
JUST ONE  
DROP OF THIS,  
AND...



HE WAS **SO** SUCCESSFUL  
THAT HE AND EVERYTHING  
AROUND HIM WERE  
CHANGED!

AA-AAA! WHEN  
ARE YOU GONNA  
QUIT BELIEVING  
THOSE FAIRY  
TALES?



THEY SAY IT HAPPENED  
IN THIS FOREST, AND  
THIS PLACE LOOKS AS  
THOUGH **SOMETHING**  
WRECKED IT!

OH, STOP DAY-  
DREAMING! LET'S  
PLAY "FOLLOW  
THE LEADER"! I'M FIRST!

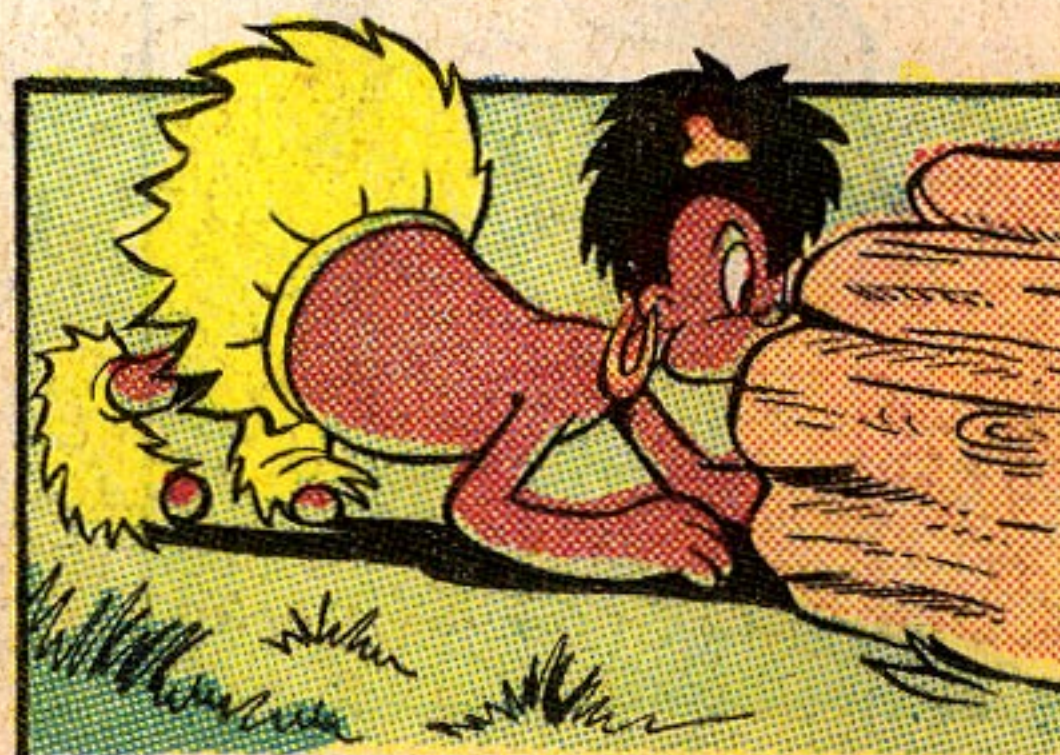


C'MON, DO SOMETHING  
TOUGH! THIS IS SISSY  
STUFF!

I'LL SHOW  
HIM! I CAN  
GET THROUGH  
THAT TREE  
TRUNK EASILY, BUT  
HE'LL HAVE TO  
WIGGLE THROUGH  
ON HIS HANDS  
AND KNEES!



HMM! FUZZY THINKS  
I CAN'T GET THROUGH  
THIS OLD TREE TRUNK!  
I'LL SHOW HIM!

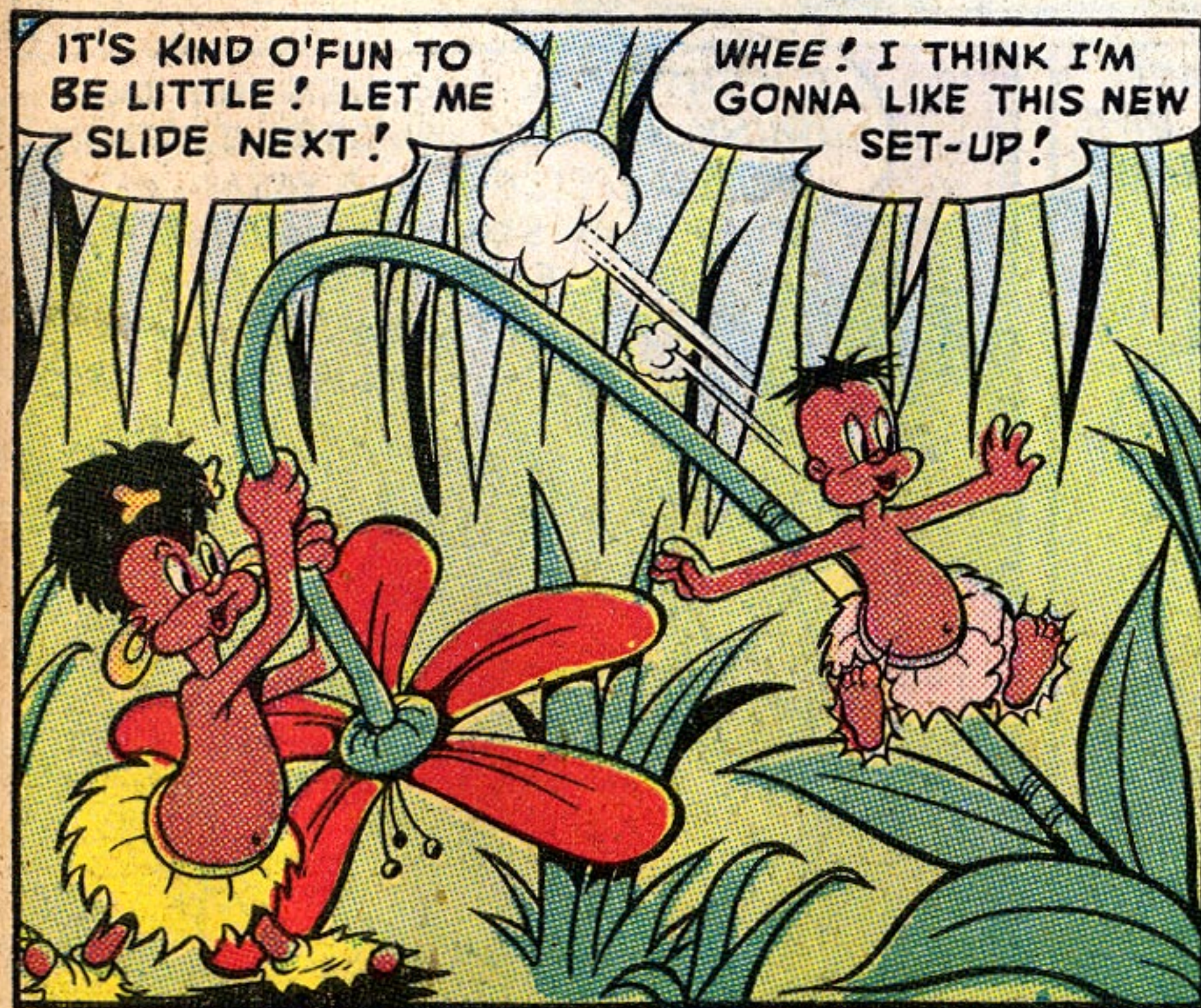
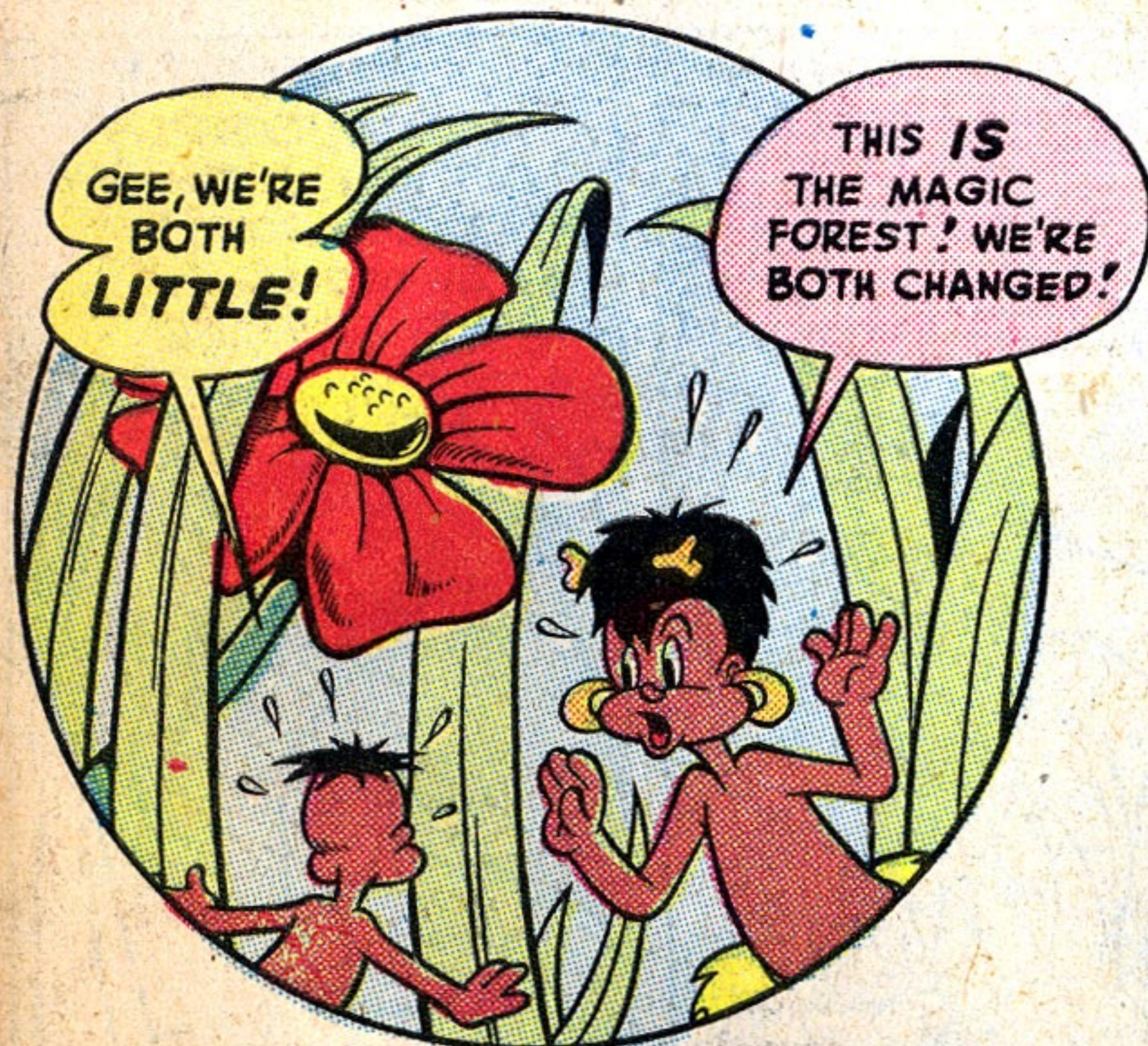
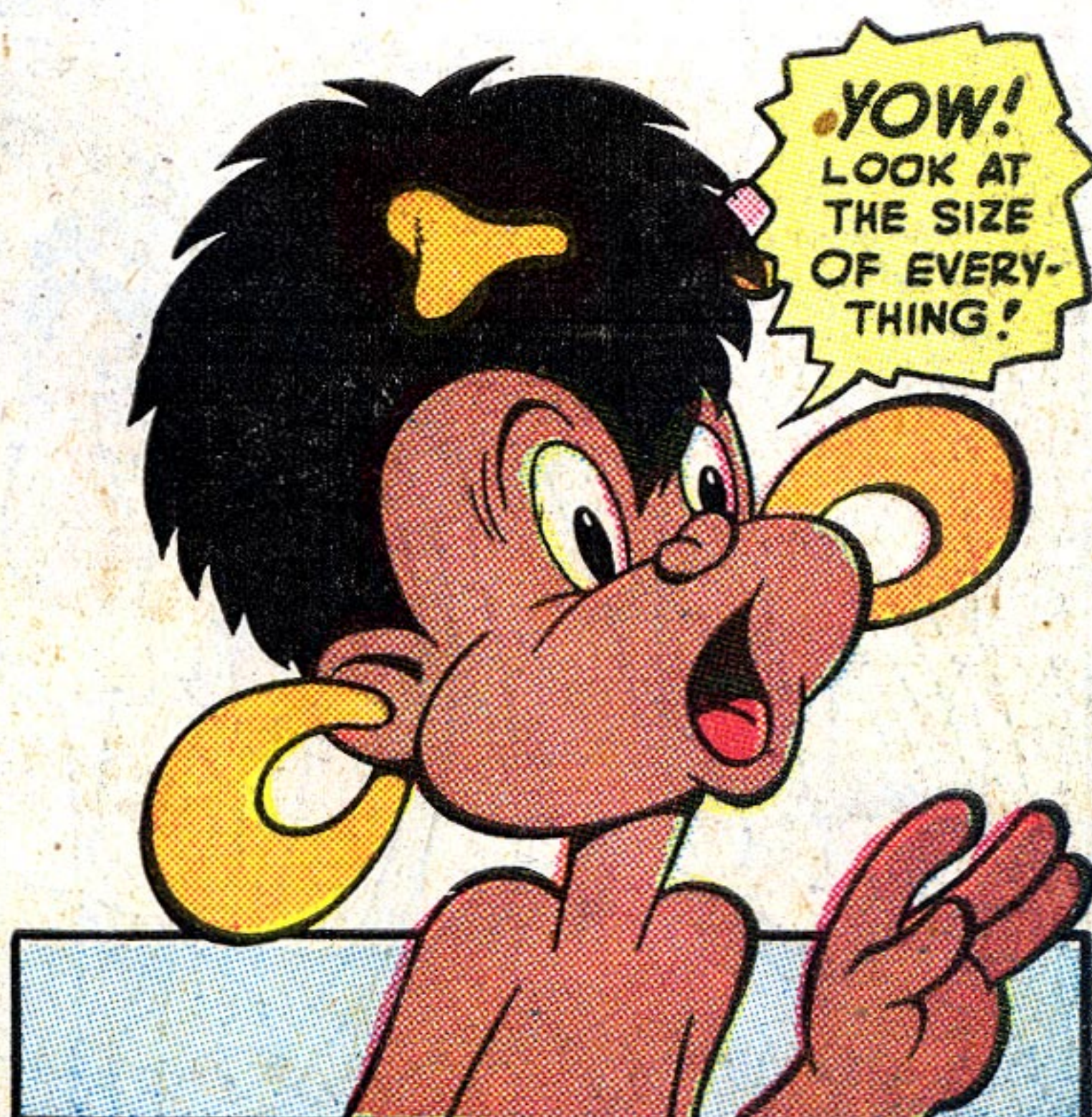
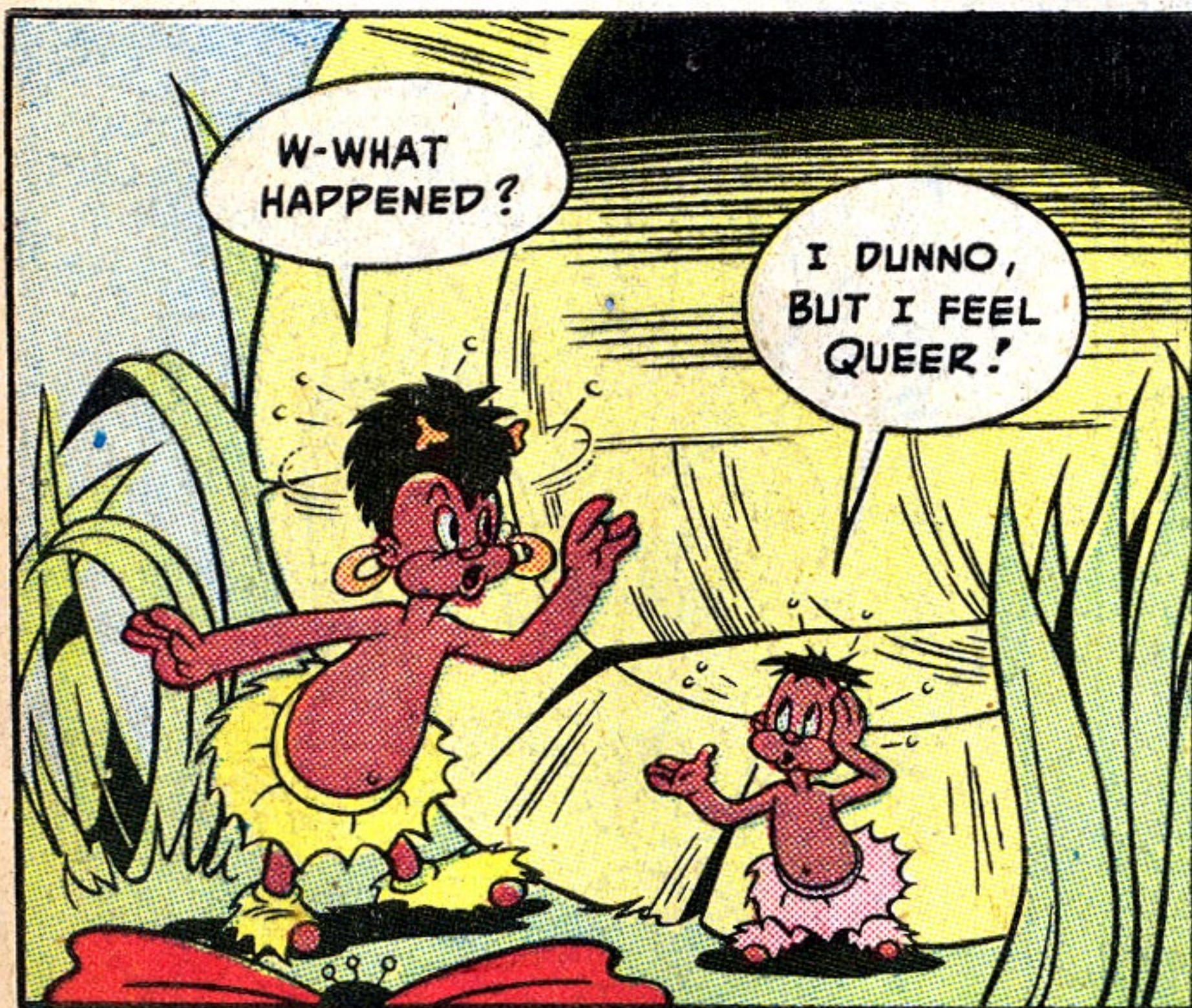


HEY!  
IT'S DARK  
IN HERE!

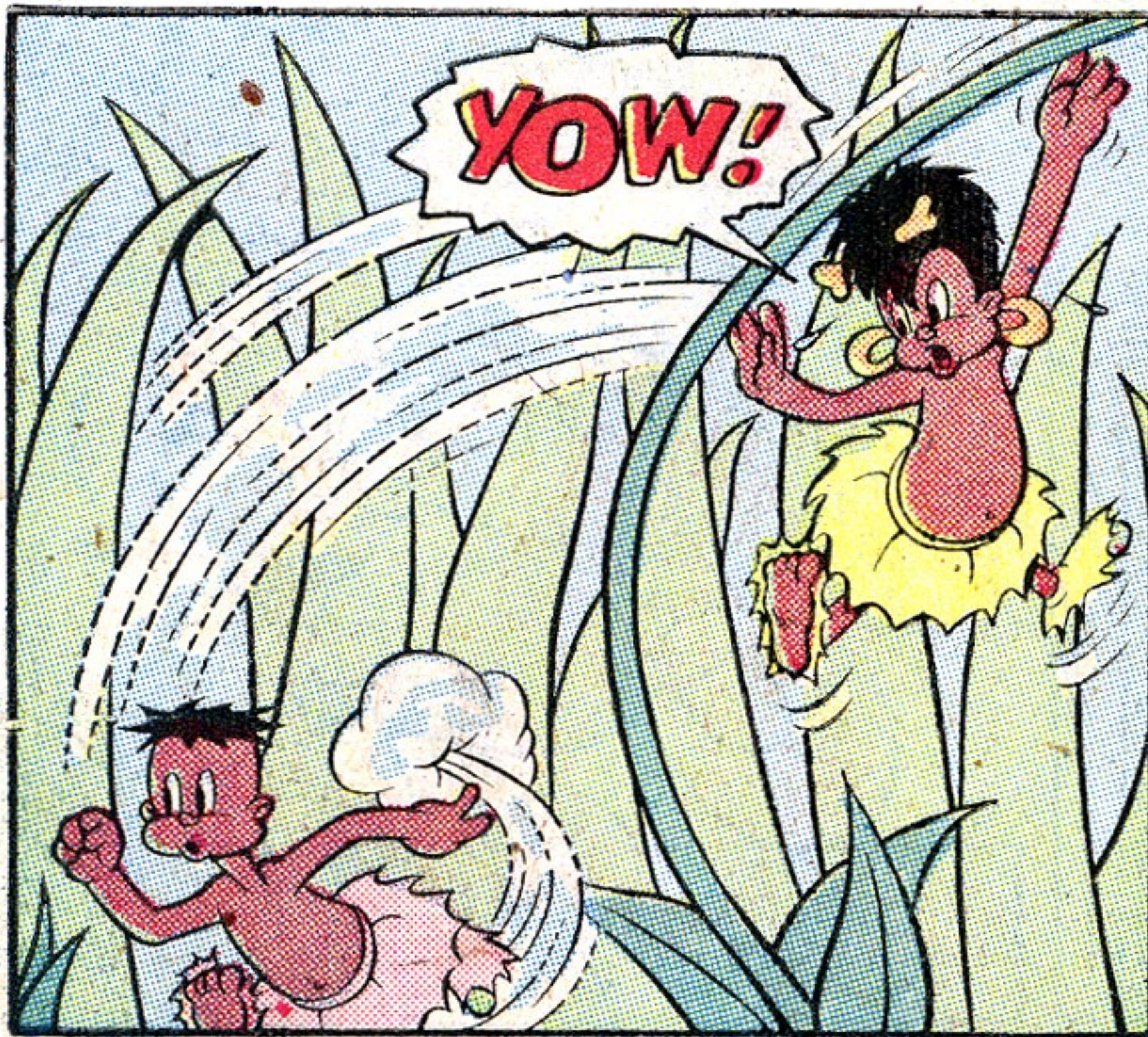
I FEEL  
LIKE I'M  
BEING  
CRUSHED!  
LET'S GET  
OUT!



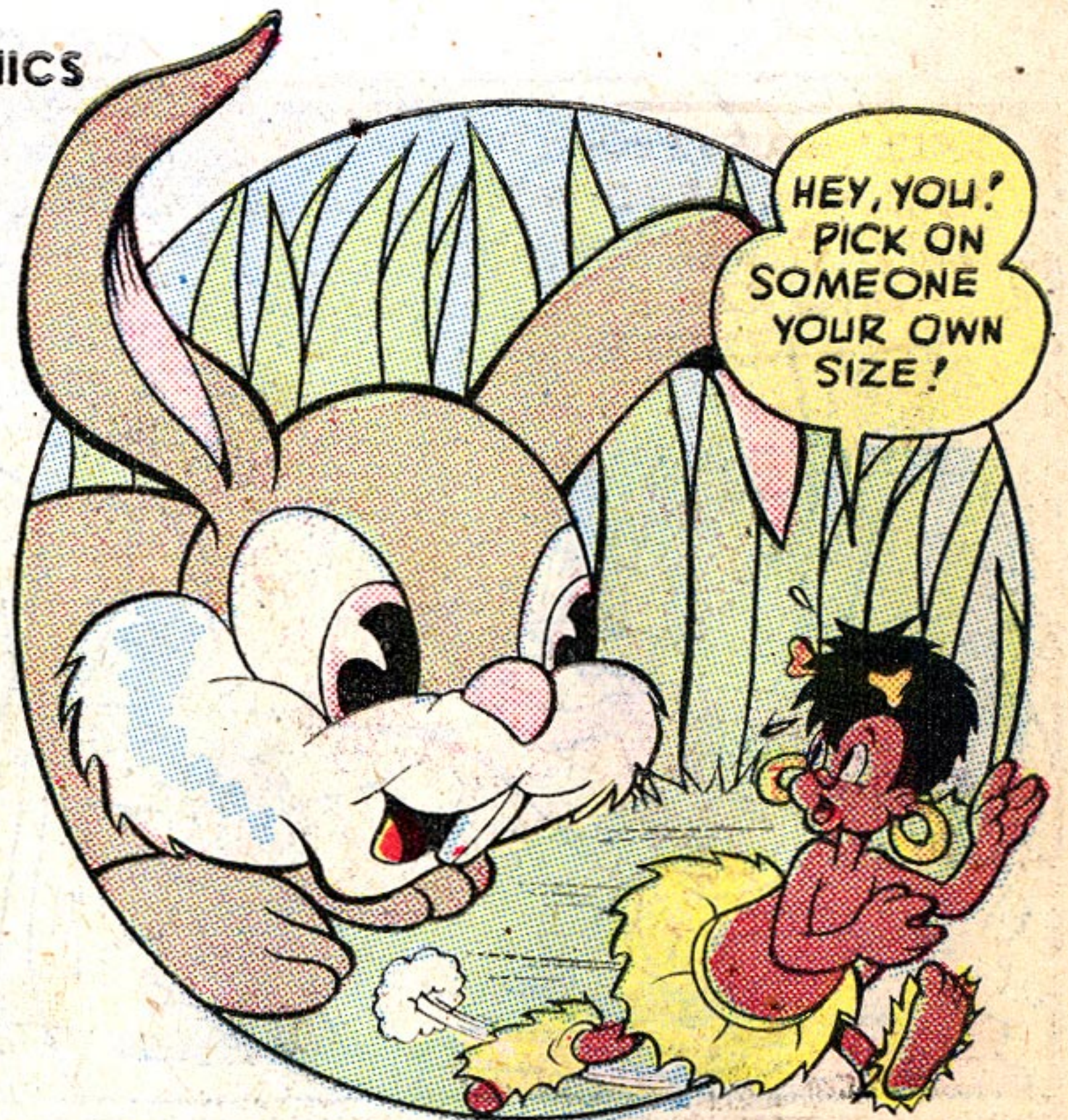








**YOW!**



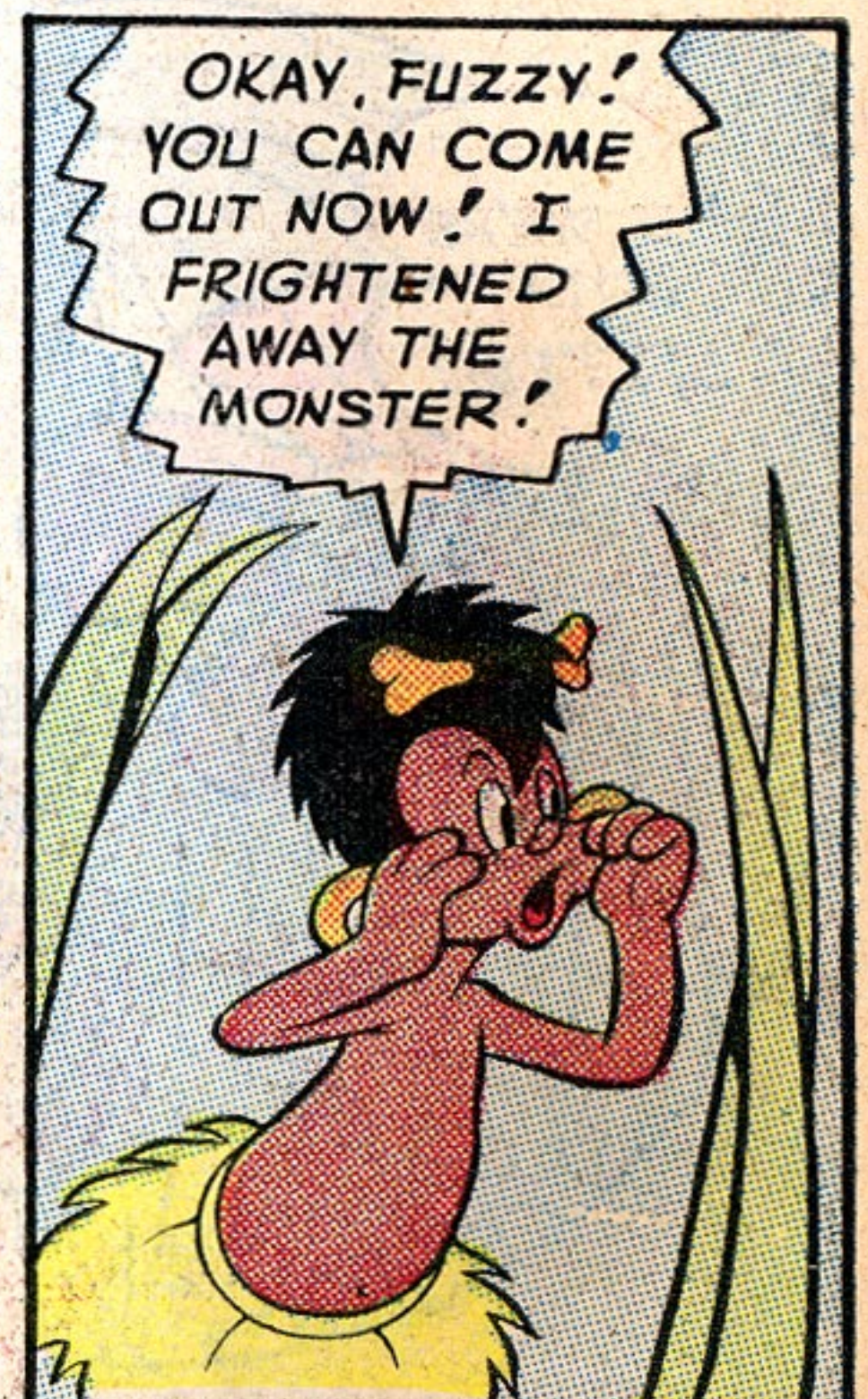
HEY, YOU!  
PICK ON  
SOMEONE  
YOUR OWN  
SIZE!



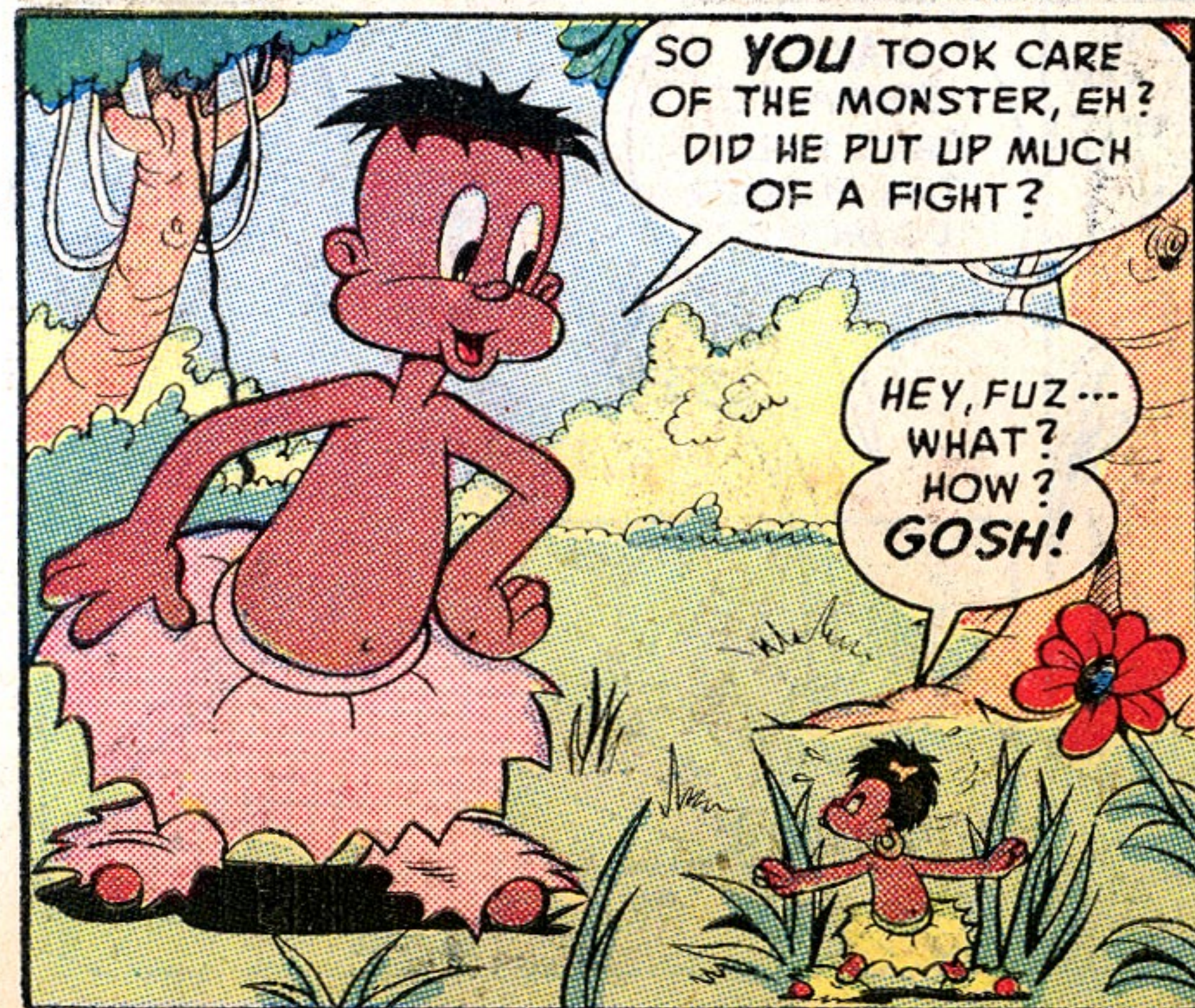
IF THAT'S ONLY A  
RABBIT, I'D SURE  
HATE TO MEET AN  
ELEPHANT!



BOY, FUZZY GOT  
AWAY IN A HURRY!  
I CAN'T FIND HIM  
ANYWHERE!

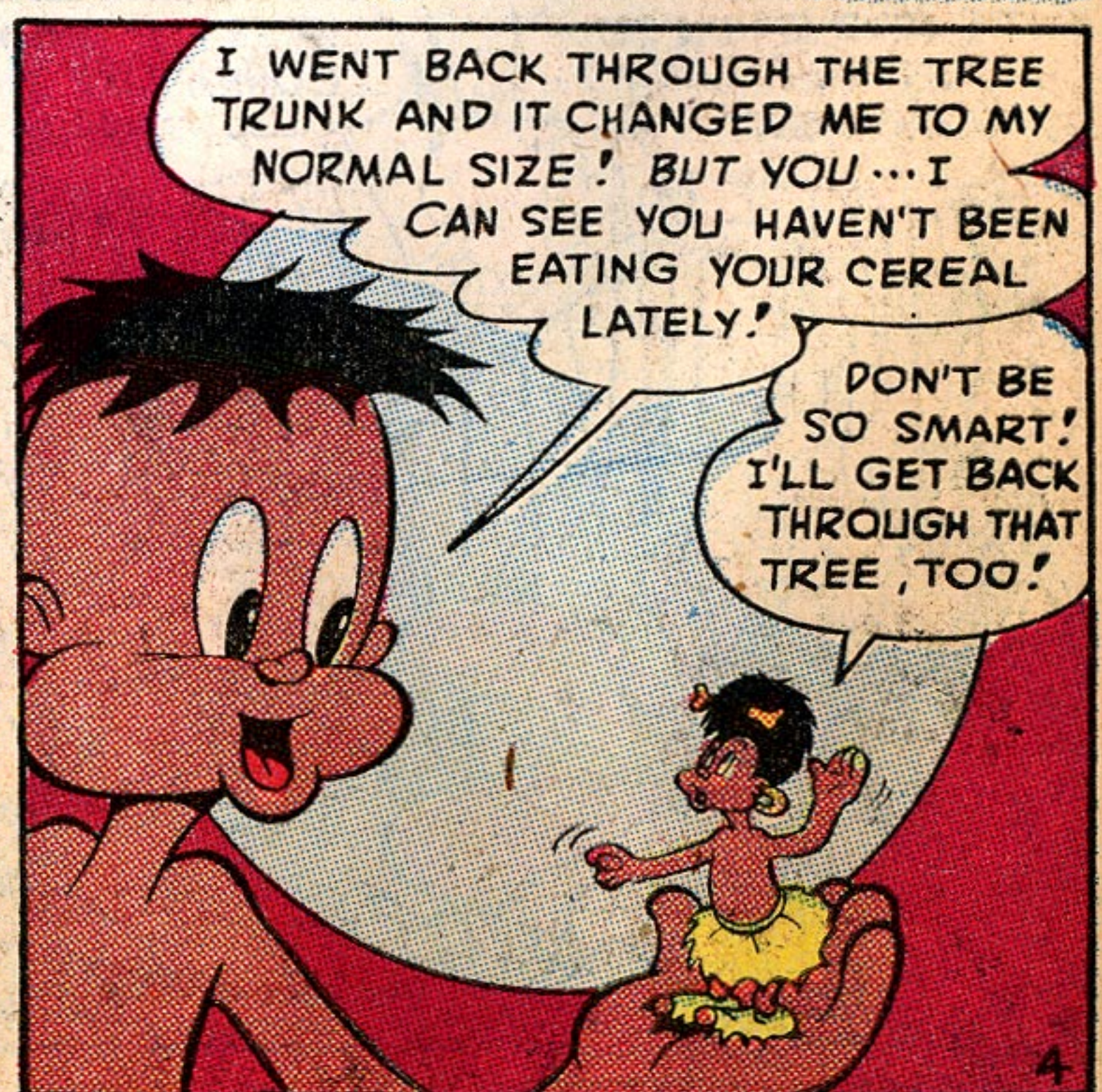


OKAY, FUZZY!  
YOU CAN COME  
OUT NOW! I  
FRIGHTENED  
AWAY THE  
MONSTER!



SO **YOU** TOOK CARE  
OF THE MONSTER, EH?  
DID HE PUT UP MUCH  
OF A FIGHT?

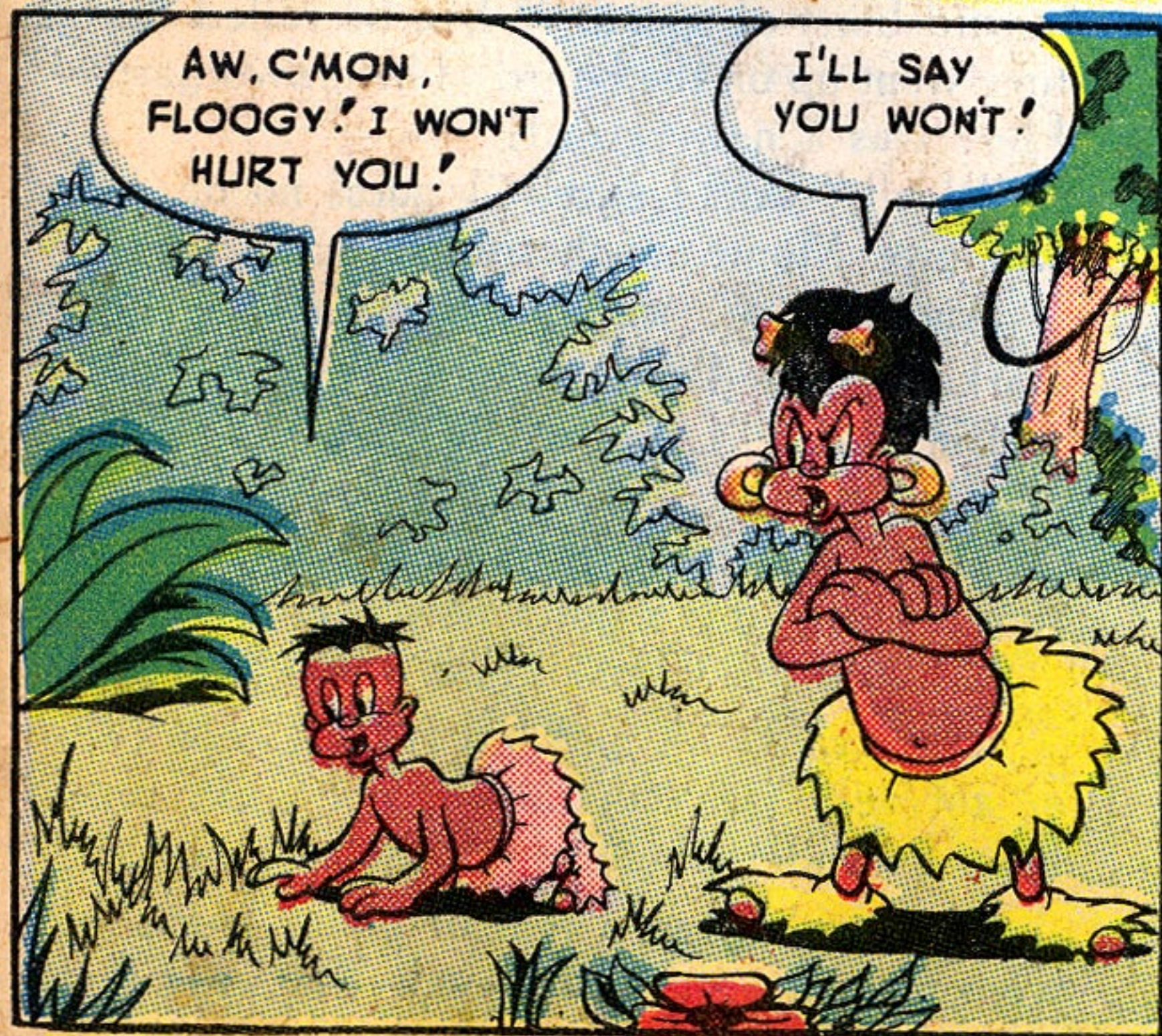
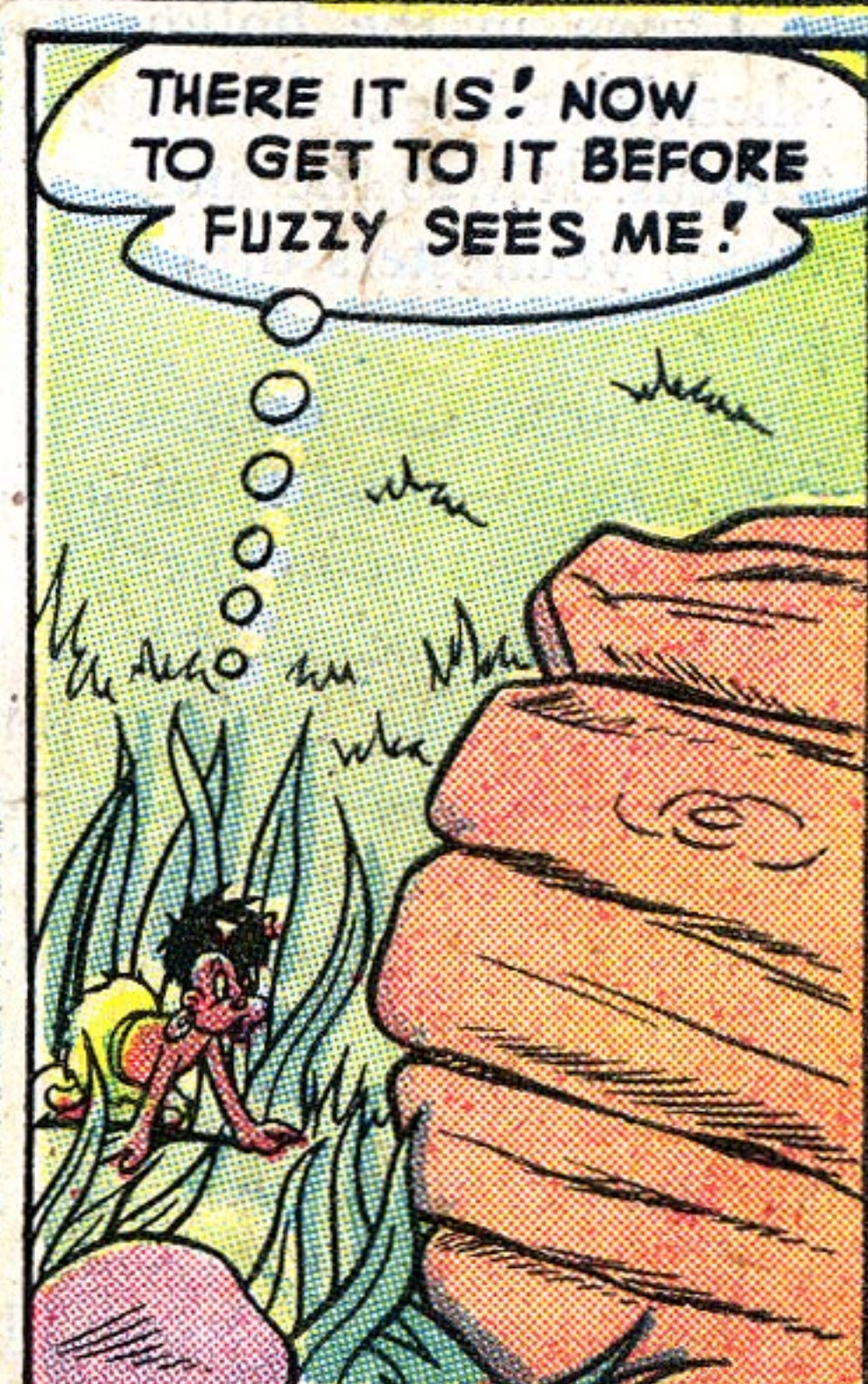
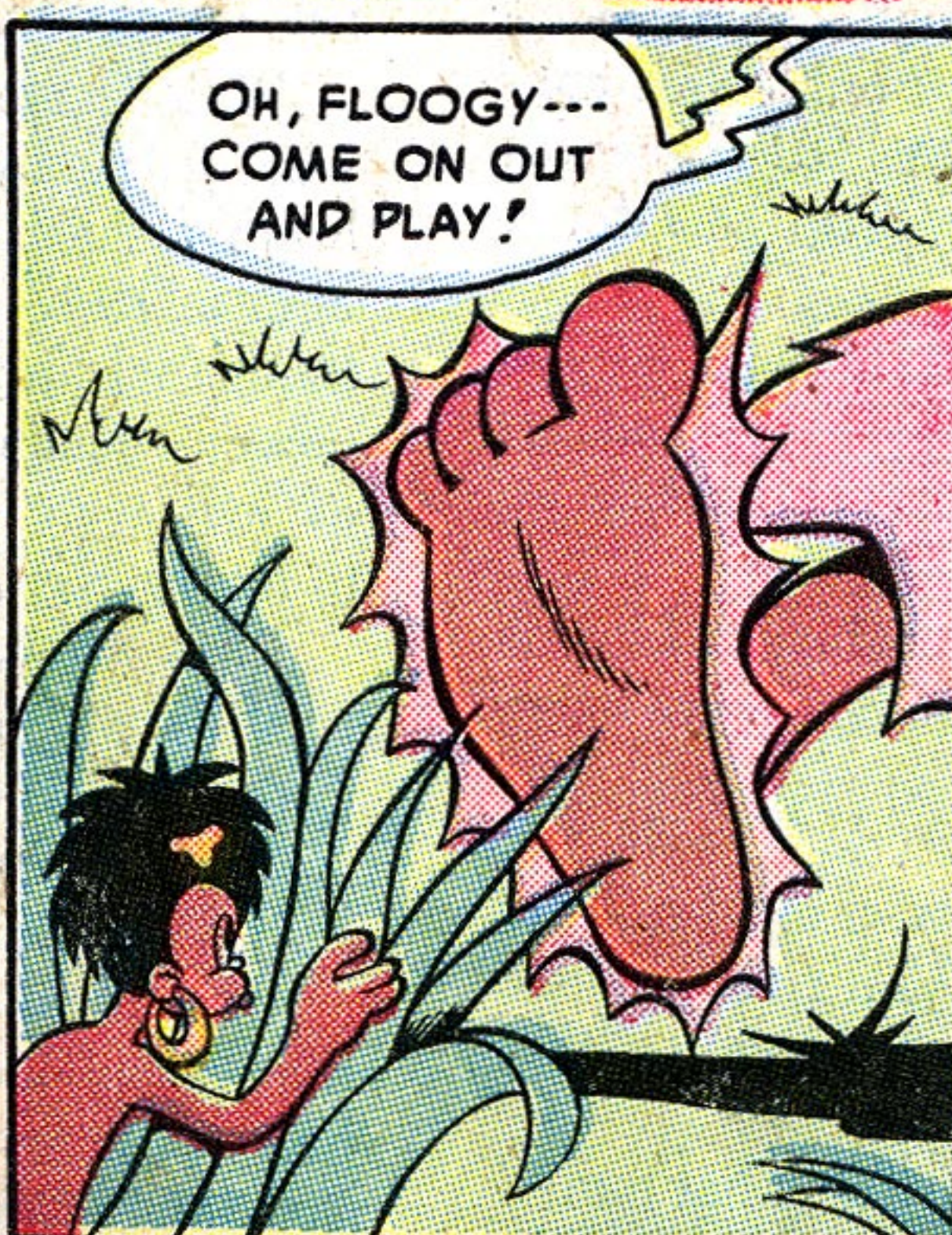
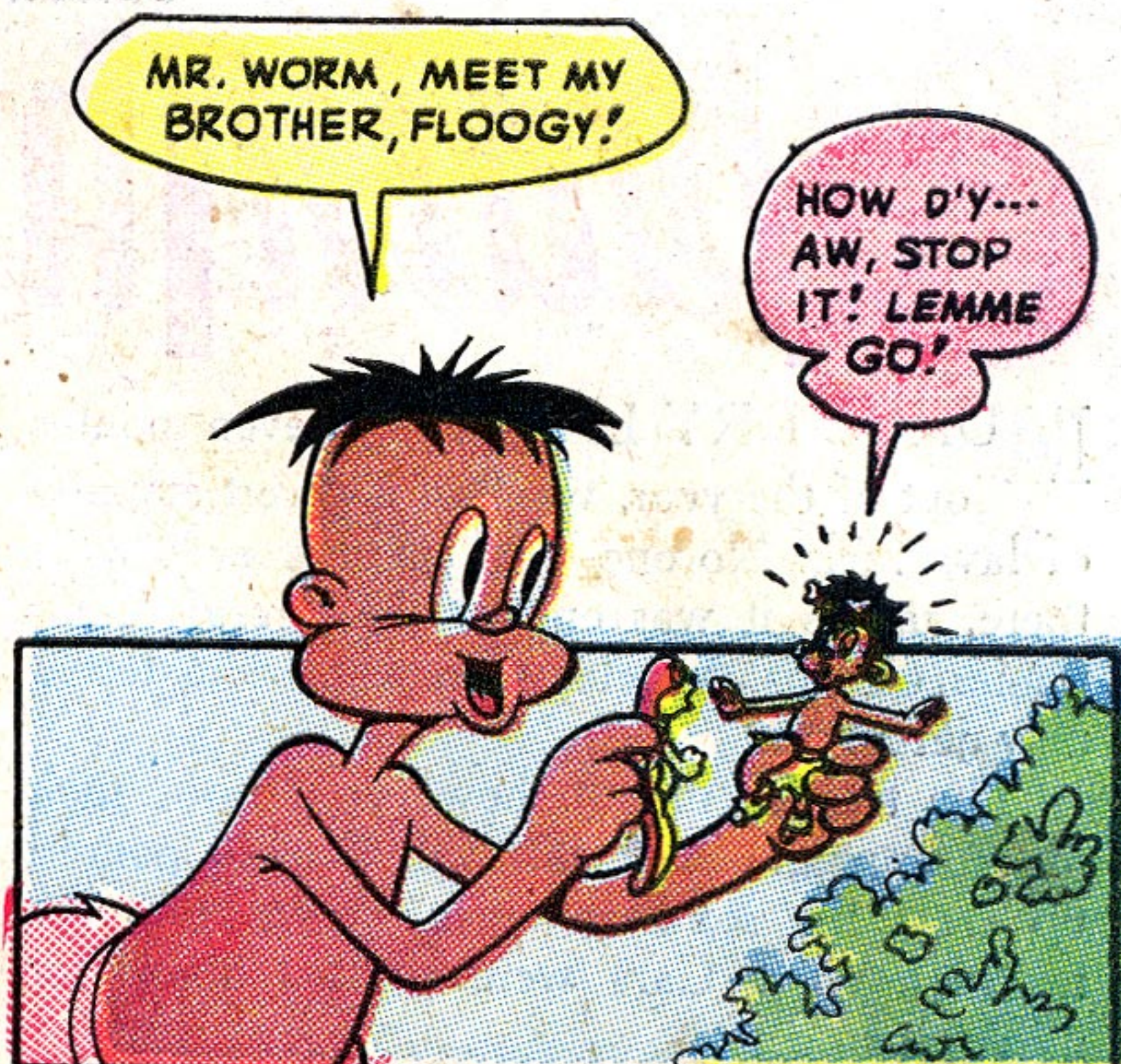
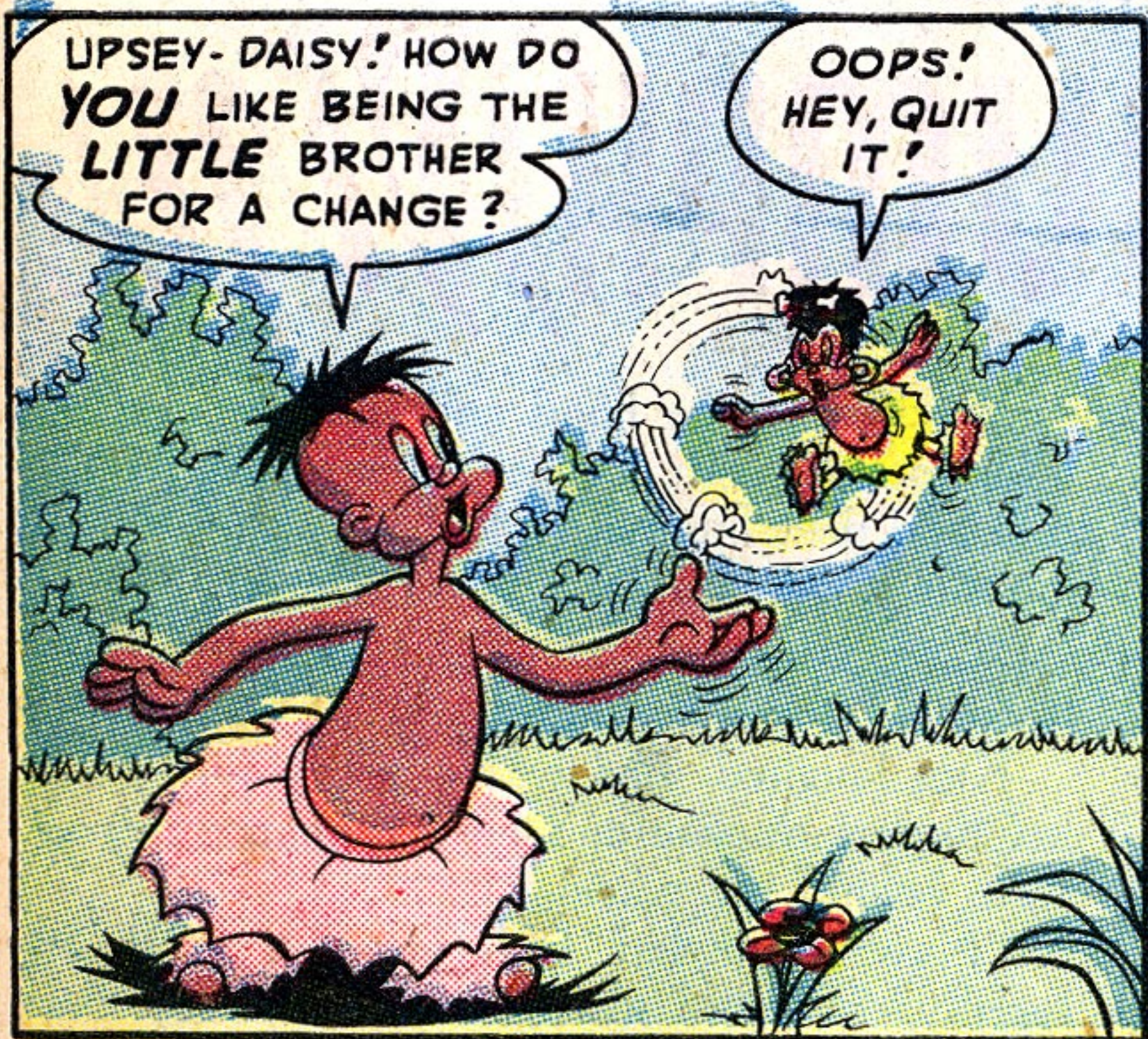
HEY, FUZ...  
WHAT?  
HOW?  
**GOSH!**



I WENT BACK THROUGH THE TREE  
TRUNK AND IT CHANGED ME TO MY  
NORMAL SIZE! BUT YOU... I  
CAN SEE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN  
EATING YOUR CEREAL  
LATELY!

DON'T BE  
SO SMART!  
I'LL GET BACK  
THROUGH THAT  
TREE, TOO!







# Captain TRIUMPH Wins

**M**UROC DRY LAKE, for eleven months out of the year, was just a desert expanse of lava rock. No one lived there or even went there, unless it was one of the aircraft companies of Los Angeles who wanted to test a new jet plane.

The twelfth month, however, Muroc took on an appearance of carnival. Crowds poured up from the southern cities, down from the northern ones. Cars were parked black for miles around.

Down in the hollow formed by the vanished inland sea, the roar and rumble was continuous. It was the annual Hot Red Races, in which youngsters drove hopped up cars for a prize.

Monte Spain owned the fastest car of the lot. Monte came from another state, and always looked upon the Dry Lake races as so much easy pickings. He always won.

"Look," he told his mechanic, "This is gonna be a push-over same as it's always been. Whaddya worryin' about?"

Mick, his mechanic, frowned. "Yeah, but Monte, they's a new guy showed up. He's got a humdinger of a jalopy. Won't let anyone see under the hood—but just listen to that mill!"

Monte held up a hand. "Listen. That him?"

A high, thin roar filled the dry lake bottom as the newcomer shot around the circle.

"Yeah," said Mick. "That's Chris Baker and his Myysery Car as he calls it."

"Pooh," said Monte. "So you fell for that stuff! Grow up, Mick. I'll show him and his mystery car what speed is!"

It was time for the trials. These showed the judges who had the fastest cars, who were the nerviest drivers, where each car was to be posted in the take-off.

Monte and his mechanic rolled their little red car onto the track. A roar went up from the onlookers. Monte Spain! Monte the winner!

Monte waved to the crowd and crawled into his car. Willing hands began pushing it for a start.

Perched on the hood and front fenders of a big roadster were Lance Gallant, Kim Meredith and their buddie, Biff. They were watching things with a great show of interest.

"Gee, I love races," said Lance. "I'd like to be out there myself."

Kim laughed. She was a pretty girl. "I'll bet those kids wouldn't have a chance if you were behind the wheel."

"Naw," drawled Biff, grinning good-naturedly. "What I always say is, nobody can run no car faster than Lance or Michael."

"Oh," said Kim, glancing at Lance. This was a touchy point. Michael, Lance's twin brother, had been killed in an aviation accident in 1942. The lad's death had done something to Lance, had given him a supernatural power, which he used only when the forces of evil were at work. Michael had planned to marry Kim.

"I'm sorry, pal," said Biff. "Forgot."

"It's all right, Biff. Think nothing of it. Only, speaking of Michael just then made a chill go over me."

"Why, Lance!" Kim said. "How strange."

Lance smiled, pointed to the track. "I guess that Spain kid really has something. Look at him go!"

Monte Spain roared around the track in a wild burst of speed. When he rolled in, his time went up on the board. The crowd gasped. Here was a new record!

"Well," said Lance, "I guess no one here will give Monte much trouble."

Another car, small, black, and with no markings, rolled out at the starting line.

Biff said, "Look who's here—Chris Baker!"

"Well, I'll be!" exclaimed Lance. "That sure is Chris! He's got a new car."

"Who is this Chris?" Kim wanted to know.

Lance said, "A nice lad from Texas. Never got very far with racing, but sticks somehow. I wonder where he got the new car."

Chris took off in a roar of motor sound and went tearing around the oval. The crowd sat



tense. The little black car was almost a blur as it passed the crowd.

"Say," said Lance, "if Monte has anything on Chris, it isn't much. That lad wasn't standing still!"

Chris' qualifying time went up. It was just three-fifths of a second below that of Monte.

The crowd yelled itself hoarse. Here was going to be a gruelling contest and no kidding! Two hot cars always made for fun.

"Aw, nuts," growled Monte to Mick. "So what if he is close? Mebbe I was holding her in a bit. Don't drop too much cash on Baker, pal."

Mick grinned. "Not me, Monte. I'm playing on you. Guess mebbe you was a little light on the foot in the trials, eh?"

Monte smirked. "Saving up for the real thing."

The first three events didn't include either Chris or Monte. They were the top favorites and were thus placed in the last two races, which were the big events of the meet.

During the preliminaries, one car turned over and caught fire. The driver wasn't badly hurt but his car was a wreck.

Another threw a tire tread, which put him out of the contest.

The first of the two main events came up. There were three cars—Monte's, Chris's and a blue job owned by a local boy. He had showed enough in the qualifying runs to let him in.

Whoever won both of these trials won himself a nice piece of change, besides medals and plenty of glory to brag about the rest of the year. If two drivers split the two races, the money was halved, and no medals given.

"I'd like to see Chris pick off this meet," said Lance. Kim nodded.

"Me, too, if he never has done it," she said.

The three cars came up to the line roaring, but straggled out. The flag signalling NO START was flashed down. The cars had to return and begin all over again.

The second trip was a good start. The race was on!

The three stuck close together around the first lap. Then the blue car began falling behind a trifle. Monte Spain instantly took advantage of the opening and put himself alongside Chris's car.

Now the two champs jockeyed for first place. It was an even fight for the first two

laps, then Monte began several of the tricks for which he was famous. He got and kept the pole position, having slammed Chris out of it by a fluke.

The two cars crossed the winning line with Monte Spain a half car length ahead of Chris. But while the crowds roared, Chris got out and shook hands with the winner, grinning. Good loser.

"Oh, shoot!" said Kim. "He was so close, too. Do you think Monte will win the next one?"

Lance puckered his brow. "Looks like it, Kim."

Biff said, "I don't like the looks of things, Lance."

"Meaning?"

Biff shrugged. "Call it a hunch," said the big fellow.

The two cars crossed the line perfectly and got the starting flag. They roared away around the first turn—the second—third—a full lap. On to the second. They were as one. Then Chris began drawing away slowly. The crowds cheered. But on a turn, with Chris a length ahead, Monte pulled a fast one and cut in on him, gaining the lead.

But Chris again crept up, nosing Monte's tail. Then suddenly from Monte's car came a black pall of smoke. It enveloped Chris completely. Monte's car came into the clear, still belching smoke.

"Migosh!" cried Lance. "Chris will crash sure."

Then Lance did something—rubbed a birthmark on his left wrist—that called the spirt of his dead brother Michael and made the twins one, the indomitable Captain Triumph. With a flash of light Lance was gone. Everyone heard the rending crash as Chris hit a curve and his car turned over. But no one saw the mystic figure of Captain Triumph snatch the boy from instant death just as the car was rolling on its top. No one saw it but Chris himself.

Afterwards he swore it was like a great light in the blackness of smoke that grabbed him and lifted him up, while his car turned over and over, ripping itself to pieces.

Monte Spain was barred from the tracks for using an oil injection gun that shot crude oil into the hot exhaust and thus created a cloud of black smoke.

Captain Triumph had again proved that greed and injustice were wrong.



ISN'T IT TOO MARVELOUS, DAD? GOOPY IS GOING INTO THE **OIL BUSINESS!**

# KIKI KELLY

OH, POSSIBLY... BUT IF DESTINY DECREES THAT HE BE A BIG **OIL MAN**... WELL, AN HONEST BUCK IS AN HONEST BUCK, I SUPPOSE!

QUITE A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY, THEY TELL ME!

YES, THERE WAS SOME DOUBT IN GOOPY'S MIND WHETHER TO BE AN **ENGINEER** AND BUILD **BRIDGES** OR GO INTO **OIL!** AN' HE DECIDED ON **OIL** FOR THE TIME BEING!

BUT BUILDING BRIDGES IS A LITTLE MORE ROMANTIC, DON'T YOU THINK, DAD?

OF COURSE, HE HASN'T A BIG JOB TO BEGIN WITH, BUT GOOPY'S THE TYPE WHO'LL GO RIGHT TO THE **TOP!**

WHO TOLD YOU THAT... **HIM?**

WHAT IF HE **DID**, HERKIMER JONES?

IF YOU ASK **ME**, HE'S POURING IT ON A BIT!

**GOOD DAY, HERKIMER!** I'M GOING STRAIGHT DOWN TO WHERE HE WORKS, NOW, AND SHOW HIM THERE'S **ONE** PERSON WHO HAS FAITH IN HIS FUTURE!

♥ ♥ ♥  
**GOO-PY!**  
♪ ♪

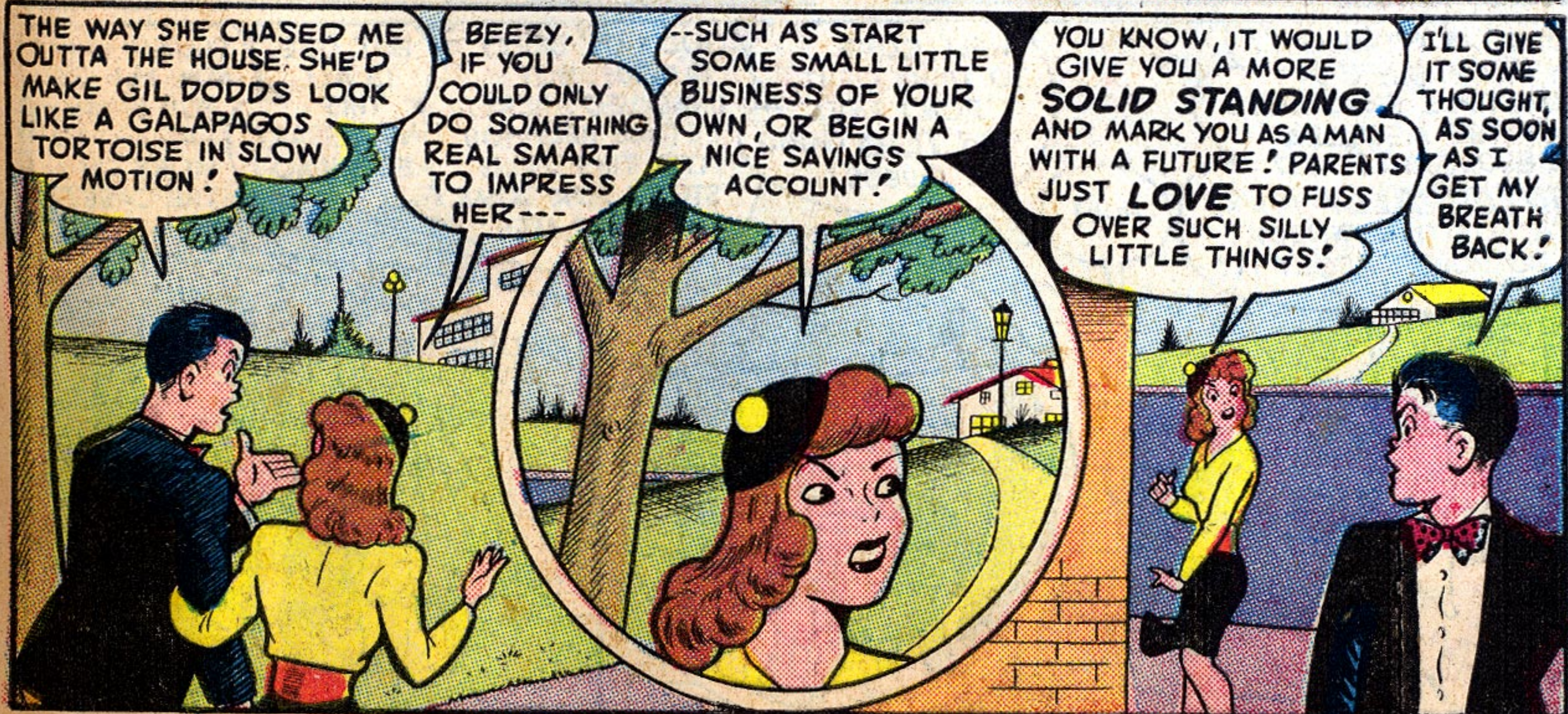
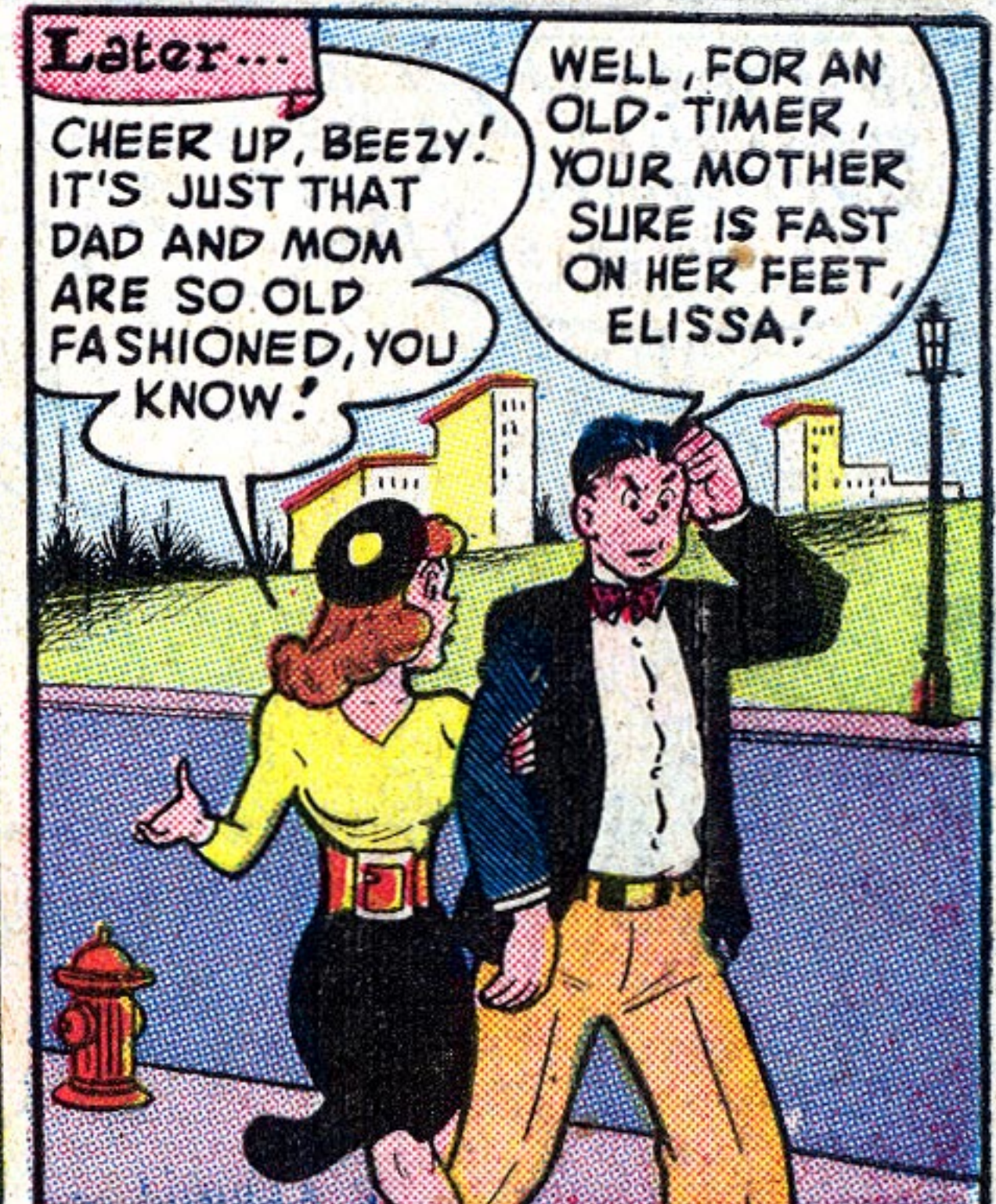
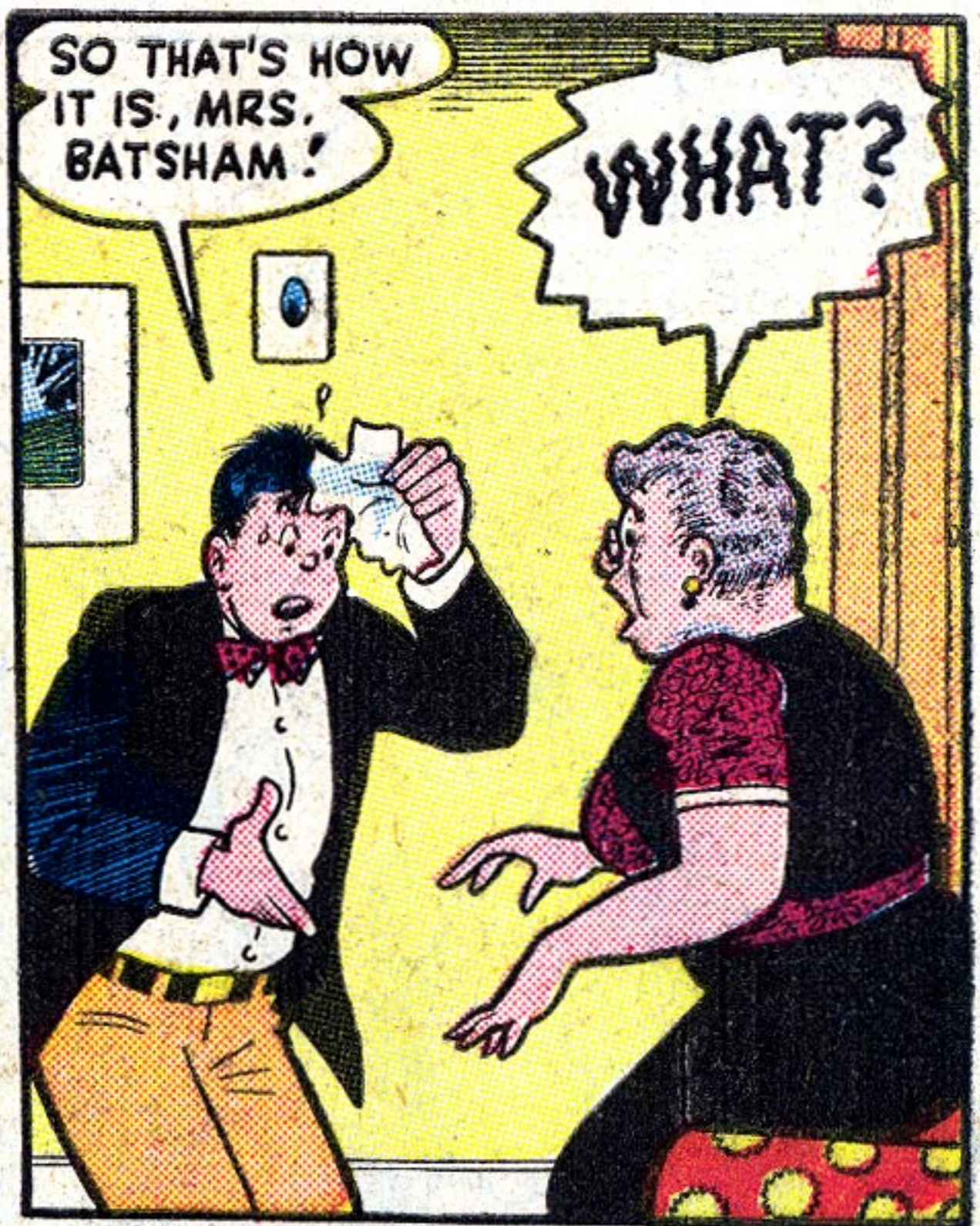
★★★!  
Goo-py!!  
\* \* \*!!

**CHEER UP, GOOPY!** YOU CAN **STILL** BUILD **BRIDGES**, YOU KNOW!

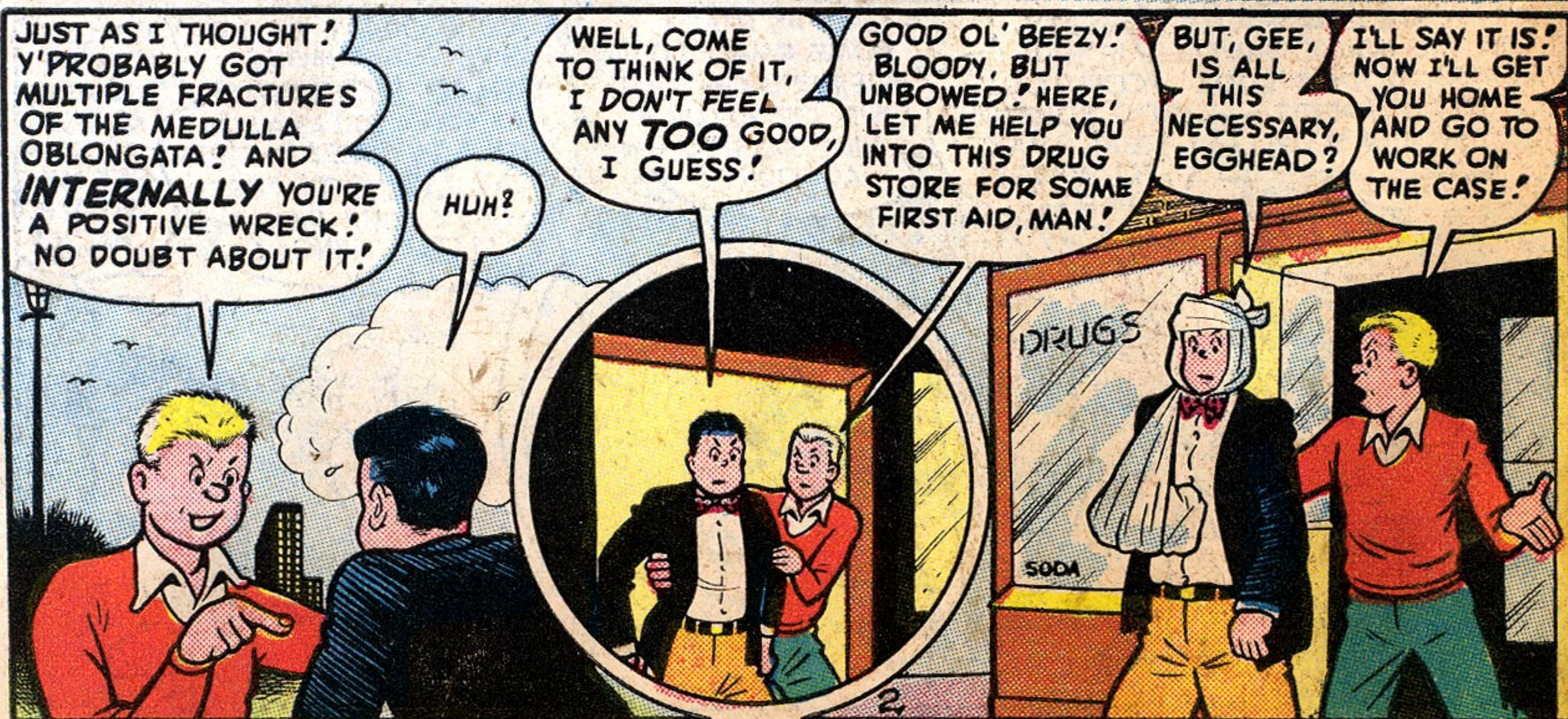
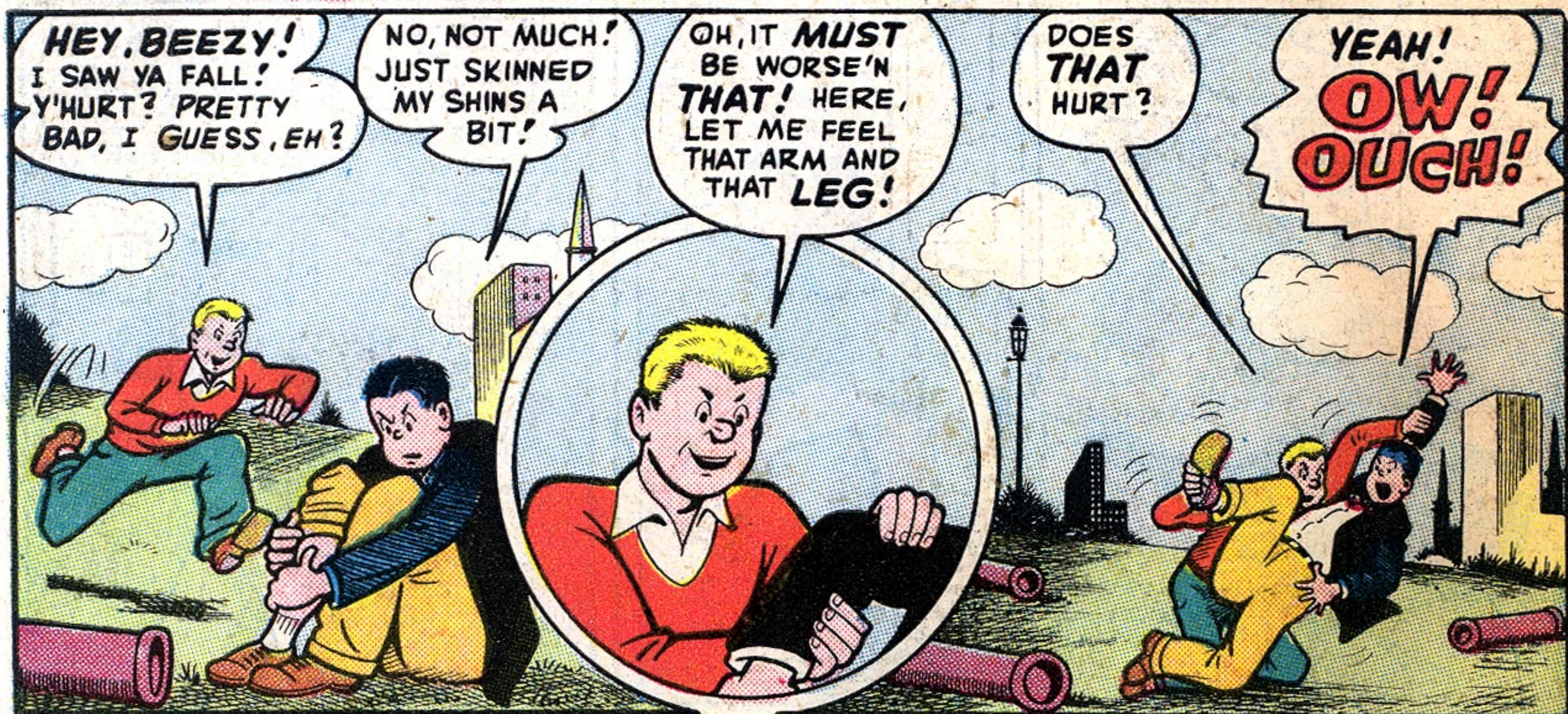
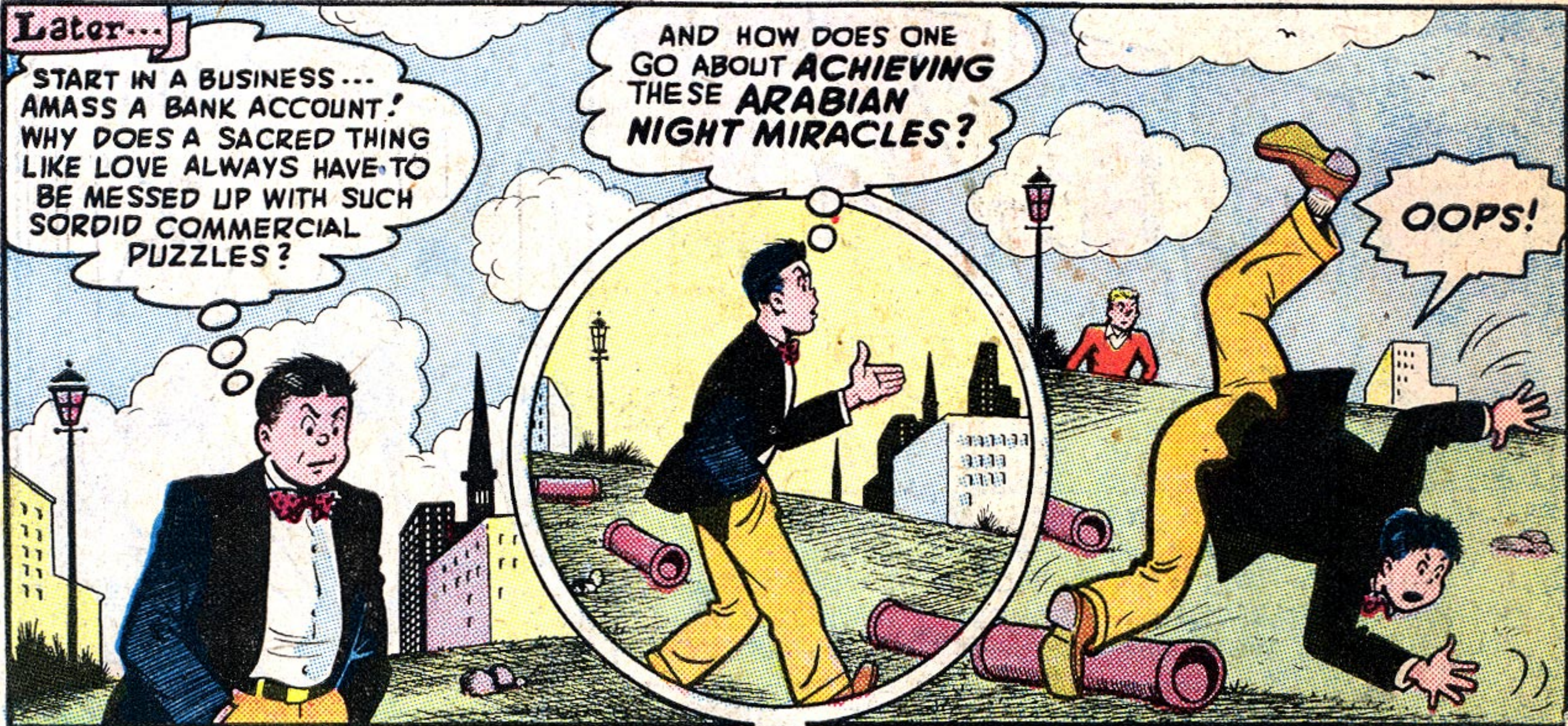
YEH!



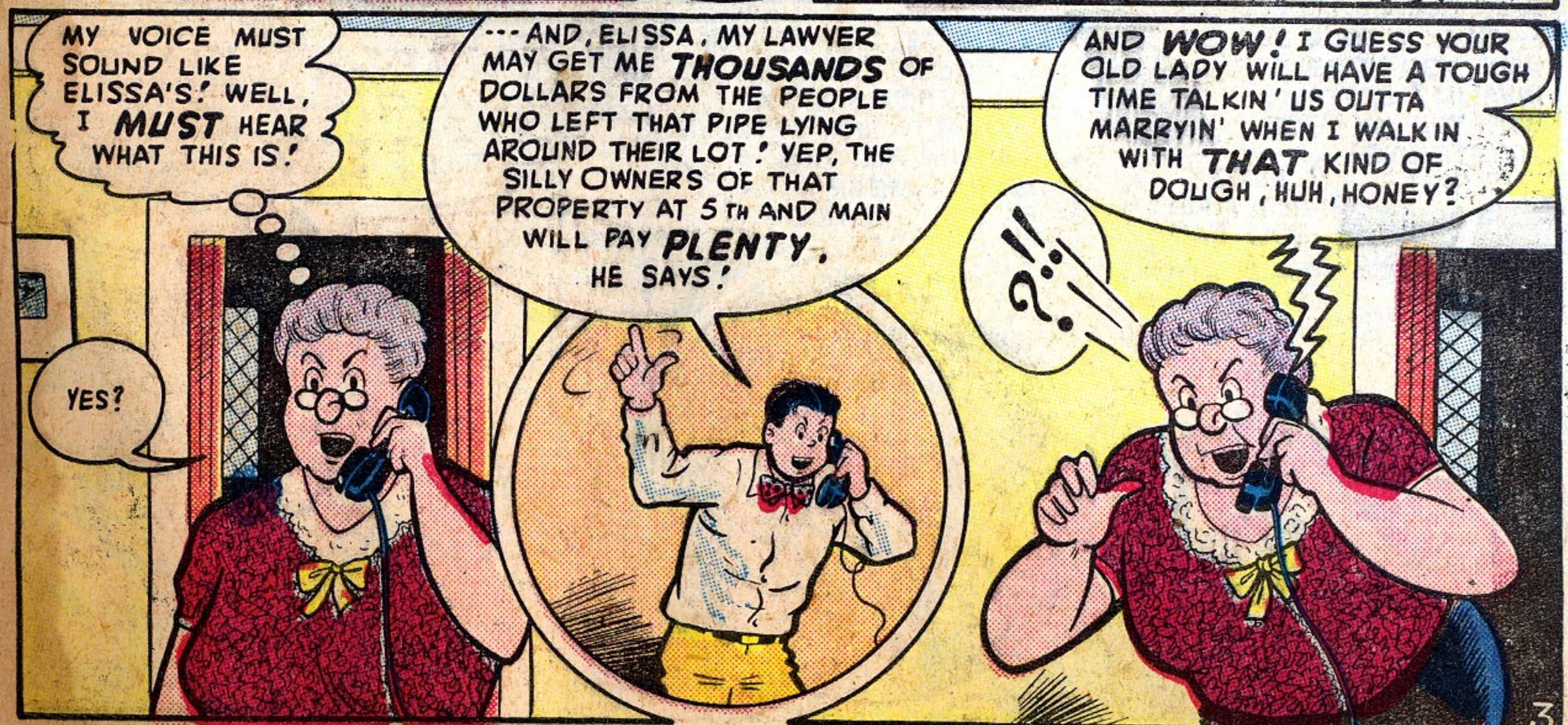
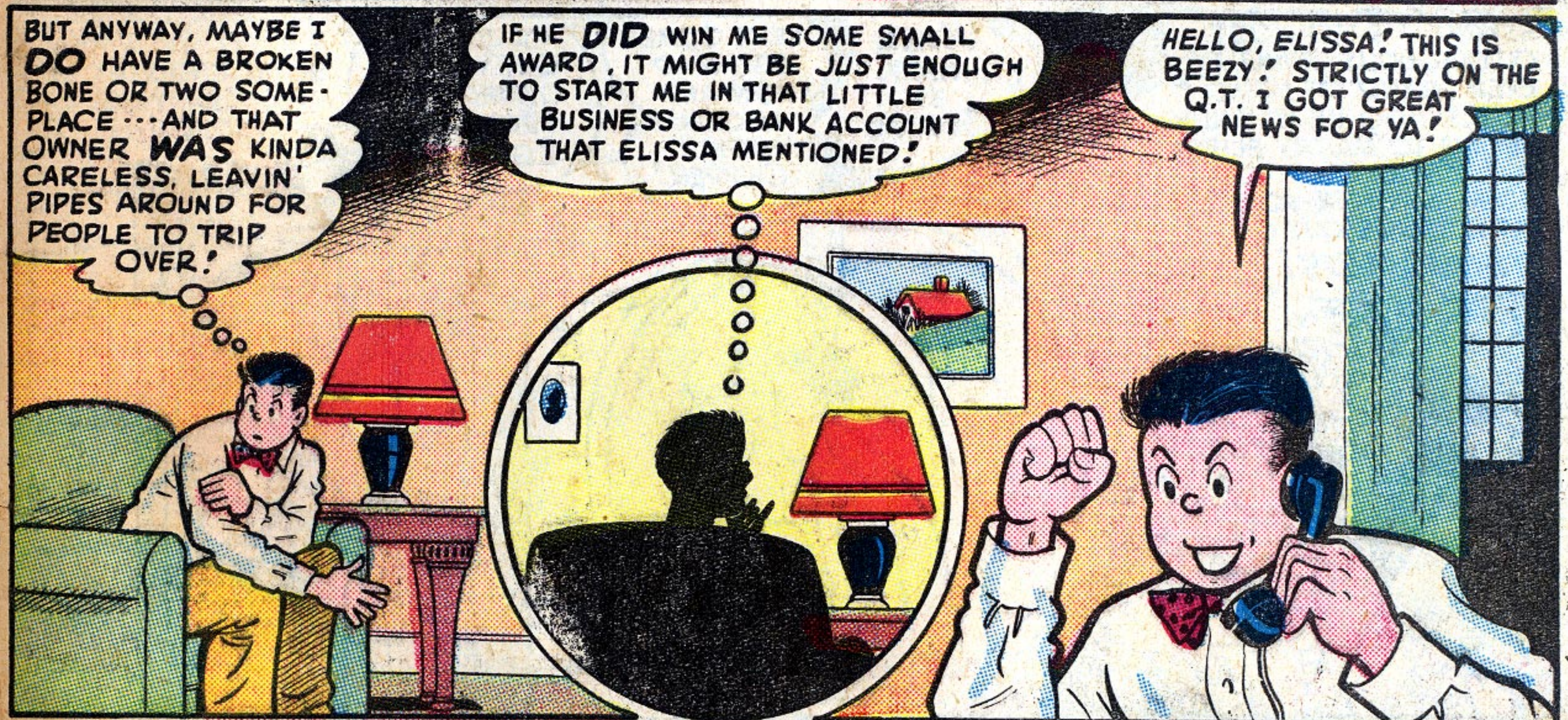
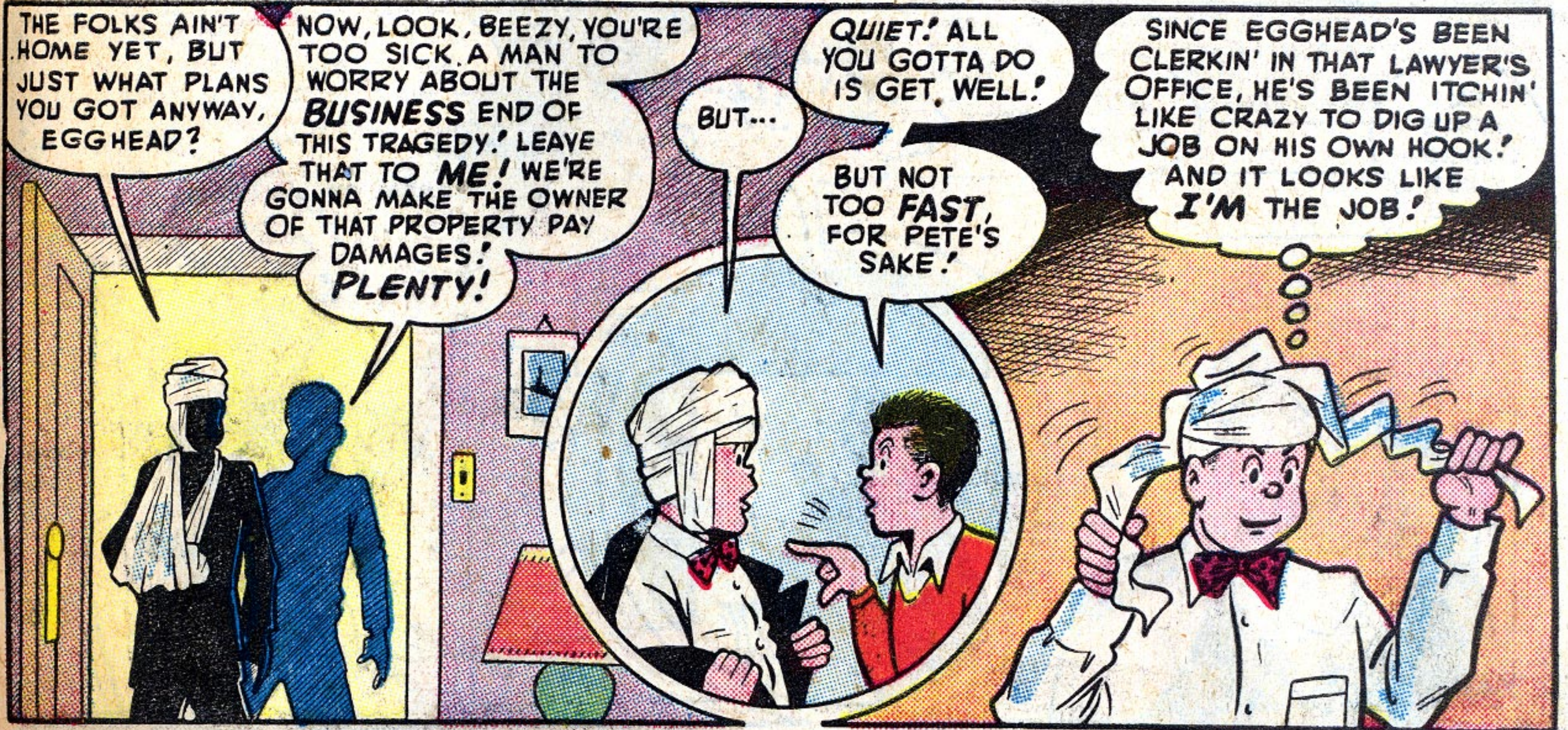
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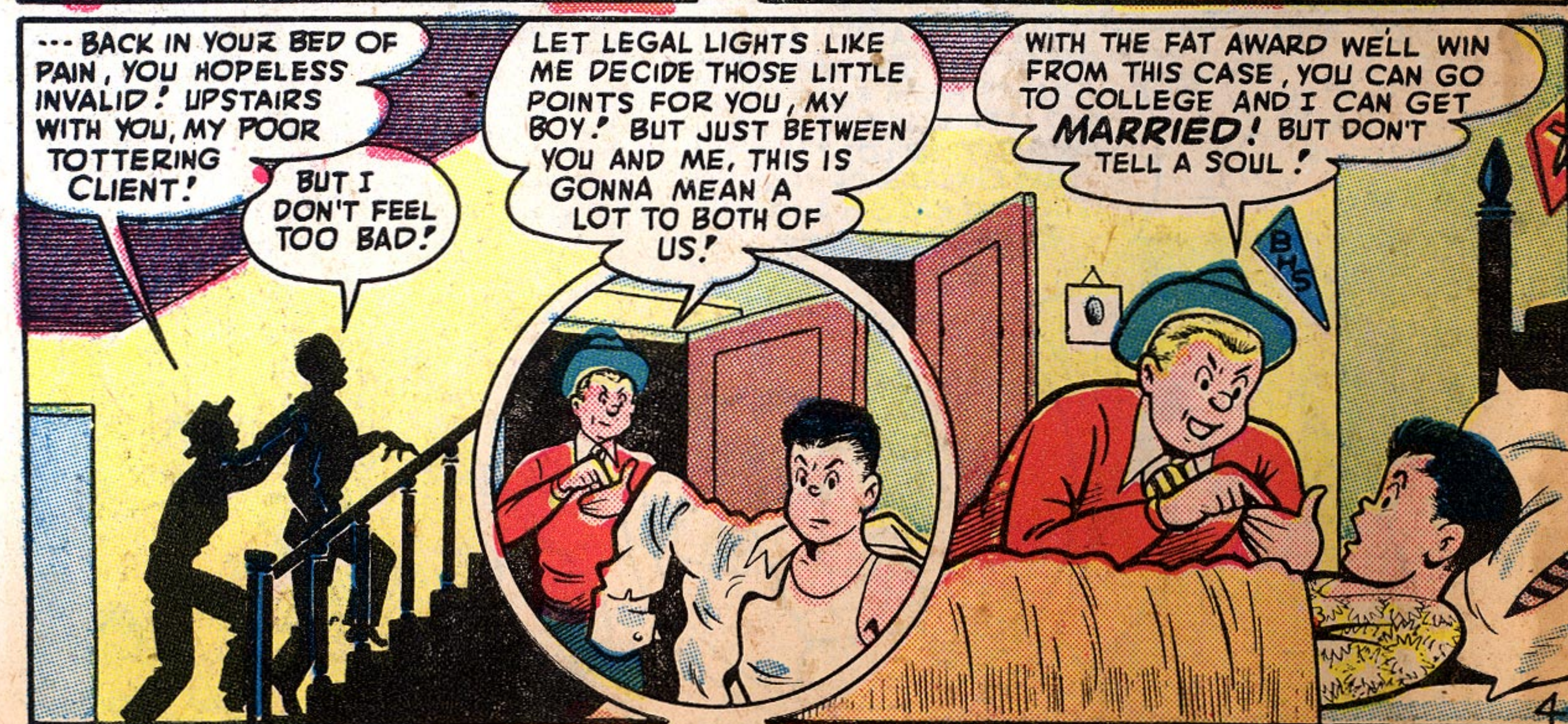
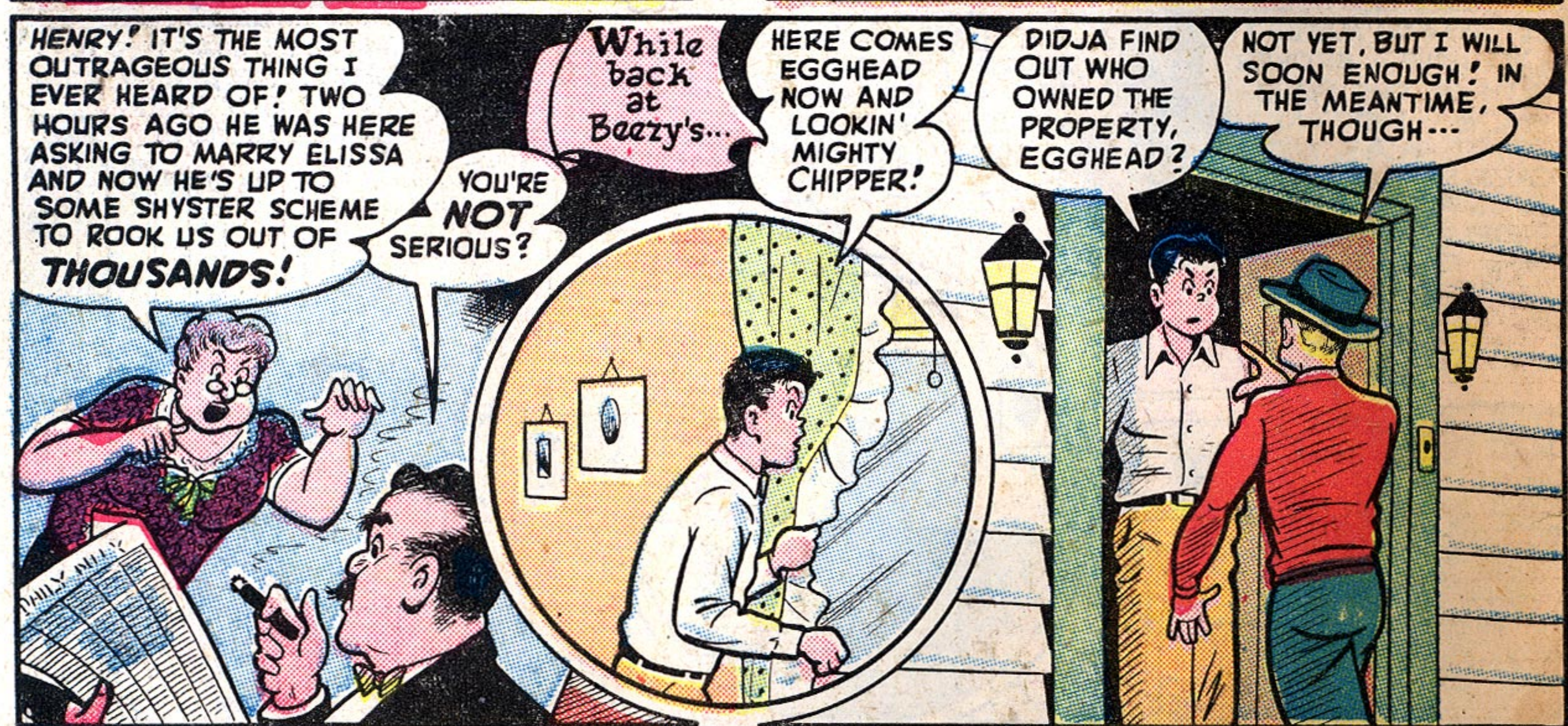
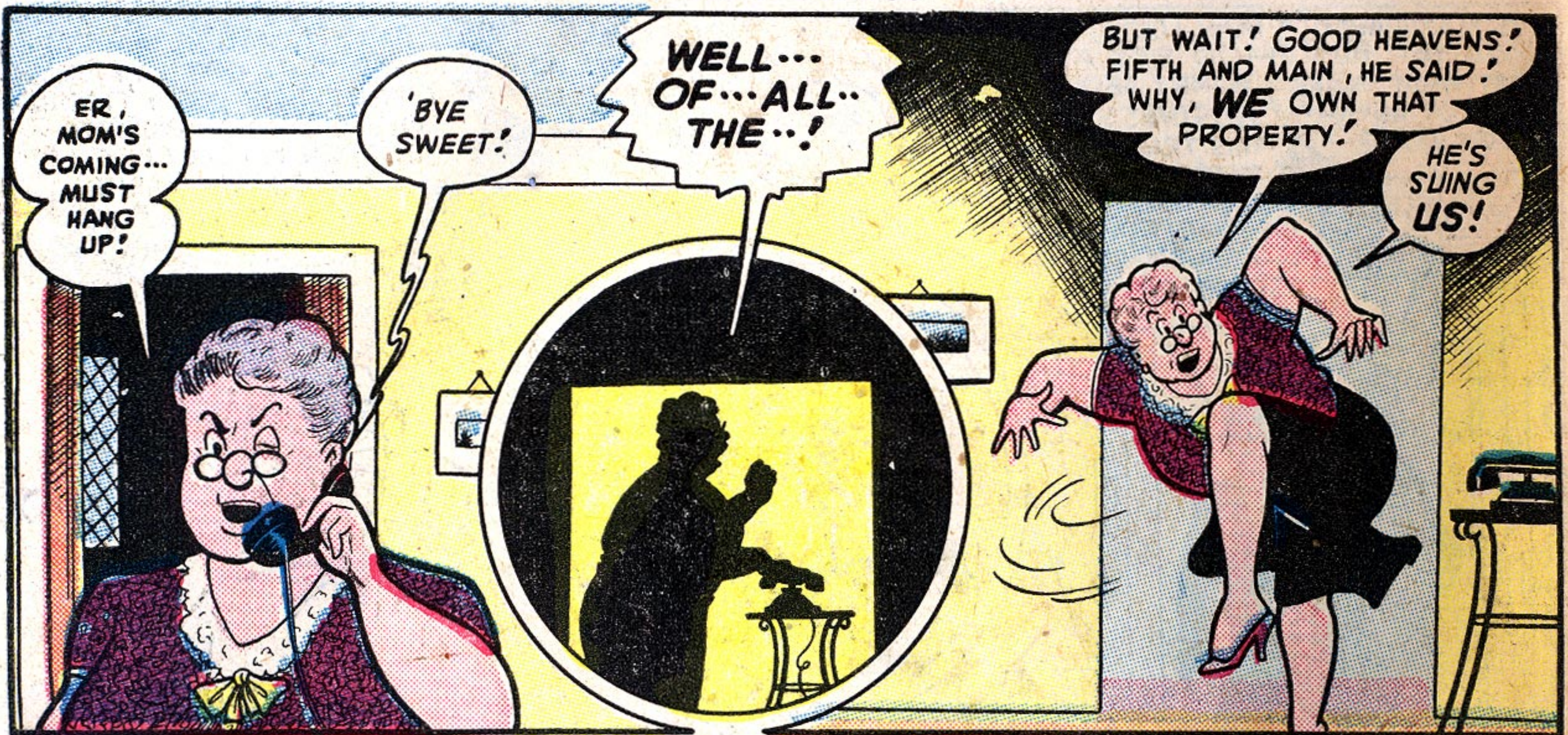






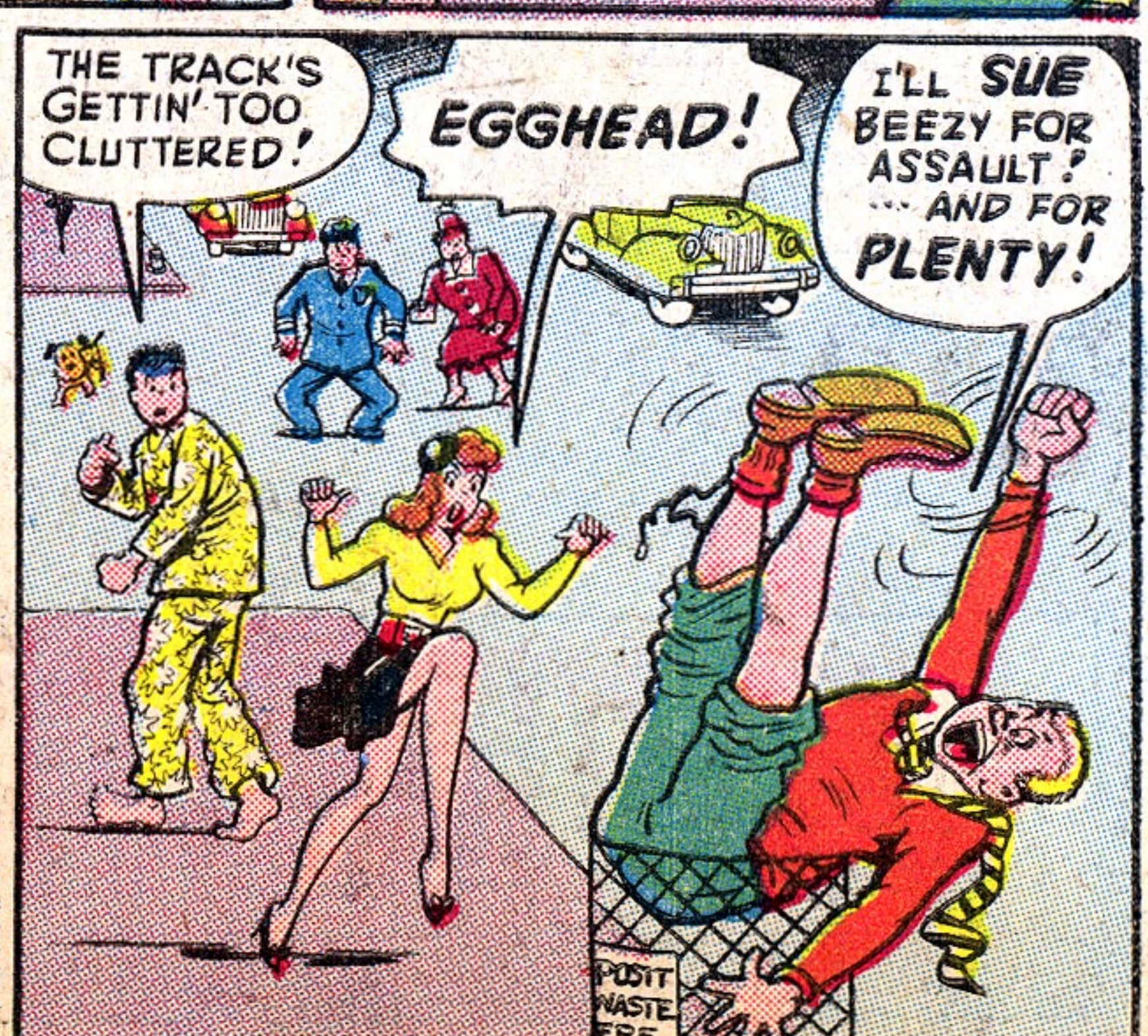
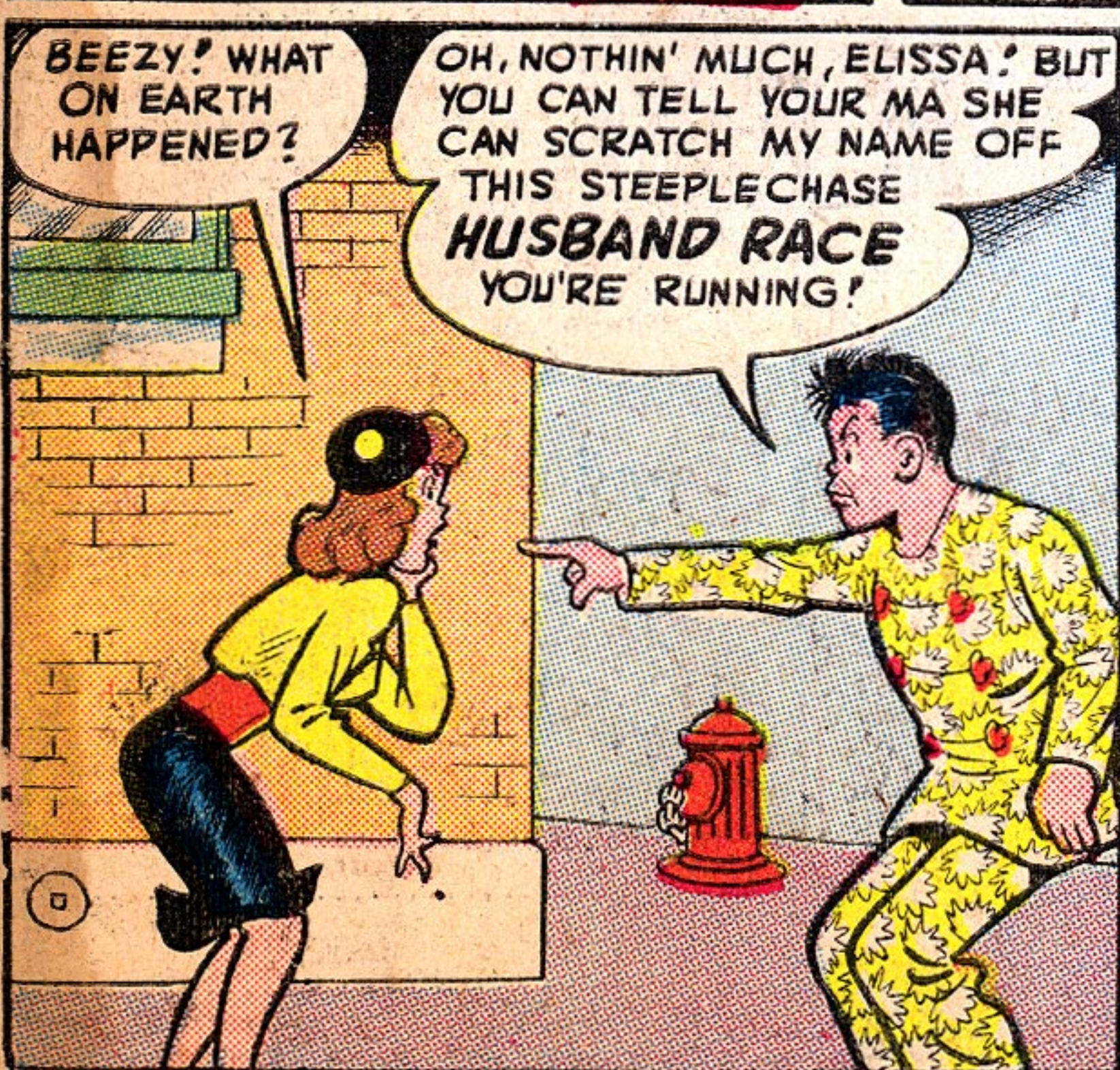
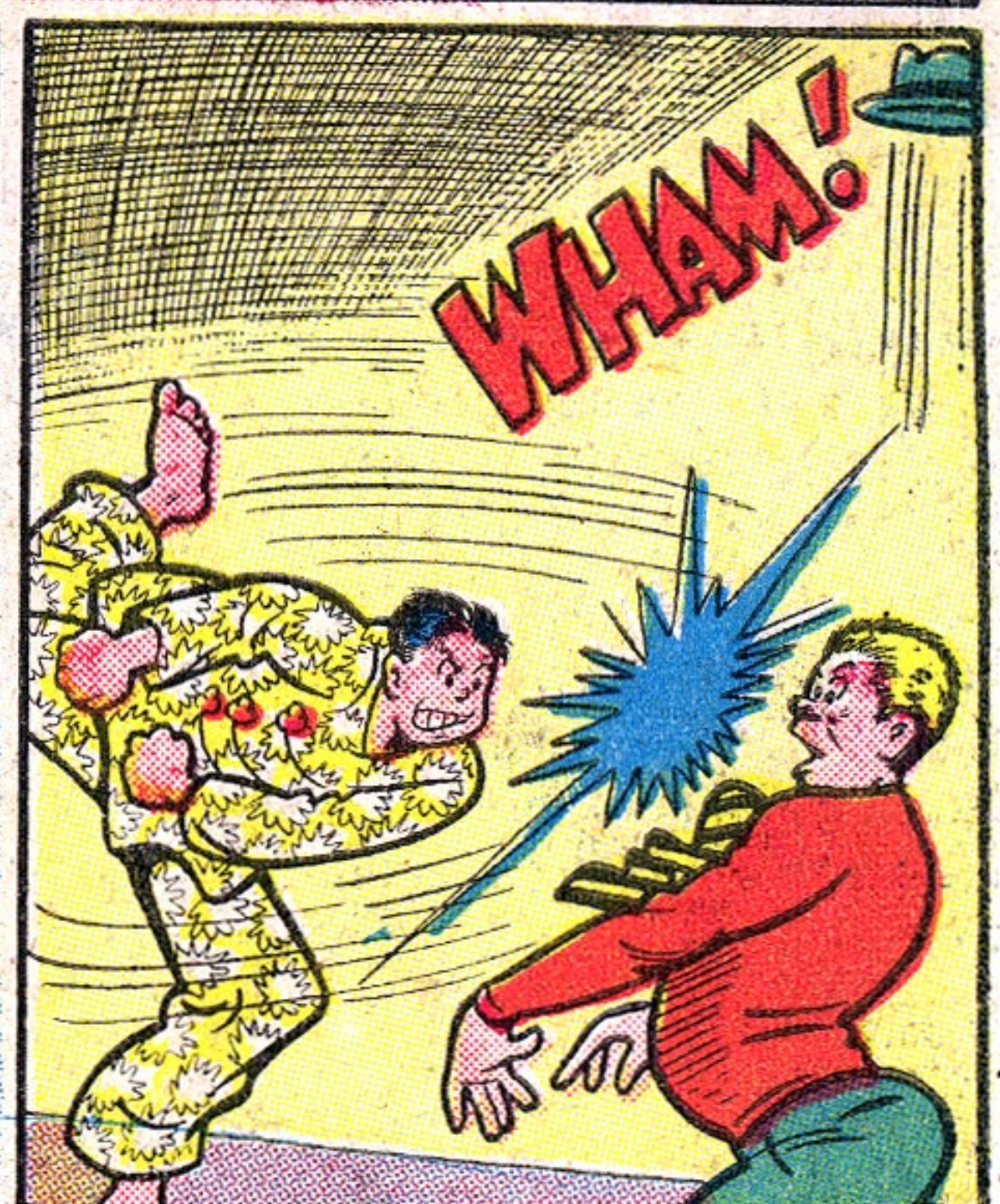
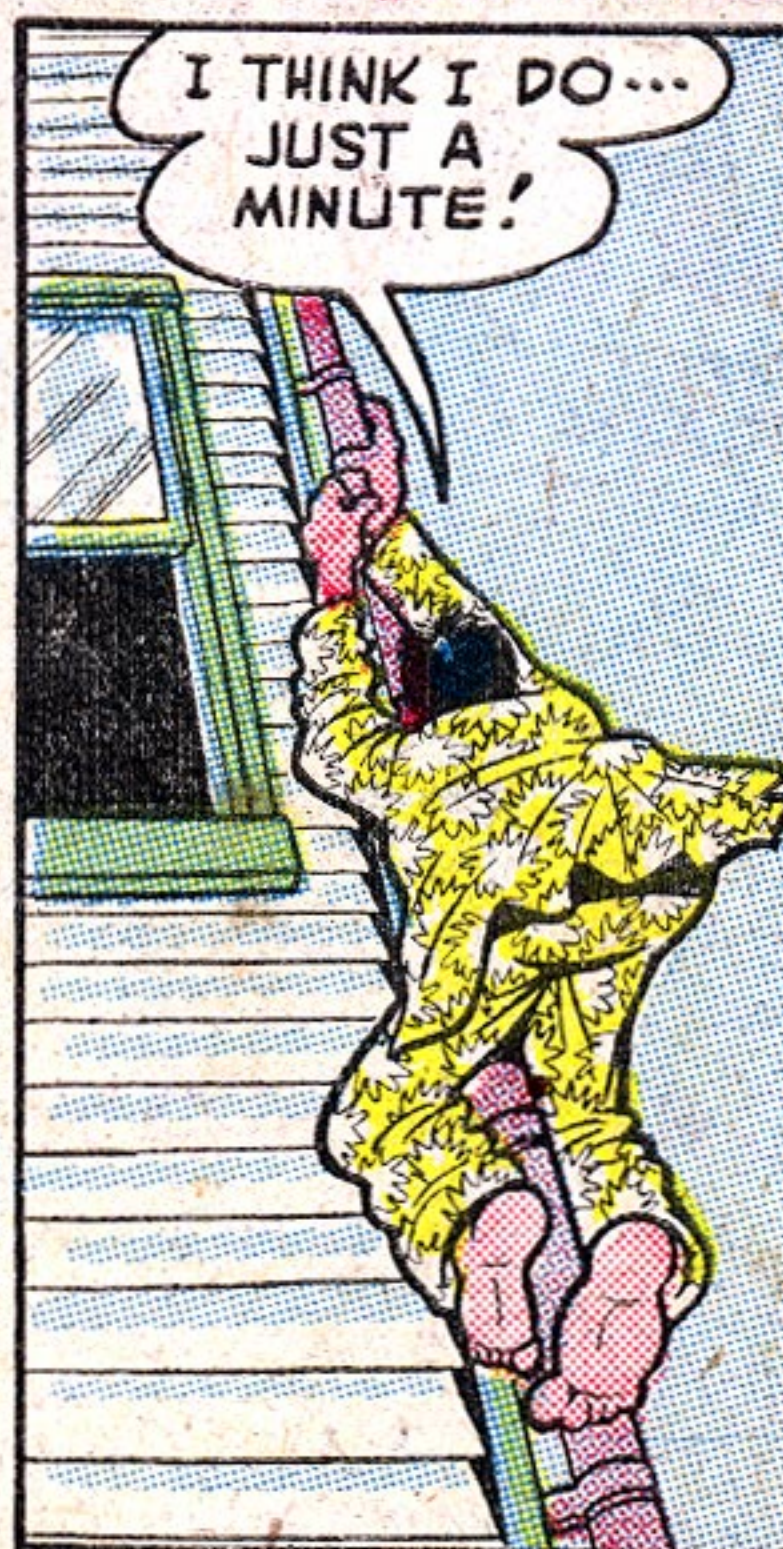
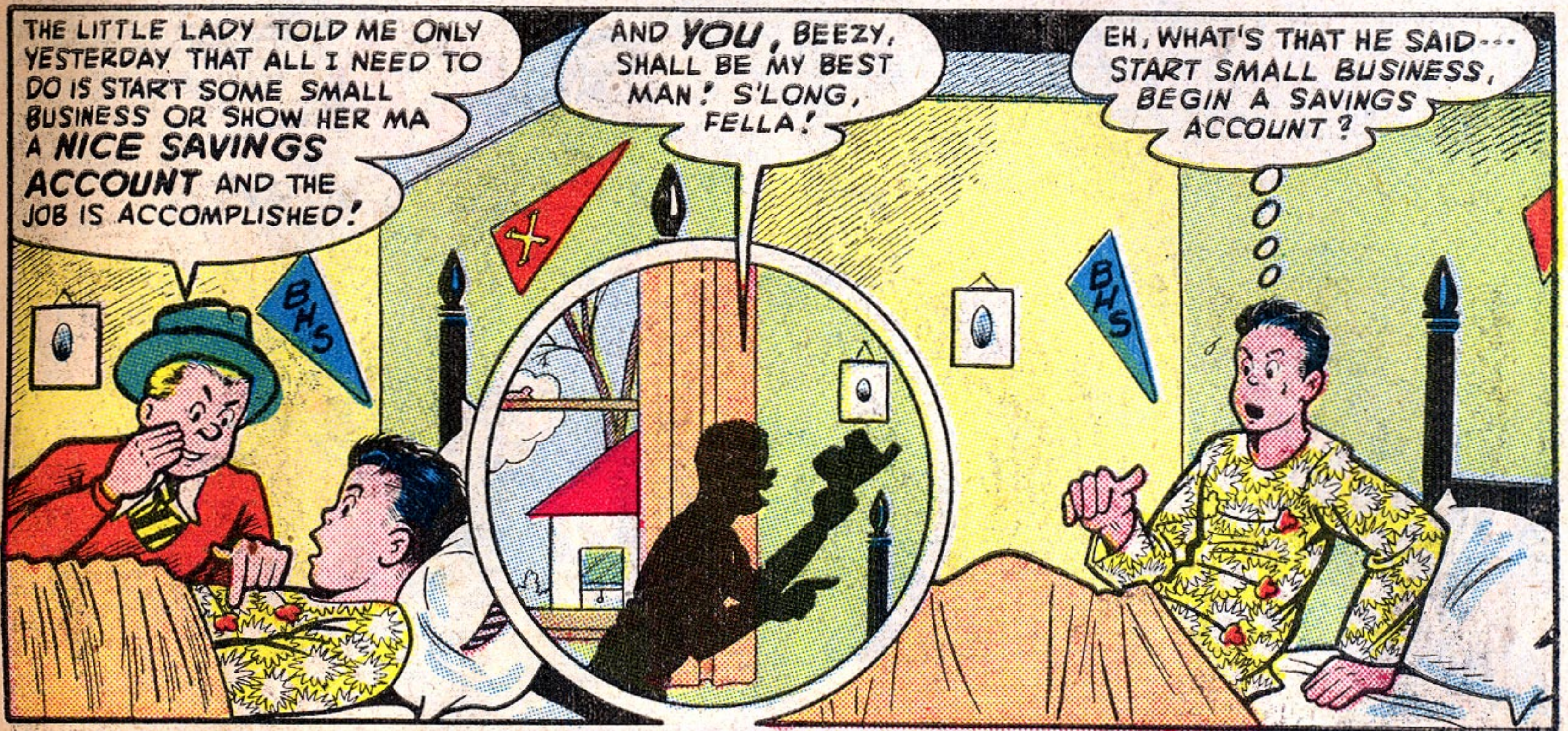








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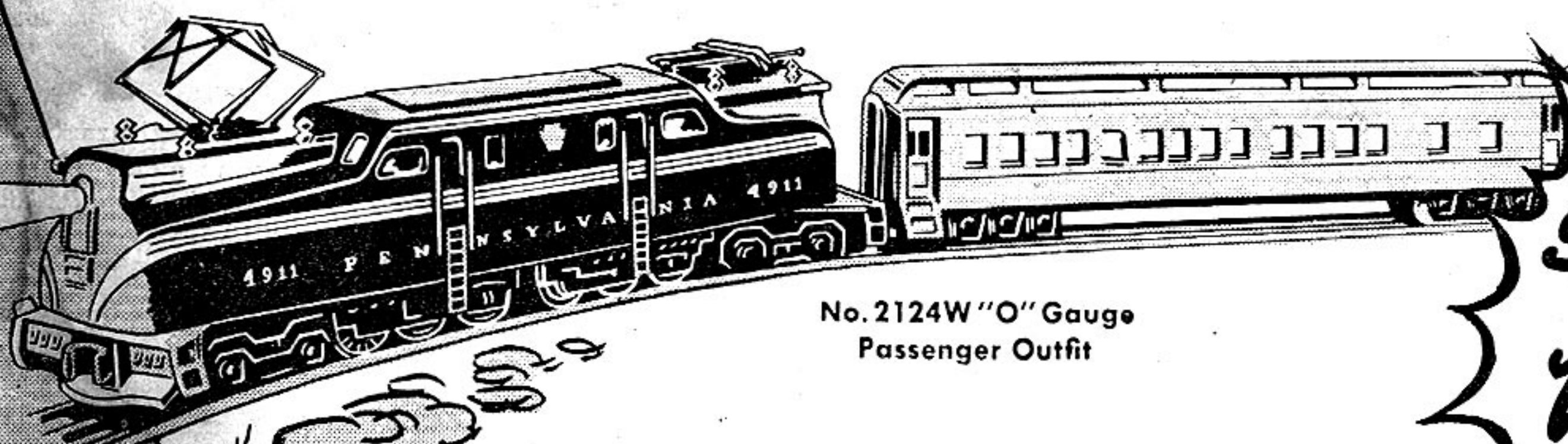
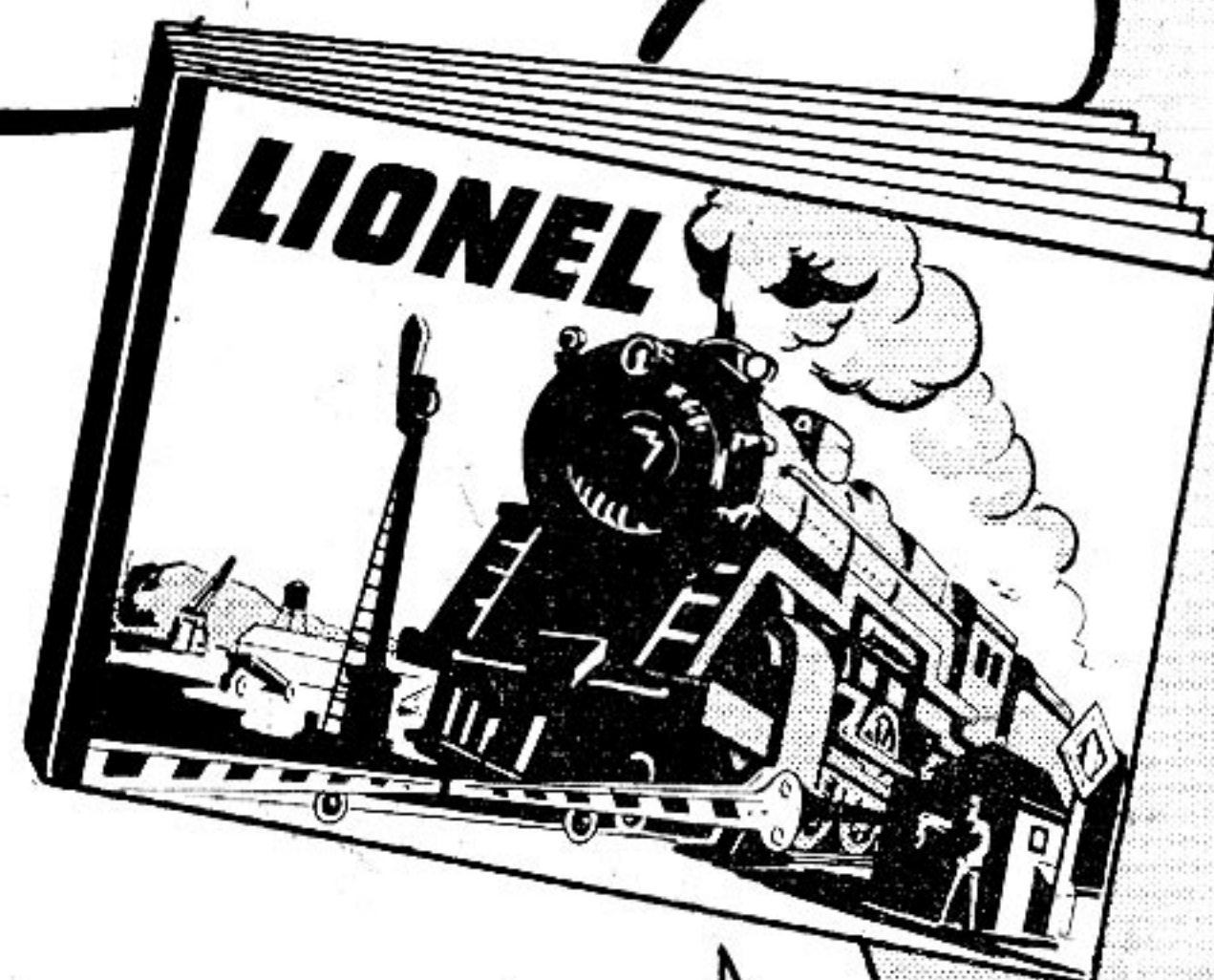
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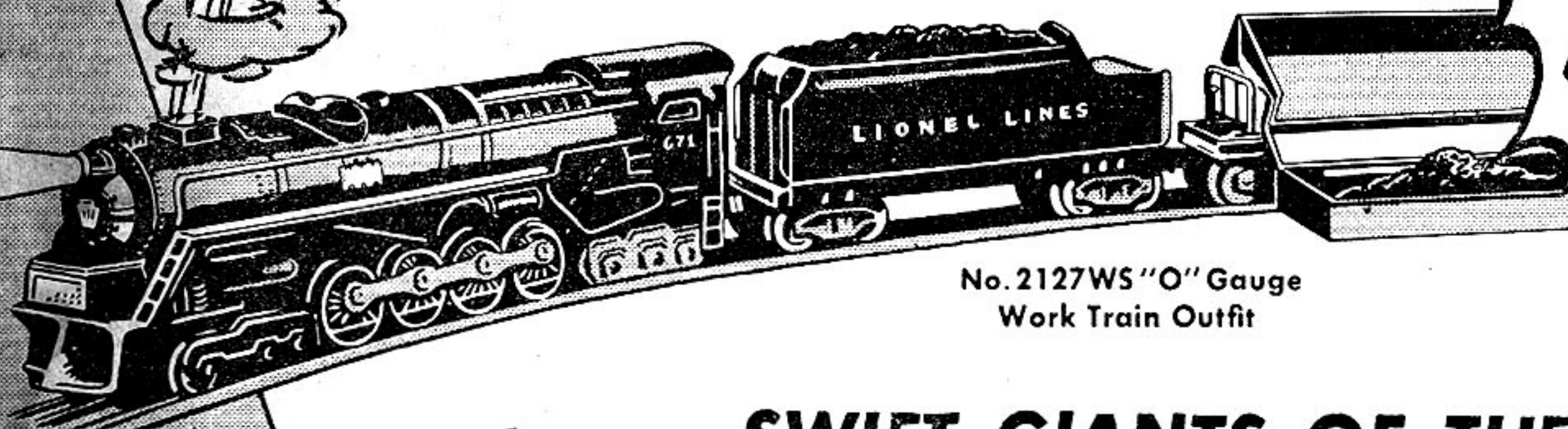
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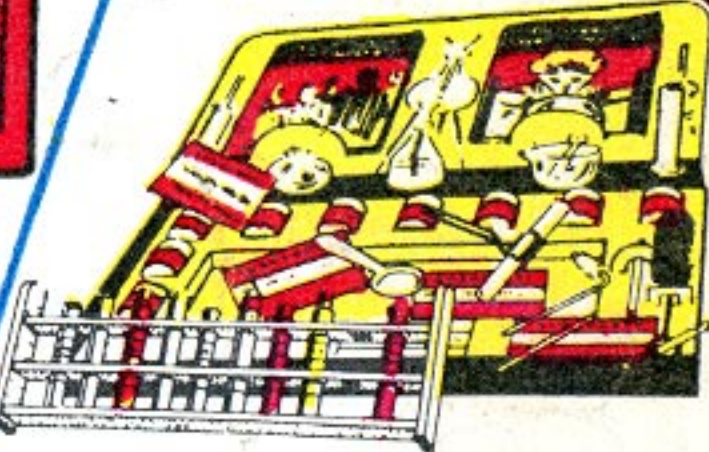
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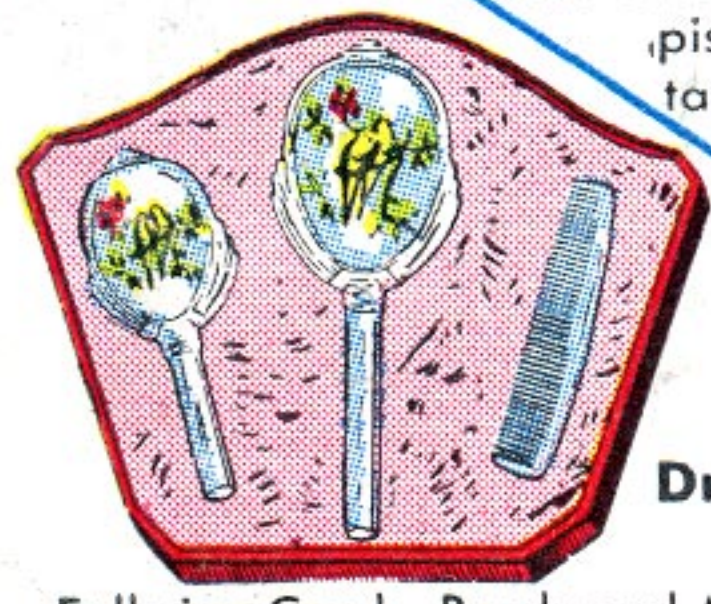
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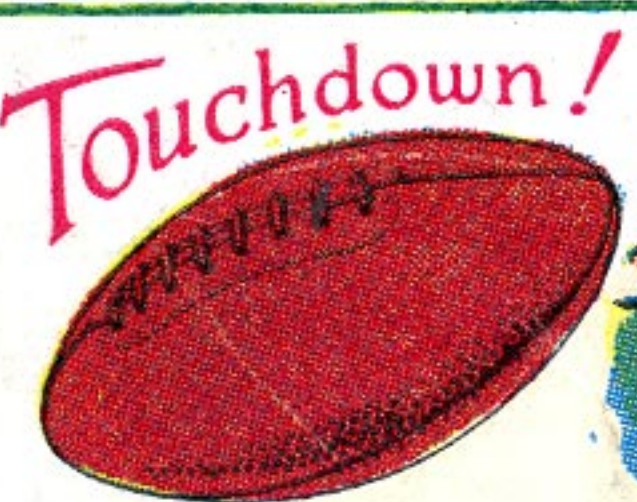
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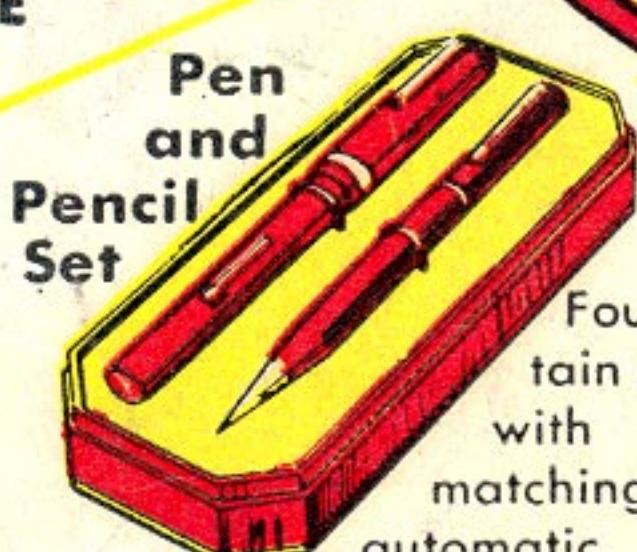
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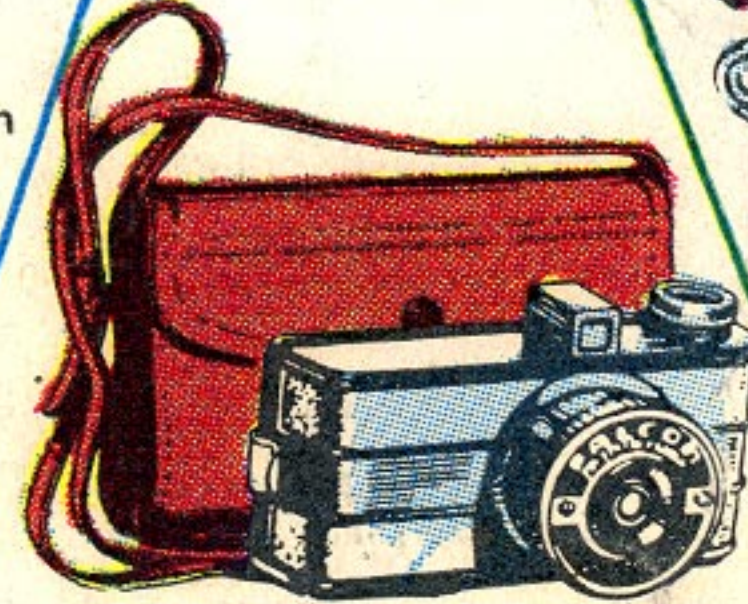
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